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STREET OF BENEVOLENCE AND LOVE, CANTON.

ORIENT AND OCCIDENT:

A JOURNEY EAST

FROM LAHORE TO LIVERPOOL,

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL R. C. W. REVELEY MITFORD,

Author of

“To Cabul with the Cavalry Brigade.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES

BY THE AUTHOR.

London :

W. H. ALLEN & Co., 13, WATERLOO PLACE.

MDCCCLXXXVIII.

“——— I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it.
“ But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
“ To scale’t a little more.”

Coriolanus. Act 1, Scene 1.

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CHAPTER I.

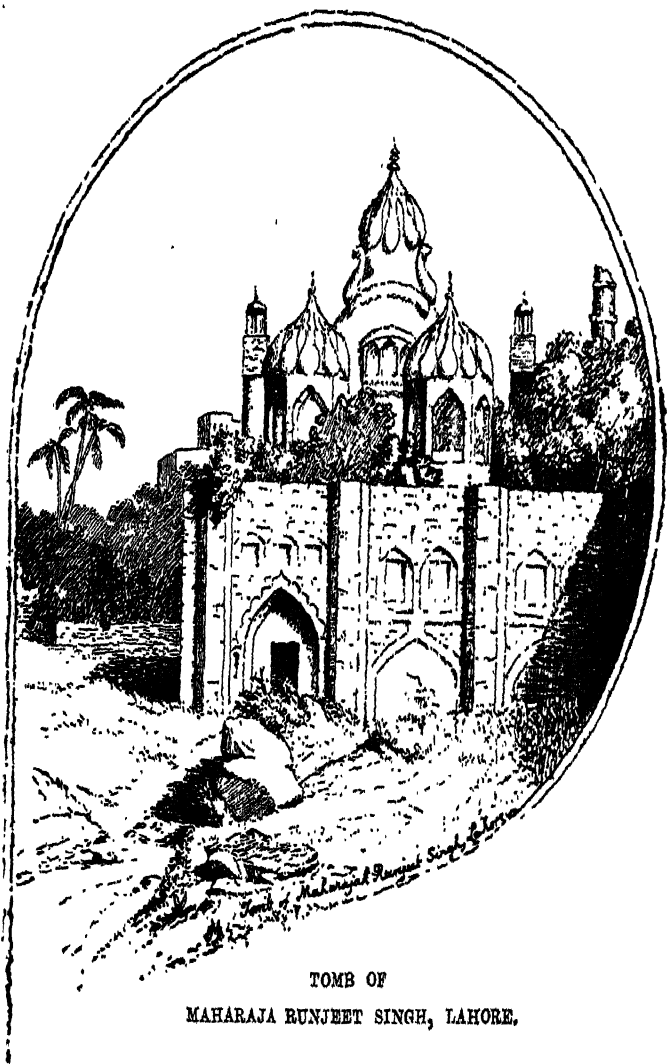
INDIA.

LAHORE—LUCKNOW—BENARES—CALCUTTA.

THE cold weather of 1885-86 was nearly over, and the troops which had gone to the great Camp at Delhi from the Upper Punjab and Trans-Indus had all passed back again by road or rail when we started from Lahore on our long-contemplated tour, which was to complete our journey round the world, and take us back to old England by routes hitherto little travelled, and which consequently added the charm of the unknown to the novelty of the unseen.

What a contrast Lahore presents now to my first experience of it, more than thirty years ago ! Then there were mud walls and thatched roofs, where now rise fine public and private buildings of burnt brick

or grey sandstone—then there were few trees and no grass, where now are stately avenues and beautiful lawns and gardens—then the toys of the Sikh youngsters were wooden sword and shield, to be soon exchanged for steel and buffalo-hide ; now they play with pen and ink. and their one ambition is wealth—then the only means of reaching Lahore were marching, or slowly creeping along the dusty road in a “dooly” ; now the iron horse has not only reached Lahore, but even far Peshawur—then an English letter was six weeks or more on the road, while now it accomplishes its journey in three. One thing only is unchanged ; the dreary, dismal cantonment of Meean Meer, with its baking hot weather and oven-like barracks, its boiling rainy-season and marrow-chilling winter, its sorry bungalows and brackish water, is still the dread of every regiment in the Bengal Presidency—with what good reason its teeming grave-yards and overflowing hospitals too sadly show. It can boast of the finest church and the most prosperous cemetery in India ! Tradition asserts that “Old Charley Napier,” who selected the site for the cantonments, rode out one morning for the purpose, and that his favourite horse stumbled while cantering over the deserted Mahommedan grave-yard at Meean Meer. The hot-tempered old warrior swore he would go no farther, so this deadly



TOMB OF
MAHARAJA RUNJEET SINGH, LAHORE.

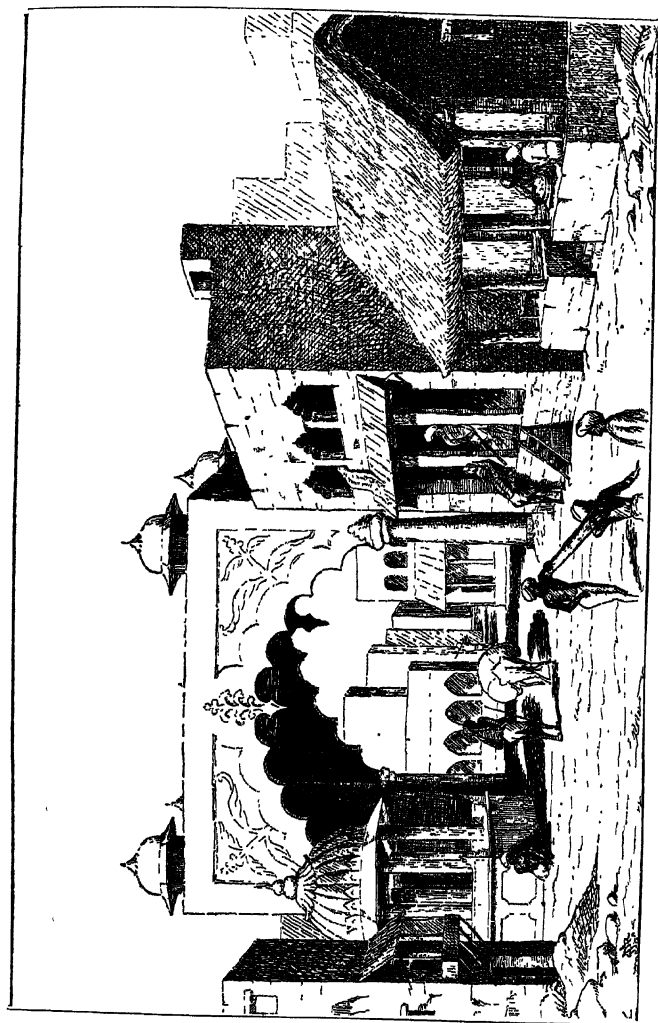
spot became the home (in too many cases the last !) of the chief garrison of the Punjab.

Lahore is one of the very few places in India in which any permanent trace of our occupancy would remain fifty years hence, supposing we were to leave the country to-morrow; here the record would be kept by the fine cathedral which is rapidly approaching completion under the fostering care and personal supervision of the Bishop of the Diocese, Dr. French, whose own career in the country is one long story of Christian courage and noble self-sacrifice. This building will divide the interest of future visitors with the old fort in the city, though I fear our western architecture cannot vie in beauty of conception or magnificence of material with the shrines enclosed in those battlemented walls. The "Jumma Musjid," or Great Mosque, the beautiful armory, and, chief of all, the fairy-like tomb of Runjeet Sing, with its marble domes and gilded spires, mark an era in Indian architecture whose most glorious culmination is seen in the Jumma Musjid at Delhi and the unapproachable Tâj Mahâl at Agra. It is painful to turn from these grand edifices to the railway station, which, though well and solidly constructed of red sandstone, presents to the eye a hideous mixture of Eastern and Western styles—Norman towers and Indian minarets—the gateway of a county jail with the

architrave of a Hindoo temple--a fortress without and a booking-office within ! However, in spite of its uncouth appearance, it answers its purpose as a commodious and even comfortable point of departure.

After going through the tedious ceremonies of taking tickets (*signed* by the booking-office Baboo !) and booking luggage, we settled ourselves in the carriage, and at 6.18 p.m. a puff and snort from the engine announced that we had actually started on our long journey, taking with us from Meean Meer Station the valued good wishes of old and dear friends.

We had plenty of room in the first class, but the second-class carriages are frequently, and the third-class always, crowded with natives, though by no means of the poorest orders. Many of the richest bankers and shop-keepers use them in order to save a small sum ; while, on the other hand, chiefs like Holkar, Scindia and other princes, have their own private saloon-carriages, and often engage special trains as well. The varied scenes at the different stations are always interesting and amusing ; the brilliant colours of turbans and robes, quaint and cumbrous bundles of bedding or clothes, bedsteads, chairs, stacks of sugar-cane, hawkers' trays full of cakes, fruit, or sweetmeats, shoes or slippers, brass-ware or wood carvings, make an everchanging



THE MOCHI-DURWAZAH, LAHORE.

kaleidoscope by day; while at night the never-ceasing crowd stumbles about on the platforms under meagre oil-lamps placed at long intervals, that only make the darkness more felt; and by day or night the harsh native voices, shouting to know where "brother Ram Singh," or "Inam Bux—ah!" has hidden himself, form a varied chorus in thorough keeping with the motley sight. I must say that our Indian subjects are wonderfully amenable to authority, and the head-man of a village, the owner of many rupees and acres, will allow himself to be pushed and pulled, ranted and raved at, by a jack-in-office holding the same position as an English porter; but let the "chuprassies," as they are called, beware of a native soldier! *He* is a "servant of the Queen," and heartily despises all who do not wear our Sovereign's uniform.

We are off at last, and soon darkness sets in, and we make ourselves comfortable for the night. This consists in spreading blankets, sheets, and "rezais," or quilts, on the broad cushioned seats which slide out six or eight inches from the side so as to make wider couches, while others let down from the roof and form upper berths. This is really the most comfortable way of travelling by night which I have ever met with, and is greatly superior to the much-

vaunted but insufferably stuffy Pullman sleeping cars used in America.

The line as far as Saharunpore was very shaky from need of fresh ballasting—by-the-bye there is a strange story about the ballast used on this line. During the sanguinary conflicts between the Sikhs and Mussulmans, when the latter endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to crush the strange new faith, the two sons of one of the chief Gooroos, or religious leaders of the Sikhs, were given as hostages to the Mussulmans, by whom they were perfidiously put to death in the great city of Sirhind, not far from Umballa. When the news of their murder reached the Gooroo, he rose up in wrath and anguish and cursed the Mussulmans, saying that their power should be destroyed by a nation from beyond the sea, who would scatter the bricks of Sirhind from the Sutlej to the Indus. At Delhi, in 1857, the English “from beyond the sea,” destroyed the last remnant of Mussulman rule in India; but the latter part of the prediction seemed as far from fulfilment as ever, (though our Sikh soldiers, when passing Sirhind on the march or on furlough, would always carry away a few bricks to throw on the road,) when, in 1868, while the railway was being made from Umballa, close to the Sutlej, to Lahore, it was decided to use the ruins of Sirhind as ballast, and

the material was found sufficient to continue the line to Attock on the Indus. Thus the Gooroo's prediction has been literally carried out !

Passing Saharunpore with its famous mango-groves and horticultural gardens, Meerut, Allyghur, and other large cantonments and civil stations, including Cawnpore of sad and bloody memory, we at length reached our first resting-place, Lucknow. Here a visit was paid to the grave of one of England's noblest sons and greatest soldier-heroes—Hodson of Hodson's Horse—and we were much pleased to find this and other graves of those who fell during the siege in excellent order, each tomb surrounded on three sides by brick walls, the fourth, or front being filled in by an iron railing or wall with iron gate. Triple rows of palm-trees have been planted round each enclosure. and were now about a foot high. I hope others who, like myself, take a deep personal interest in these hallowed spots, may read these lines and know that the municipality of Lucknow shows such a just appreciation of those who died for their country in her hour of danger.

The grave with which we were especially concerned is on the edge of the Martinière park, and near the palace-tomb called La Martinière after its builder, Claude Martine, who made a fortune in the service of the old Kings of Oude. This fantastic building

presents a curious mixture of Mussulman and Italian architecture, and consists of a central domed hall like a mosque, under which repose the bones of the founder, and two large wings semi-circular in shape, the façade ornamented by plaster casts of Roman and Grecian statues. It is approached by a broad flight of steps with lions at the angles of the balustrades, and reminds the visitor somewhat of St. Peter's at Rome. In front of the building is a large tank, from the centre of which rises a tall column as a special memorial of Claude Martine, who also left a considerable sum of money to endow a school for Eurasian children. This good work is still carried on in his palace under very able supervision, and many lads are annually sent into Government employ or private trade, with sound educations and fair chances of success in life.

We next visited the Wingfield Park, a public garden well laid out with verdant lawns, bright flower-beds, trees and shrubs. It was difficult to believe that this and other park-like open spaces, looking so green and peaceful now, had been occupied by the closely-packed, squalid huts and murderous scoundrels through whose midst I had often ridden during and after the siege in 1858.

The famous Residency buildings have, with good taste, been preserved intact, save for a stanchion

here and there to support a falling arch or crumbling wall ; but the surrounding grounds are laid out in lawns and flower-beds and most carefully tended ; their trim beauty forms a strong contrast to the grim and war-worn ruins which looked down on the suffering and slaughter of so many brave men and noble women.

The marks of cannon-shot and bullet are thickly spread over and through the masonry ; and though much of the buildings is now clothed with creepers, enough still remains bare to show many a sign of the fierce struggle between the loyal few and the rebellious many—one side urged on by maddening lust and religious fury, the other grimly fighting for more than life, for the glory of our country and the honour of our women. Tablets let into the walls record the chief events of that ever-memorable defence on the very spots where they occurred : one shows the room in which good and brave Sir Henry Lawrence received his death-wound ; another points out the “ tykhana,” or underground cellar-like apartment in which the soldiers’ wives of H.M.’s 32nd Regiment were placed for safety, though even here the deadly missiles found their victims, as is shown by the stones in the neighbouring cemetery, where the deaths from shot and shell of loving wives and sisters, of young mothers and tender babes, are all too frequently recorded. It is a place filled with

sad and noble memories of untold suffering and unrewarded heroism ; perhaps the most touching of all the epitaphs is the short, modest, soldierly line which, at his own request, alone marks the leader's tomb : " Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

The chief public buildings of the King's time are in thorough repair, and infinitely cleaner than they ever were under their former masters ! Many are occupied by the Government, and one of the chief palaces, the Furrhâd Buksh, is used as a museum, where can be seen in carefully arranged cases specimens of local produce, handiwork and art ; the latter principally consist of poor imitations of Cashmere silver-gilt ware, and very good clay models of natives, fruit, leaves, &c.

The royal emblem, which may be heraldically described as " two fish rampant," is seen on all the buildings, especially on the great Imâmbâra in the Hooseinabâd quarter, where also are found many of the royal standards—gilt or golden hands mounted on staves, like the old Roman eagles, and carried in front of the King on state occasions. In this Imâmbâra is an immense room, said to possess the widest flat ceiling, unsupported by pillars, in the world ; in the centre of the marble pavement are the representations of the tombs of Hussun and

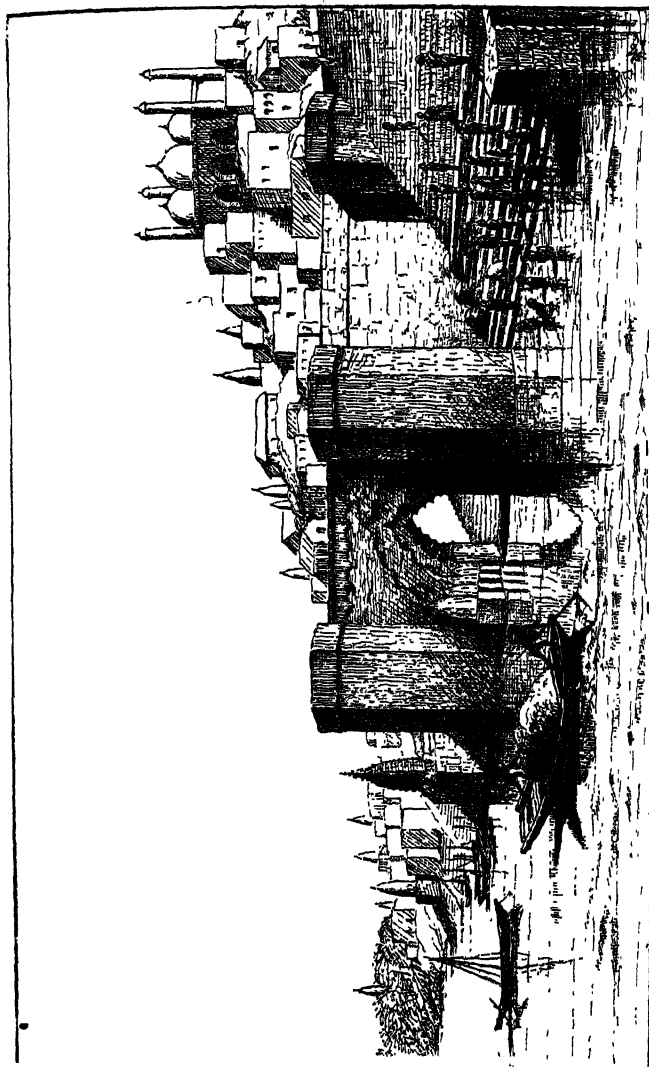
Hoossein, the two sons of the Prophet killed at Kerbela; these are covered with plates of solid silver, as also are the small table or stool for the Korân, and the pulpit from which the officiating priest thunders the dogmas of Mahomed. Near the silver railing which surrounds the tombs stand several very handsome candelabra of the same metal, offerings of the Mussulman grandees of Oude.

The iron and stone bridges over the river Goomtee still remain, but the bridge of boats has disappeared, and in its stead (emblem of the new dispensation!) a massive railway-viaduct spans the stream, and stretches its arches over the low-lying ground on the left bank. Other significant changes have also taken place: the Chutter Munzil Palace is now the Lucknow Club; the enclosure of Secundra Bâgh where over two thousand mutineers lay dead after the fierce onslaught of the 93rd Highlanders and Sikhs, is now a quiet corner for a picnic; the wide dome of the Shah Nujjuf which re-echoed the shouts of Peel's victorious tars, now repeats the Moollah's murmured prayers; and the corridors of the Kaiser Bâgh, the royal palace of the King, deserted by their crowds of courtiers, nobles, jugglers, and courtezans, are rarely trodden save by the foot of some native care-taker or European traveller.

After revisiting as many of the points of interest

as our time permitted, we quitted Hill's comfortable hotel, and started again by rail *via* Fyzabad, or Ajoodhia, the ancient capital of Oude, for Benares. The train proceeded smoothly but slowly, so that we had ample time to glance at the many royal or saintly tombs, stately domes, graceful minarets and ruined mosques which are thickly scattered along the route, especially round Fyzabad itself, where they form beautiful pictures with back-grounds of fine tamarind-trees for which the locality is famous. Night soon came on, and when we again looked out at early dawn, it was to see the Hindoo spires of the Holy City instead of the Mussulman domes of Lucknow.

The people of Benares are the very reverse of the "Great Unwashed," judging from the countless swarms of bathers on the banks of the sacred Ganges, though I hardly think that washing in such muddy water can be altogether conducive to cleanliness! The best view of the city is from the opposite (right) bank of the river, as seen by the traveller arriving from Calcutta and Allahabad. For about a mile the northern (left) shore is considerably raised, so that the city appears to stand on a hill, and its river-face is buttressed by an almost unbroken succession of flights of stone steps descending from the town above to the water's edge, and forming the celebrated



SCINDIA'S GHAT AND THE MUSSULMAN MOSQUE, BENARES.

“Ghâts.” Above these steps tower the spires of many temples devoted to different members of the Hindoo Pantheon, some perfectly plain, others profusely carved and ornamented, whilst at frequent intervals the religious character of the buildings is profanely though most picturesquely broken by the intrusion of a noble’s palace, or a wealthy banker’s summer-house built out into, and frequently overhanging, the sacred stream ; these buildings, differing in style of architecture, material and colour, add their ever-varying effects to the scene—masonry, stucco, stone, and marble—red, white, blue, rich brown and lavish gold appear to vie with each other in producing a bewildering yet entrancing *coup d’œil* on which we should never tire of gazing, did not the heat and glare of the sun drive us to seek cool rooms and shady verandahs.

At the Burning-Ghâts, which are places specially set aside for purpose of cremation, are abundant stacks of wood, and attendants well skilled in the art of human cookery ; we saw several pyres in full blaze while the mourners sat round and discussed the virtues of the deceased, or, more probably, the amount of his estate.

This holiest city of the Hindoos is characteristically dominated by a Mahomedan mosque, whose graceful minarets and swelling domes rise conspicuously above

the spires of the pagan temples ; certainly when the followers of the Prophet conquered a city they took good care to publish the fact, and admitted no doubt as to who had the upper hand ! It is a great pity that we do not learn the lesson from them. The river-side palaces are generally too new-looking ; and Scindia's, the finest of them all, shows this want of mellowness most conspicuously, even more than the handsome, but still newer Queen's College further inland. Men and women bathe together indiscriminately, the brilliant dresses of the latter adding much to the beauty of the scene. Many large house-boats, called "budgerows," are moored along the bank, which is further ornamented (?) by fields of huge mushrooms ; on closer inspection, these turn out to be umbrellas of matting, under which the bathers sit and smoke between their dips. Many perform their ablutions on wooden piers projecting into the water, but these are probably residents ; most of the pilgrims prefer to stand in the sacred but muddy stream, where with closed eyes they mutter prayers to holy Mother Gunga, dashing handfuls of water over-head and chest to emphasize their invocations.

The Rajah of Umraoti's bathing-ghât is flanked by two peculiar stone erections with projecting beaks, like the ancient Greek rostra ; Gáo Ghât is so called from the stone figure of Siva's bull, "gáo," which is

placed on the top step, and all the buildings are enlivened by the flights of blue pigeons, which nest in the holes left by the scaffold-poles, when these are not stopped up by nail-headed bosses of stone, projecting diamond-shaped from the walls. Very few trees are visible, and these are invariably the sacred banyan. At some of the ghâts are stacks of the red sandstone slabs used for facing the buildings. Near the lower (eastern) end of the town is a very graceful white temple, and a short way above it is a peculiar red one, built by the father of the infamous Nâna.

As the railway bridge was not yet open for traffic, we crossed the river by a bridge of boats, in itself one of the most peculiar and picturesque objects in an Indian river scene, and reached the railway station on the south bank; this view of the city reminded us of Malta. From Benares an uninteresting railway journey of nearly twenty-four hours took us to the terminus at Howrah, and a short drive across the Hooghly Bridge landed us in Calcutta on the morning of March 13th.

We soon plunged into the *divertissemens* of the capital. Fortunately the weather, though most unpleasantly hot, was not absolutely killing, and several sharp storms of wind and rain brought temporary relief. The view of Calcutta from the large park-like "Maidân" (*Anglicé*, "plain,") is very

striking. The wide stream of the Hooghly crowded with shipping stretches along one side of the green-turfed expanse, with the barracks and bastions of Fort William to break the line of middle-distance; next the fine buildings of the Bank of Bengal and Government offices show above the trees, with the long pillared front and domed roof of Government House as a central object; thence the deep verandahs and walled gardens of Chowringhee (the fashionable quarter,) carry the eye to the tall spire of the Cathedral, rising from a fine group of trees at the end of the Maidân opposite to Government House; near the Cathedral frowns the heavy block of moated masonry known as the Central Jail, and a line of trees forms a connecting link with the foliage on the river bank, and completes the panorama.





CHAPTER II.

AT SEA.

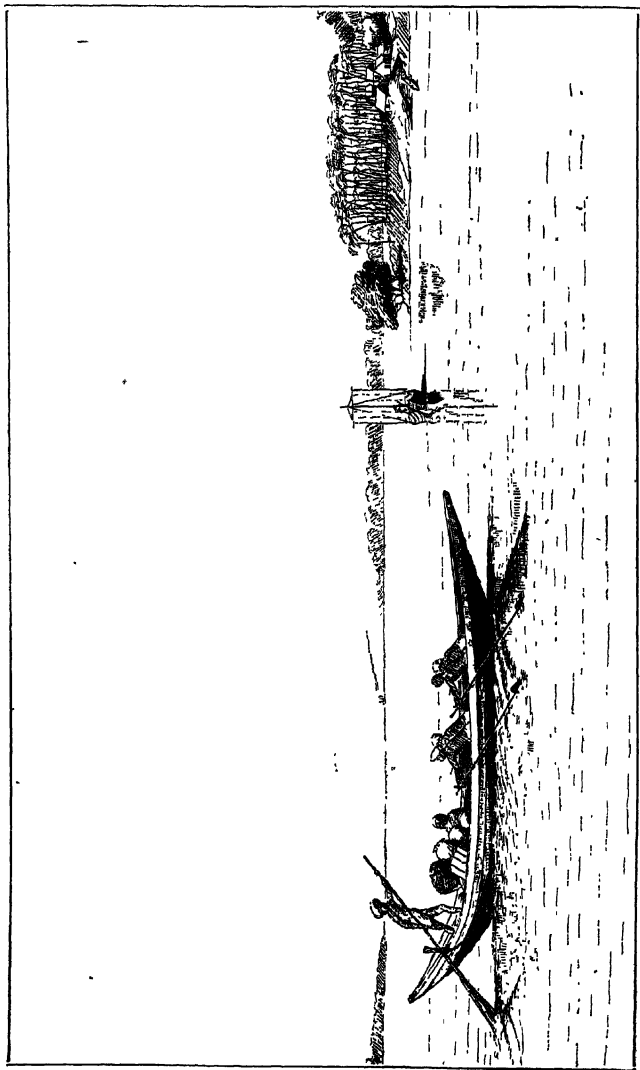
THE HOOGLY—FAREWELL TO INDIA—PENANG—
SINGAPORE.



OUR preparations and other business occupied a fortnight, and it was not till the 28th that we found ourselves on board the *Taisang*, and realised that we were bidding farewell to India. Our vessel was one of Jardine Mathison & Co.'s opium steamers, and was very comfortably fitted and well found; her captain and other officers were pleasant companions and thorough sailors; and, last but by no means least, she owned a bull-dog of most ferocious appearance and amiable temper. I say "she" owned the dog, for he did not seem to belong to anyone in particular, and only had *Taisang* on his collar. At 9 A.M. we left our moorings, and

slowly steamed down the crowded river, the last sound audible from the city being that of the church bells ringing for the Sunday morning service. We first passed Fort William on our left, the heavy guns frowning through the green-turfed embrasures, and the Union Jack waving from the flagstaff overhead. On our right lay the gorgeous flower-beds and tall palm-trees of the Botanical Gardens, where grows the largest banyan-tree in the world, though its mighty spread was sadly diminished by the great cyclone which visited Calcutta in 1864, destroying buildings, sinking vessels, tearing up trees by the roots, and hurling huge ships out of the river on to the mainland; I remember a photograph of the P. and O. steam-ship *Bengal* lying high and dry in a field into which she had been carried over an embankment by the raging force of the wind, and out of which she had to be dug by hundreds of coolies with spades and mattocks.

After passing the Gardens, attention was again diverted to the left bank by the gaudily-painted walls and fantastic gilt ornaments and kiosks of the King Oude's Palace, where that dethroned potentate led a life of effeminate debauchery in the midst of a rabble of courtiers, servants, and hangers-on of every shade of rascality. This group of buildings was the Alsatia of Calcutta, the resort of every scoundrel who had



ON THE HOOGHLEY, BELOW CALCUTTA.

reason to dread the police, and the consequence was that almost all the magnificent houses in the neighbouring suburb of Garden Reach were standing empty, though they used formerly to be the favorite residences of the official and mercantile grandees. While passing the palace we noticed several large flights of pigeons circling over its pinnacles ; these were great pets of the ex-King, and were regularly drilled by their keepers, advancing, wheeling, retiring, dispersing, and re-forming by word of command. It is said that a "field day" with these aerial troops was the only lure which could tempt the tottering old sensualist beyond the walls of his harem.

The ships decreased in numbers as we left the city farther behind us, but we still passed crowds of barges for river navigation, all well protected by awnings ; also picturesque native boats with high poops and mat-built cabins, carrying maize, plantains and pumpkins from the fertile but feverish Soonderbuns at the mouth of the river to the metropolitan market. Darkness came on as we approached the wide mouth of the Hooghly, and we anchored for the night, as here were many dangers from treacherous current and from shifting sand.

Next morning we weighed anchor at daylight, and stood out to sea ; nothing occurred to break the restful monotony of the voyage down the Bay of Ben-

gal until the 31st, when we passed the palm-covered shores of the Cocos Isles, an outlying part of the Andaman group, and our last glimpse of "India's coral strand."

Amongst our first-class passengers was a young Chinese merchant belonging to a Penang firm with three branch houses in Calcutta, trading in opium, saltpetre, and nutmegs. He wore his pigtail coiled round his head like a "basket-plait," was very quiet and unobtrusive, smoked horribly rank cigars, and read an extremely difficult melodrama with the frequent aid of an English dictionary, as the poor boy said that most of the words were "velly hard." I once asked him whether he still adhered to the religion of his ancestors; his reply would have annihilated a missionary, it was, "We used to practise the Buddhist religion, *but now that we have become civilized we have none!*"

By-the-bye, we always spoke of him as a boy, but found afterwards that he was a middle-aged man with a large family. The diminutive stature, smooth faces, and delicate features of many of the upper-class Chinese make them look absurdly young.

The sea was calm and oily-looking and the heat oppressive until the 2nd of April, when we had heavy rain with thunder and high wind; at 7 o'clock the next morning we anchored in Penang harbour, and



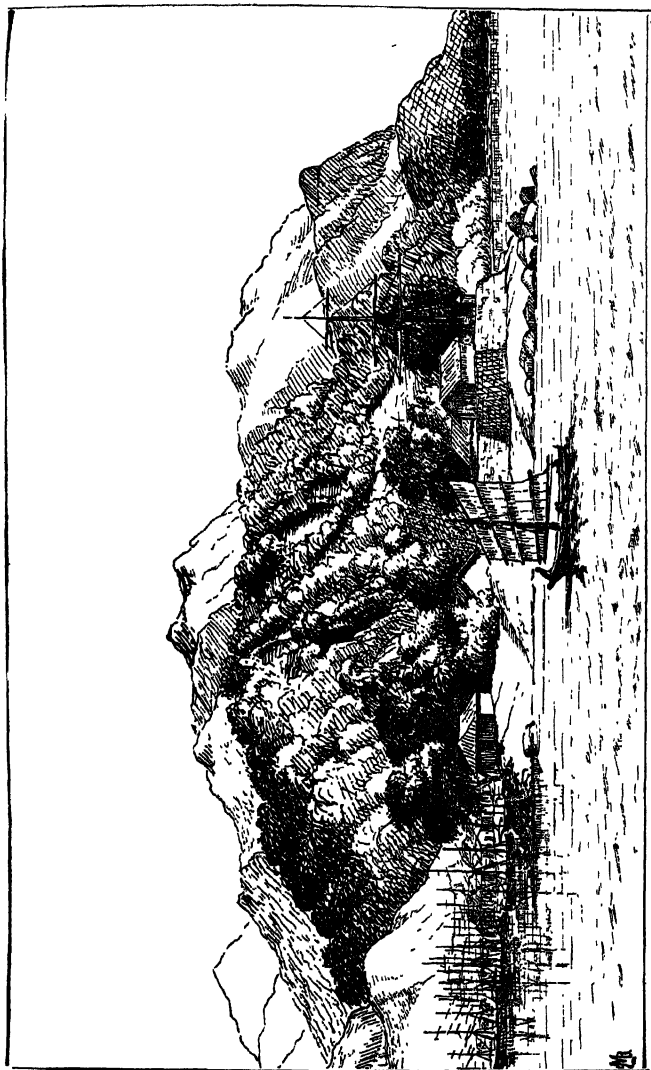
COCOS ISLE.—LAST GLIMPSE OF INDIA.

the crew were busy and noisy taking in cargo up to midnight.

The full name of this place is "Pulo Penang," which in Malay means "Beech-nut Island." It is fifteen miles long by nine in width, and rises in the centre to a height of 3,000 feet, forming a wood-crowned hill on which the European inhabitants have their dwellings, the business offices being in the town below: their houses are all of wood, and are raised several feet from the ground on piles—partly on account of the damp, and partly to prevent the inroads of snakes, scorpions, and other unwelcome visitors, of which the island contains a "large and varied assortment." The roads are very pretty, running through groves of fine palm-trees, among which gleam the brightly-painted native houses, blue, yellow, and scarlet. We met plenty of Chinese, and also numbers of jinrikshas; as these last will be frequently referred to in these notes, I may as well pause here to describe them. The jinriksha is a conveyance now in common use in China, the Straits, and the Hill stations of India, though of Japanese origin. Imagine the body and hood of a bath-chair mounted between a pair of wheels considerably higher and lighter than those in ordinary use, and provided with a pair of shafts united in front by a cross-bar in lieu of the guiding-wheel and handle, reduce the substance

to the lightest possible degree, put a sturdy cooly between the shafts, and you have the hansom-cab of China and Japan. In spite of their fragile appearance these little vehicles are very tough and will bear an immense deal of hard work, as we often experienced in Japan, the riders frequently showing more signs of breaking down than their flimsy-looking but elastic carriages.

The Straits Settlements can also boast of very good hackney carriages, boxes on wheels with a door in the middle of each side, and seats like a cab—the “palki gharri” of India, but infinitely cleaner; well-fitting venetians keep out the sun, and the driver sits, not on the box, but on a board placed across the shafts in closest proximity to the tail of the sturdy, well-fed, willing little pony which draws the conveyance. These carriages have arched roofs, which is also an improvement on the Indian pattern. During our drive we passed a few pagodas remarkable neither for size nor beauty, and returned to the wharf by Market Street, the principal thoroughfare, gay with Chinese sign-boards and coloured or gilt shop-fronts, but smelling poisonously of bad fish. The north-eastern point of the harbour is marked by a very lofty flag-staff from which the British ensign waves over the low stone ramparts of Fort George, a Vauban’s star-fort mounting four smooth-bore guns



PENANG.

and a sentry-box, of very awe-inspiring aspect—especially the sentry-box.

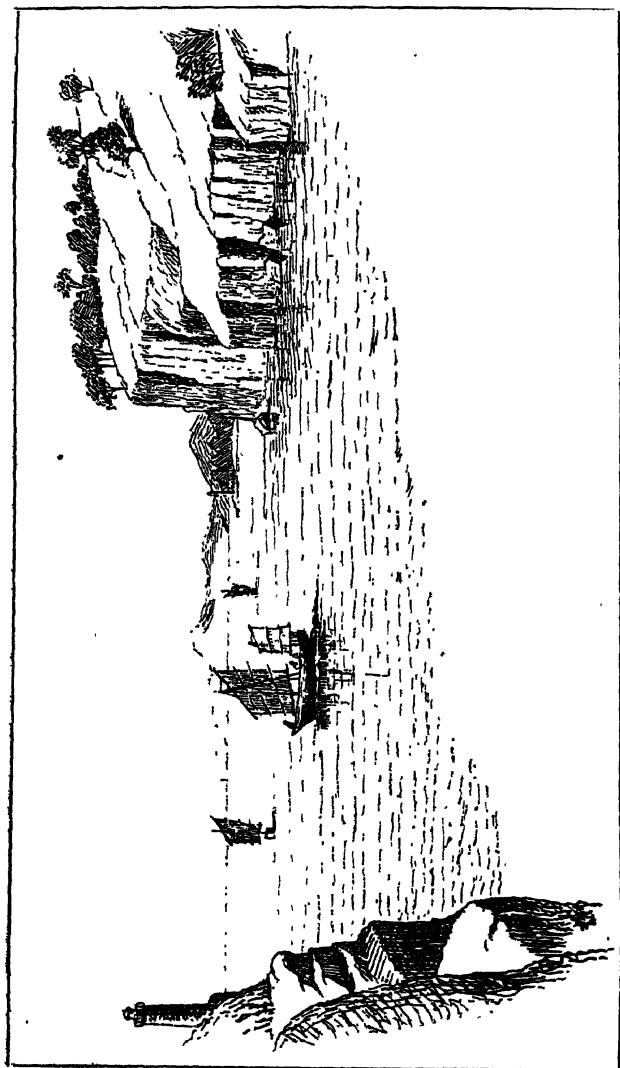
Our arrival was warmly welcomed at Penang as we brought a large supply of vegetables, chiefly cabbages; these sell for a quarter or half a dollar each. This reminds me that we have left the land of the rupee and entered the realm of the Mexican dollar, value 3s. 4d.; this currency holds good till we leave Japan (the Japanese “yen” being equivalent to the Mexican dollar): the American coin is just now reckoned at 4s. 2d.; but, of course, all these values are ruled by the much-vexed “silver question.”

At 5 P.M. on the 4th, we weighed anchor and steamed away to the south for Singapore. Our course lay along the low, densely-wooded shore of the Malay peninsula, and the hot land-breeze bore on its heavy wing the damp, fetid odour of the mangrove swamps which fringe the coast, and harbour snakes and alligators as deadly and dangerous as those which infest the lagoons of Florida or the bayous of New Guinea. Heavy rain fell during the night, and at day-light we began to pass many small islands, which continued to break the coast-line till, at 9.30 A.M., we moored to the wharf at Singapore.

The long and intricate passage leading to the harbour is very pretty, winding through clusters of fairy islets, some uninhabited, others dotted with the

pretty villas and summer-houses of the European residents. The foundation of red and yellow rock from which these islands rise forms a striking contrast to the bright verdure which clothes their summits.

As we entered the harbour a long low island was pointed out in the offing, and we were told the following story of the pirates (Malay and Chinese) who still infest these narrow seas, and compel all foreign vessels to carry arms, especially those manned by Chinese crews. In the preceding year an English ship, while passing near the island above-mentioned, was hailed by a large native vessel, the captain saying he wanted water. The English captain told him to send a boat for it; but the Malay said, in broken English, that he would come alongside and send all his men on board for a drink, "about two hundred," so the Englishmen promptly steamed away. Shortly before this a Penang vessel was boarded just outside the harbour, the cargo plundered, the hull scuttled, the crew killed and thrown overboard. An English gun-boat came across the corpses floating on the waves, and gave chase to the pirates, but the rascals reached an island and escaped for a time into the dense jungle, where they were afterwards captured by the native Rajah, taken to Penang, tried, and executed. There is a man now living in Singapore whose hands were chopped off by pirates as he clung to their boat,



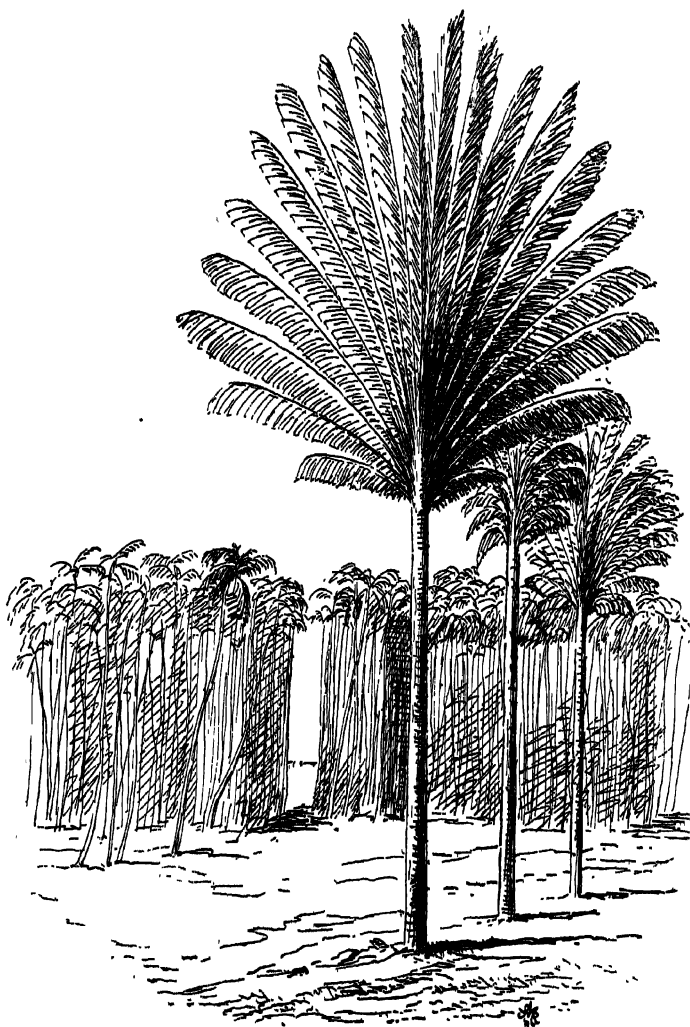
ENTRANCE TO SINGAPORE HARBOUR.

and who was picked up insensible shortly afterwards by our people.

A new fort is being built to defend the town and harbour, which lie at the southern end of an island twenty-seven miles long by fourteen in breadth, divided by a narrow, tortuous strait from the territory of the Sultan of Johore. The garrison consists of six companies of a British infantry regiment (the Buffs were there during our visit), and a very fine body of Sikh police, who are sufficiently well-paid to make the service popular in spite of the dreaded sea-voyage. Shortly after mooring we chartered a carriage of the same description as those at Penang, very neat and slightly gaudy, green fringe everywhere, yellow tassels to red window-blinds, blue and white striped cushions, and a purple "chowry" or fly-whisk, tucked into the hat-straps under the roof. This magnificent vehicle was drawn by a fast but wilful pony which shied violently at starting, and no wonder! for the object of his fear was a very fat woman voluminously draped in red and yellow, waving her arms in a spasmodic attempt to jump over a gutter. The small steed soon recovered his equanimity, and we started on our voyage of discovery. The road first passed through an ugly mangrove-swamp, then, rising, became very pretty,

with groves of different palms of which the one called "Traveller's Joy" is most peculiar; the stem, a smooth shaft of purest green, rises to the height of thirty feet or more, and is crowned by a fan of leaves, like those of the plantain, springing from the top of the trunk, and so regularly disposed as to have an artificial appearance; when the stem is tapped fresh sweet water gushes out, hence its name.

We passed the Tanglyn Barracks, occupied by the Buffs, and following a pretty road metalled with red stone or gravel and bordered with bright green turf and neatly-trimmed cane hedges, eventually reached the Botanical Gardens, of which Singapore is justly proud. Well laid out, picturesquely planted and beautifully kept, with many a strange tree and gorgeous flower, these gardens would please a Scotchman and enrapture a botanist. The turf here, as everywhere in this all but equatorial island, is most brilliantly green, and the foliage rampantly luxuriant, as is but natural with a vertical sun and almost daily rain-fall. In one corner of the gardens is an orchid-house, consisting only of a roof to protect the beautiful inmates from the tropical down-pour, no walls being required to retain the heat; under this ornamental shed, for it is nothing more, flourish many curious ferns and orchids.



THE TRAVELLER'S JOY PALM, SINGAPORE.

Two things only in this magnificent park did not claim our admiration—the roses, which are very poor and consumptive-looking, and the furious rain; without warning the latter cut short our pleasant wanderings and pitilessly drove us to the shelter of our carriage, which was driven through the descending sheets of water along more well-kept roads, past two-storeyed villas with deep verandahs, past Government House, past long lines of wooden dwellings, generally painted yellow or bright blue; we often caught tantalizing glimpses through the rain of tea-shops and temples, bungalows and bazaars; we crossed streams on plank bridges, snatched kaleidoscopic impressions of carved and gilded Chinese doors, gray police-courts, brown and terra-cotta restaurants, joss-houses, drinking-booths, swarming Chinese coolies, clattering jinrikshas, chattering Malays, and dripping umbrellas of every hue in or out of the rainbow, till at length we crossed the gangway, and were glad to change our soaked garments and rest our colour-wearied eyes in the comfortable cabins of the *Taisang*.

The rain gave us that greatest of all boons in a hot climate—a cool night and sound sleep. While we were at breakfast a Spanish transport passed with troops for Manila, and afterwards I went with one of the officers of the *Taisang* to the signal station on a

hill above the wharf, whence we obtained a fine view of the harbour and island. The bright blue sea and luxuriant vegetation, frequently broken by the brilliantly toned rocks, show that Chinese colouring with its vivid tints and glaring contrasts is far truer to nature than we are inclined to admit; the hues of soil, buildings, foliage, turf, and apparel are all much more intense, I may say glaring, than we are accustomed to see in our northern latitudes, the sunshine more brilliant and the sky more blue.

The sluggish Singapore River crossed by three wooden bridges runs through the town, its muddy stream debouching into the feverish mangrove-swamps where swarms of alligators make their home. One of these monsters lately killed a Malay woman at a small bathing-place on the bank, and was shot next day by our fellow-passenger from Penang; on opening it one of its victim's arms was found and recognised by a bracelet still round the wrist.

The original Malay inhabitants do not form half of the present population, which is very largely composed of Chinese, Madrassees, and their offspring by native women, who are called respectively "Babas" and "Klings"; the latter—a miserable set—appear to be universally despised.

The native boats are very quaint; some stand so high out of the water as to appear to float on, not in,

it; others are very fast sailers, their flat lateen canvas enabling them to keep very close to the wind: amongst these the Malay *proas* rank first for speed, sea-worthiness, and rascality, for the pirates always employ these vessels. Many boats came alongside laden with the queer shells one sees on cottage chimney-pieces at home, also fine branches of coral and huge sponges. The boatmen—all Malays—are very clever in the management of their awkward-looking craft, and paddle their barges or canoes at a great pace, using double-bladed paddles for the latter.

Singapore is said to be very healthy for children and snakes—especially the latter, of which there are many species, some most venomous. Amongst these the “hamadryad” is the most dreaded, hanging from branches in the forest and striking at the faces of passers-by. We also heard of pythons thirty feet in length, but fortunately did not meet any of these monsters—my personal experience only extends to the musquitoes, which were truly awful.

To-day we tasted mangosteens for the first time; this much-prized fruit is purple in colour, like a ripe fig, with occasional greenish stripes, spherical, hard as a cricket ball, and from two to three inches in diameter; a calyx of thick green lobes surrounds the

base, and the apex is marked by a small rose-shaped excrescence, the number of petals corresponding with that of the divisions of the pulp within. The rind, or shell, is very thick, and offers considerable resistance to a knife; it is deep madder-coloured inside, and contrasts strongly with the pure pellucid white of the pulp. The flavour is peculiarly and pleasantly aromatic, more resembling that of a good custard-apple than anything else, and quite unlike any English fruit. We took a supply of these on board, as well as pine-apples and bananas, or plantains, as they are invariably called in the East.

Singapore is also famous for a large fruit called "doryan," which is described as being like a jack-fruit not only in size and appearance, but also in smell; so we were glad to find that it was not in season.

We took four hundred Chinese on board here, and often watched them. Much of their time was passed in playing cards, dice, or dominoes; they are most inveterate gamblers. Their meals also attracted much attention; one party, or "mess," of eight excited great interest when, after exchanging low bows all round, they seated themselves on sturdy bamboo stools round a small table; a small basin of rice was placed by each man's elbow, and then, with much ceremony, the servant deposited a large bowl

of fish and meat mixed together in the centre. The chop-sticks were used to pick pieces out of the bowl, roll them in the rice, and then convey them to the mouth, nothing being touched with the fingers. The waiter frequently received a *bonne bouche* from the chop-sticks of one or other of the party, and joined freely in the conversation.

These Chinese fellow-passengers were a continual source of interest and amusement; their quaint faces, queer customs, and peculiar occupations could be studied at one's ease from the break of the poop. The pig-tail is the cherished ornament of Chinese manhood, and is worn in many fashions—hanging down to the heels, twisted tightly round the head, gracefully festooned round the neck, or bunched up into a sausage-shaped chignon—while the colour of the ribbon plaited into it tells a tale to the initiated; black is used for ordinary occasions, red shows that some good fortune has happened to the wearer, a son born, a fortune achieved, or a danger escaped; white is the badge of mourning, and blue is the sign that the wearer is “under a vow,” either of pilgrimage or fasting, or of some other religious observance. Their hats were evidently collected from the dust-heaps of Europe, though some of the more wealthy wore the neat little national “biretta” with its flower-shaped scarlet button that we see in Chinese

paintings, which looked much more suitable and infinitely more artistic than the battered billy-cocks and ragged straw hats of the majority.

One big very fat man had a fearful scar cutting deep in between his ribs, and extending from his spine to his arm-pit. He told me (through the ship's Chinese cook who condescended to act as interpreter,) that it was caused by a piece of bursting shell in an engagement with pirates, and as only Government vessels use shells, I concluded that he had been one of the pirates.

We were told a very characteristic story of the embarkation of a Chinese regiment lately. Each man came on board carefully carrying his umbrella, pillow and fan; but the rifles and belts were tied up in bundles and flung into the hold anyhow!

Nothing occurred to break the monotony of our voyage: on the night of the 13th April we anchored at the entrance to Hongkong harbour (which vessels are not allowed to enter after dark without a pilot), and waited for daylight to approach the "City of Fragrant Streams," the poetical but inappropriate translation of its name. All Chinese names have a meaning, *e.g.* Shanghai is "near the sea"; Canton (properly "Quantung,") "City of Rams," or "City of the Genii"; Pekin "Royal Throne." Hongkong, until lately, had an

unenviable reputation for unhealthiness, which was attributed to the malarious exhalations thrown off by the disintegrated granite from the many excavations in the hill-side ; these were consequently discontinued, and the town became much more healthy, but whether on this account or from the introduction of purer water, is still a moot point with the doctors.





CHAPTER III.

CHINA.

HONGKONG—THE HOTEL—THE THEATRE—VICTORIA
PEAK—THE HAPPY VALLEY.



AT six o'clock on the following morning our vessel was moored to the wharf at West Point, and was immediately wedged in to the jetty by a mass of queer-shaped junks of all sizes, from little toy-boats of five or six feet long, their bows cocked up out of water by the weight of the one man in the stern, to sea-going vessels of three or four hundred tons—low-prowed, high-pooped, tottering craft to look at, but capable of weathering a typhoon which would inevitably destroy the most scientifically built ship ever turned out of our dockyards. While we were watching them, many



HONG-KONG CHAIR.

put out to sea for fishing, each preluding its departure by a discharge of crackers in honour of the Queen of Heaven, who is the goddess of sailors, and whose image is erected in a niche at the stern of every Chinese boat, while the bows are ornamented with an immense pair of painted eyes; the reason given for the latter being, "If ship no have eye, then how can see where go?"

As soon as the fishing fleet had departed, we landed for our first walk in China, and were immediately beset by an army of jinriksha and chair-men who crowded the Praya, or quay, along which we strolled. There are several handsome merchants' offices here, and a very pretty sailors' church; but what most interested us were the crowds of Chinese with their quaint costumes and quainter faces, and the hucksters' shops full of strange fish and neat basket-work. We returned on board for breakfast, and to bid adieu to the *Taisang* and her pleasant officers. A couple of jinrikshas soon took us to the Hongkong Hotel, a very fine building managed by a most obliging American, Mr. Horace Greeley, and admirably managed too. A nasty drizzling rain fell all the way, and our biped nags were obliged to put on their waterproofs, which consisted of a sort of Inverness cape made of straw tied at the neck and

round the waist ; on their heads they wore huge cane hats, like umbrellas in size and shape, with a small cane circle inside to fit the head, and two handles coming under the ears, and tied with strings beneath the chin. These hats, which are generally worn by the Chinese lower classes, are often three feet in diameter, and their yellow glazed-calico covering makes them look like travelling-bath covers. In narrow streets these hats have to be tilted on one side to enable the wearers to pass each other ; the owner's name is frequently painted in black or gilt characters on the roof. Many of the principal shops and stores have pillared arcades in front of them, especially those in Queen's Road, the main thoroughfare running parallel to the Praya but higher up the hill, here the colonnades are almost continuous, giving a handsome appearance to the street and protecting the pedestrian or *flaneur* from sun and rain.

All the native shops, many of which are very handsome, have long sign-boards hung perpendicularly at their doors, painted some rich or brilliant colour, and bearing the owner's name and trade in gilt embossed Chinese letters. Jinrikshas and sedan-chairs are innumerable ; but during the whole day I only saw four ponies, three of which were saddled (one for a lady), and one in the shafts of a small tea-

cart where it looked very unhappy. The scarcity of animals (except dogs) is one of the striking features of Hongkong.

It was most amusing to see a lot of English man-of-war's men going about in jinrikshas, singing, cheering, and larking. They were always in pairs, and never seemed to consider themselves quite safe unless one had hold of the coolie's pigtail, which the said coolie seemed thoroughly to understand. I watched two stalwart tars embarking in one of these conveyances; as soon as they were seated, and the coolie had picked up the shafts, one of them hailed him with, "Tug ahoy! Pass the tow-line aft!" on which the grinning Chinaman handed the end of his plait to one of his passengers, and they started on their voyage.

The Queen's Road is crossed at frequent intervals by side-streets affording pretty peeps of the harbour and shipping on one hand, while on the other they become wooded lanes leading steeply upwards in the direction of Victoria Peak, and give many a quaint view of the upper town built in steps on terraces cut in the foot slopes of the hill. Some of the houses have most picturesque projecting or overhanging wooden balconies, carved in all the lavish profusion of Chinese decorative art, often brilliantly painted, and all looking clean and bright in spite of the damp,

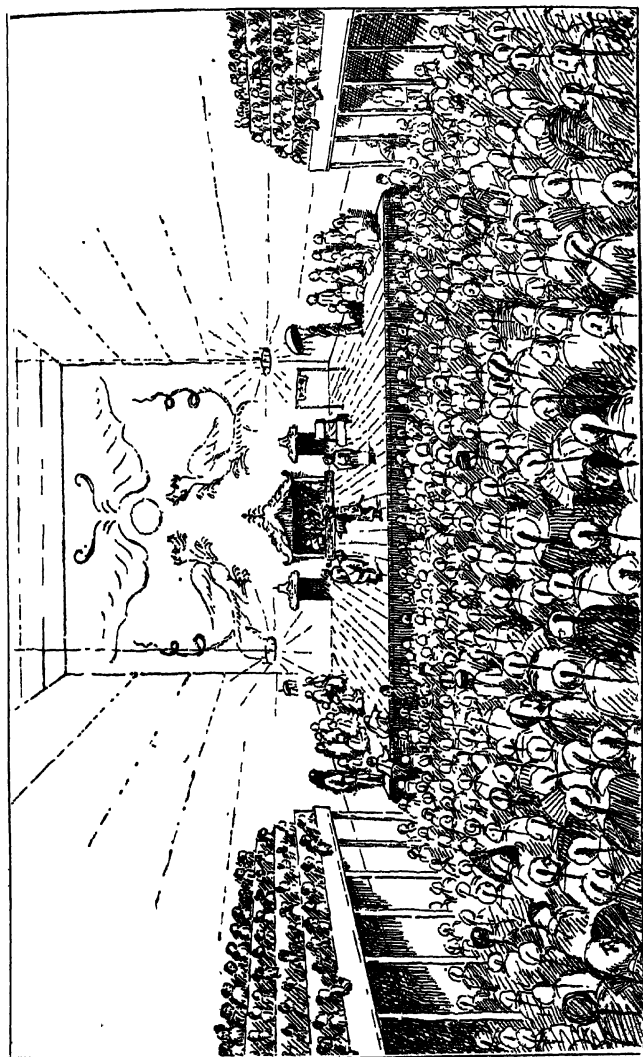
dull day. One of the strange street sights was a pig being carried on a man's back in a bolster-shaped basket, out of the ends of which his head and tail hung in a ludicrously helpless way. At dinner we had frog curry, which was decidedly good; with the curry a china tray was handed round, divided into compartments filled with strange condiments, several sorts of chutnee, Bombay ducks, green ginger, almonds, onion chips, dried and ground cocoa-nut, walnuts, cloves of garlic, and mace. The waiters were, of course, all Chinese, dressed in blue night-gowns, black skull-caps with small red buttons, loose blue trousers, white socks and the usual black cloth shoes, with thick, noiseless, white felt soles. I should think these shoes would be admirable wear for attendants in a sick room. Punkahs hung overhead, but were not needed yet; in fact, one never-failing source of astonishment to us was the coolness and comfort of Hongkong as compared with Calcutta at this season, although the latter is the more northerly of the two places.

We paid many pleasant visits, and received many kind invitations during our stay; but certainly the most amusing of our experiences was an evening at the Chinese theatre, on the 16th April. Before visiting any of these places of public amusement it is usual to give notice through the authorities, as

the ordinary performances have to be considerably "Bowdlerized" before they are fit for production before Western Barbarians, especially if there are any ladies in the party. I need hardly say that this refers to the action, and not to the dialogue, which, of course, is utterly unintelligible to all foreigners but those who, from close study and long practice, have mastered this most difficult of existing languages. I had called on the gentleman who fills the office of dramatic censor, and who most kindly and courteously promised to send one of his native subordinates to be our cicerone, a prior engagement preventing him from conning himself; accordingly, at 9 P.M. a card was brought to our table in the hotel dining-room bearing the legend, "Wat Pak-tai, Registrar General's Department," and was followed by a very dignified Chinaman, who appeared to wear the same common blue night-gown and cap as our waiters, though feminine opinion decided that the materials were very much more costly, and the "cut" more elaborate, while on his sleeves his crest or badge was embroidered in gold. Starting in the ubiquitous jinrikshas, our party of five proceeded at racing pace through the sloppy streets, up hills and down alleys, over bridges and under archways, amongst puddles, pigtails, and paper lanterns—till at length we reached a dimly-lighted

entrance, where we left our conveyances and ascended a bare stone stairway with iron railings. Passing through a tortuous passage we were shown into a "private box" in the gallery, facing the stage, and provided with a dozen cane-bottomed arm-chairs. Directly beneath us was the pit, or rather *parterre*, and on each side were lower galleries, all densely packed with shaven-pated and pigtailed Chinese in their sombre dark-blue or black garments. The side-galleries are the cheapest parts of the auditorium, and contained the "gods." Many of the audience smoked pipes or cigarettes throughout the performance, and most were provided with fans; but all were very quiet and well-behaved, and the Chinese tobacco is so light that the ladies of our party were not in the least incommoded by it.

Directly in front of us was the stage, occupying one entire side of the large square building, the wall above being decorated with gilt scrolls, dragons, and other monsters in plaster; some of the audience (perhaps friends of the actors) stood or squatted on each side of the stage itself, and a Sikh policeman's scarlet turban and silver-plated badge formed a point of colour amid the dark groups. In the centre was a sort of kiosk, or canopy, with two flaring, unshaded gas-lights of five burners each hanging in front of it; these were the only lights in the house. The stage



▲ CHINESE THEATRE, HONG-KONG.

was covered with squares of dirty matting, and under the kiosk sat the musicians, armed with fifes, guitars, drums, a cow's horn and a huge pair of brass cymbals, which played a conspicuous part in the performance, and seemed to fill up the gap whenever an actor missed his cue or forgot his part. Open doors at the back of the orchestra communicated with the green-room, and served for the exits and entrances, though the actors frequently varied this by merely mixing with the side-groups on the stage. The kiosk had a carved and gilded façade like a shop-front, and the stage-properties consisted only of two small rough plain deal tables and two rush-bottomed chairs, some sticks, and strips of coloured calico.

As our eyes became more accustomed to the dim light, we saw that the side-galleries were almost exclusively occupied by women and children. During the greater part of the performance the fifes and guitars kept up a monotonous recitative in a minor key, broken at intervals by the banging of the drums and the deafening clash of the cymbals, which completely drowned the voices of the actors. Many of these wore huge and most palpably false beards, and one (I believe he represented an executioner) had his face chalked or painted ash-colour, like the King of Terrors in a mediæval picture. They all spoke in a high, monotonous falsetto, which occasionally broke

down into a growl. The "scenery" was changed by coolies, and consisted in several re-arrangements of the two chairs and tables, which were sometimes covered with red or green cloth, and in altering the coloured strips of calico on the sticks, each strip bearing the name of the scene in gilt Chinese characters, such as "Battle-field," "Garden," "Emperor's Palace," "Road to Peking," &c. The chief characters were a father and mother, their son (the hero), the Emperor and his courtiers, and two rival generals, besides a host of "supers"—soldiers, attendants, officials, nuns, and others.

The play begins in the hero's home, and he appears as a youth of eighteen or so, the "child of poor but honest parents," from whom he is torn by two ruffians of ferocious aspect, who are crimps collecting recruits for the Imperial Army. The audience expressed great disapprobation of this high-handed proceeding, and groaned at the crimps heartily.

As soon as their son has disappeared, the parents indulge in the usual conjugal recriminations. The mother announces her intention to commit suicide, and for this purpose ascends a lofty rock (consisting of one of the chairs put on a table), and the father is so horror-struck that he falls fainting on the ground, or perhaps he does it to avoid interfering with his wife's meritorious intention. However, the latter,



A THEATRICAL GENERAL.

woman-like, takes a mean advantage of her husband's insensibility, descends from the terrible rock, and disappears round the corner ; that is, she joined the audience at one side of the stage, where she sat down and had a smoke.

The scene then changes (by the simple plan of substituting a fresh strip of calico) to a battle-field ; the Emperor is seen addressing his Generals, but promptly disappears before the commencement of the fight, which is waged with fearful slaughter, the armies being represented by four men in bell-shaped helmets and red coats, six in chintz uniforms, six in yellow and red, and a few in blue and red. The Generals are gorgeously got up in very handsomely-embroidered long robes, loose girdles, full red silk trousers and white felt shoes, large brass or gilt helmets like young pagodas, with broad discs like brass shovels behind the ears, and wings on their shoulders to mark their high rank. Each General raises his left foot as high as he can, and then gives a great kick up with his right. This acrobatic performance is so frequently repeated during the play that we ask Mr. Pak-tai to explain it ; and he tells us that it represents " getting topside of horse." The battle commences by the rival armies marching round each other for some time in concentric circles, uttering a babel of sounds—squeaks, howls, and screams, a

mélange of peacocks, cats, jackals, crows and ravens—to the accompaniment of the “full band ;” then each General kills all the other’s men, and a terrific single combat ensues between the survivors, who hack at each other fiercely, with two or three pirouettes between each blow. At length one of the Generals is wounded, and is about to receive the *coup de grace* when in the very nick of time the hero rushes in, receives the blow on his shield, and finishes the battle and the enemy by giving the rebel leader a tremendous poke in the region of the commissariat (tremendous applause from the audience). All, including the slain, join in a triumphal march, and “*exeunt*” through the doors at the back. The scene next changes (in the same simple style as before) to a nunnery, into which the hero’s mother has been received. She appears accompanied by an attendant nun, and after some conversation, in which they appear to advocate an advanced version of “Woman’s Rights,” her husband comes in to pray at the shrine to which the nunnery is attached. He goes to the altar and presents his prayer, written on a long strip of lucky red paper, and subsides into meditation. The wife takes the prayer from the altar, reads it, and recognises her husband! They are on the point of rushing into each other’s arms when the attendant nun reminds her mistress of her convent vows, and



THE HERO OF THE THEATRICAL PIECE.

the re-attached couple part with tears and howls of a truly heart-rending description.

Scene IV.—Enter the hero in the gorgeous costume of a Mandarin, to which rank he has been elevated by the Emperor for saving his General's life; he is followed by an attendant who carries a lofty, cylindrical, crimson silk umbrella over his head: He takes his seat on a sort of throne to receive petitions, a large notice over his head bearing the Chinese equivalent for "Court of Justice," in gold characters on a scarlet ground. By-the-bye, this sitting down was quite one of the points of the play, and caused fresh amusement each time the hero repeated it. The movements were very sudden and jerky, and as if done by machinery, or at a word of command "by numbers," as a drill-sergeant would say: "one," draw up in front of chair; "two," drop on to seat; "three," jerk up again; "four," spread knees very wide; "five," retake seat; "six," sprawl out feet sideways as far as they will reach. His mother enters to present a petition several yards long, and flops about the stage in a most laughable manner, presumably to show her shyness and emotion at finding herself in the august presence of the Mandarin, on whom she always turns her back! Two attendants try to put her straight, but she jumps and kicks and squeals like a pig whenever

they touch her, till at length they drop both her and the attempt, and she is bundled out of court, while her petition is handed to her son. He comes to the front of the stage and sits on a chair, with his feet turned out as if he were trying to do a "spread eagle" on skates, and begins to read the scroll. Evidently the writing is not copper-plate, for he mouths, shouts, gesticulates wildly, and jumps up and squats down again when he comes to an extra hard word. Just as he succeeds in mastering the contents of the paper, his parents enter together; he recognizes them and prostrates himself at their feet, to the evident consternation of his followers, who think their lord must be decidedly cracked to behave thus to such a very common-looking couple. However, all ends well, with a general recognition, embraces, and a "walk round" for the whole party; the performance concluding with the bastinado and execution of the two crimps who had ventured to enlist a future Mandarin, and who come on the scene just in time for the ends of justice and themselves.

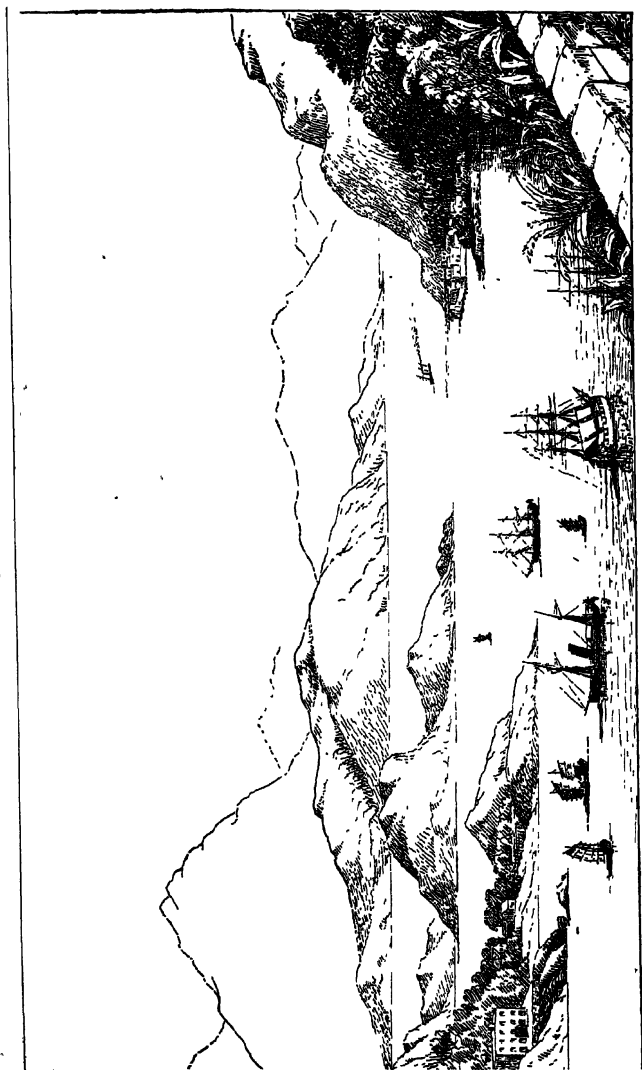
Many of the dresses were very handsome, both in material, colour, and embroidery; the mother (who, like all the other female characters, was a man,) wore a sort of paletôt of yellow satin, on which large claret-velvet stars were *appliqués* with gold thread;

lavishly-embroidered epaulettes over long loose white sleeves matching the white skirt; hair drawn off the face and plaited in many tails, which were confined by a large gilt clasp or brooch put on lengthways at the back of her head; large ear-rings; very highly-rouged cheeks; long nails, and squeaky falsetto voice. This costume was slightly altered by changing the white sleeves and *jupon* for blue ones when she became a nun. During the second courtship she wore the ordinary blue gown of the country with a collar in several rows of large vandykes—blue outlined in gold and pale pink—reaching down to the shoulders, and loose hair. Her last dress of all was a robe of honour, a mass of bright colours and gold embroidery. The son's dress, on becoming a Mandarin, was very handsome, a loose long gown, presumably of white satin ground, bearing an elaborate complication of large gay roses in gold and looking-glass, framing a many-rayed scarlet sun on the breast, a hundred-eyed peacock in natural colours on the lower part of the square front, or apron, and other brilliant monsters on the back.

The audience were exceedingly well-behaved; they laughed heartily at many jokes which perhaps it was as well we could not understand, and applauded frequently by waving their fans and clapping their hands. Trays of refreshments were

continually carried about amongst the crowd, which left in a quiet and orderly manner at the conclusion of the performance. We followed some Chinese ladies out, and watched the "small-footed ones" being picked up on their attendants' backs, carried over the mud, and popped into their litters. Their dresses seemed to be the universal black and blue robes, but their *coiffures* differed; some wore large pins at the side of the chignon, others had white horse-shoe shaped head-dresses attached to the back of the head with bunches of very stiff artificial flowers set low on each side. There were many children in the theatre, looking like queer miniatures of their parents, in exact imitation of whose dresses their little clothes were made. The indispensable fan, when not in use, was stuck under the collar of the robe at the back of the neck.

On the 17th April we visited the Public Garden which, in point of beautiful position, luxuriant foliage and glowing wealth of blossom, is a veritable Garden of Eden. The rank, jungly look of tropical vegetation is conspicuously absent. The azaleas were past their finest bloom, but some bushes still showed masses of white, pink, lilac, and crimson blossoms, while the various lilies were in the full pride of their stately beauty. We went on to the Kennedy Road, a wide, level, and admirably kept promenade cut out of the



HONG-KONG HARBOUR, FROM THE ROYAL ARTILLERY MESS.

hill-side well above the town, of which and the harbour it commands a beautiful panorama. Many sorts of pines, shrubs, tree- and other ferns grow on the banks and below the road, especially near the Royal Artillery Mess-house, from which one of the best views is obtained ; but the finest of all is from the upper verandah of Government House. At night, when town and harbour are outlined by the numerous lamps and the vessels show their thousand scintillating lights, the scene is quite fairy-like. By-the-by, Government House presented a very pleasant and English appearance after the bare cold walls and drab-matted floors of Calcutta. We came down the hill past the fine three-storeyed Murray Barracks, and found the Northamptonshire (58th) Regiment at drill on their cramped parade-ground ; but they and we were soon driven to shelter from a heavy shower, which we succeeded in escaping in Ah-Fong's photographic establishment, where we saw many good "proofs" of Eastern success in Western art.

The day following was Sunday, and we attended morning service in the Cathedral ; a very bare building both as regards decoration and congregation, and therefore presenting a marked contrast to the Calcutta Cathedral in which we last heard service. The organ was fairly played, and the singing pretty good. Two young Chinese were present, one in the body of the

Cathedral, and the other in the chancel with some English school-boys. In the afternoon we went up Victoria Peak, the highest point of the ridge which forms the backbone of the island. The road is excellent, and easily rideable with tolerable ponies ; but the Chinese animals are said to be bad for any but level ground, as they trip when going up-hill, and drag their hind feet in descending anything like a steep place. The pretty harbour and dockyard called Aberdeen look well from the Peak. We crossed the watershed at the "Gap," and looked down on the other side of the island to the fishing village of Pokfoolum and the many islets stretching away to the far horizon, some dotted with cottages, others marked by the solitary summer residence of some Mandarin ; but the greater number were uninhabited and even un-named. The views on all sides from this vantage-ground are very beautiful sea-scapes, and, fortunately, the afternoon was tolerably clear for the first time since our arrival.

We found the wind on the Peak very chilly ; the thermometer is usually from six to nine degrees lower than in the town, 1,200 feet below, and punkahs are never required. The slopes are very steep, covered with coarse grass from which the granite-rock continually crops up. Trees are gradually clothing the hill-sides, but they are all hand-planted, and there

were none on the island until we took possession of it. A tramway is being made from the town to the Peak, up which carriages will be drawn by a stationary engine, and thus render the houses on the ridge more accessible.

The band of the 58th played in the Public Gardens from 9 to 10 o'clock in the evening; the music was very good, but an accompaniment of very loud and deep-voiced frogs from the neighbouring fountain had a rather strange effect! The grounds were illuminated by Chinese lanterns, which threw their softened light on a motley assemblage of soldiers, sailors, and civilians, European and Indian, Chinese and Japanese. Several women of both these latter nations were present, and were mainly distinguishable by their nether garments, the Chinese belles wearing loose trousers, while the Japanese had skirts. The sailors represented most of the Western sea-faring races, and when the band stopped the Babel-mixture of tongues was very striking.

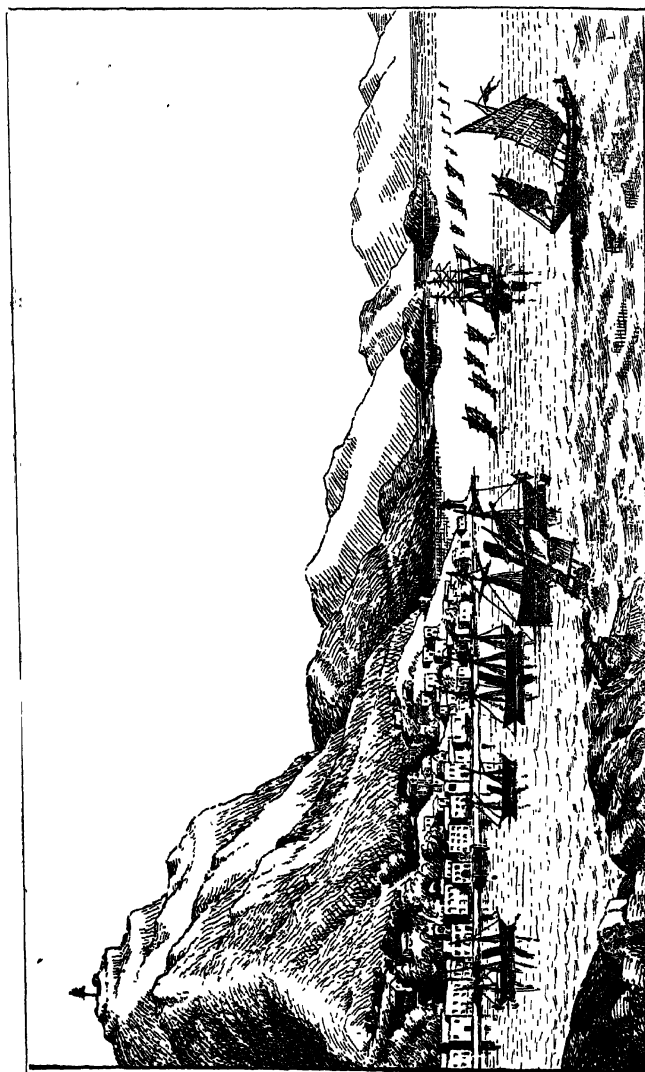
On the 19th we engaged our cabin on board the P. and O. steamship *Thibet*, starting for Japan on the 25th. These P. and O. vessels sail alternately with the Messageries Maritimes, the two lines carrying the weekly mail to Japan. We also went to see the "Happy Valley," a small plain surrounded by hills. The former, which is by no means pretty, forms the

race-course of Hongkong; and on the slopes of the latter are the cemeteries—Protestant, Catholic, Mussulman and Parsee. The Protestant burial-ground is very beautiful, and is, in fact, a well-kept landscape-garden laid out in terraces, with shrubberies and flower-beds, palms and evergreens, amongst which the carefully-tended tombs lose their grimness without forfeiting their solemnity.

The earlier graves are placed close together, but those of later date are scattered about in picturesque nooks and corners, which show refined taste and loving care in the selection. Over some of the headstones and memorial crosses a beautiful white passion-flower is trained, with a very happy effect. The Roman Catholic enclosure is not so neat or pretty, which is unusual. The Naval Hospital is well-placed on a height over-looking the valley, and is approached by a picturesque and shady road.

Some sports were in progress on the Mall, to which the Sikhs of the police-force and Lascars of the Artillery gave quite an Indian flavour.

The road along the hill above West Point passes many good private residences, with beautiful terraced flower gardens. Some of these houses have queer names; one, at which we joined a merry dinner-party, was called "Typhoon Top-side." Here I heard a very interesting account of the death of the



HONG-KONG, FROM KOWLOON.

Prince Imperial given by an officer who was much attached to him, and who was the first to find the body. The Prince was a good horseman, and remarkably quick at mounting; on this occasion he was riding a very fidgety horse, and when the alarm was given he clutched at the holsters, which came away as the horse swerved from him, and the few seconds' delay thus caused was fatal. All his wounds were received in front, proving that he died a true soldier's death—facing the foe.

One of our mornings when the rain was less than usual was spent in visiting Kowloon, a small peninsula on the opposite side of the harbour, and the only bit of the mainland belonging to us in this neighbourhood. Here there are some pretty villas, and a very fine building of grey stone occupied by the Harbour Police. The city and beautiful harbour with their mountainous background are well seen from this point, but the bitter cold wind (on the 20th April!) prevented our staying long to enjoy the view. On our return we passed under the bows of H.M.S. *Sapphire*, the Admiral's flag-ship, which is painted white, as are all our men-of-war on this station, and, in fact, east of the Mediterranean.

In the afternoon we prowled about the Chinese shops, and at one I examined some native swords; these were very heavy, sharp as razors, and apparently

well tempered, but badly balanced ; the hilts have no guards, and are very long—evidently for use with both hands. The prices asked were enormous—one hundred dollars (nearly £17) for a very common weapon, and three times as much for one little better.





HONG-KONG POLICE, CHINESE AND SIKH.



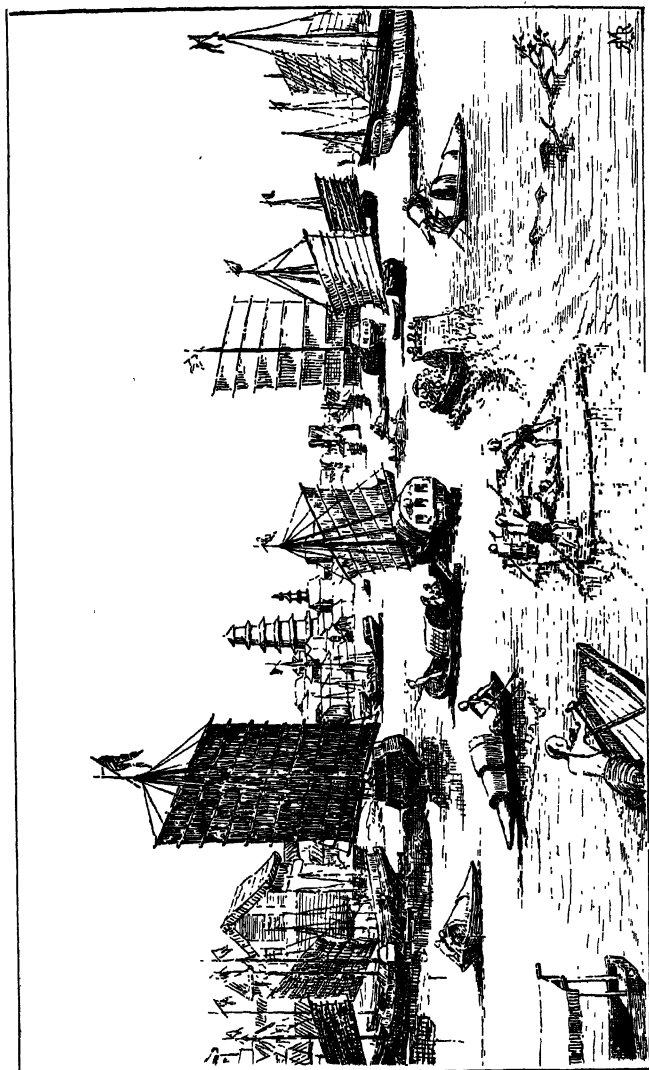
CHAPTER IV.—CHINA.

CANTON—THE RIVER—THE CITY—SHOPS, TEMPLES
AND PAGODAS—FORTIFICATIONS—HORRORS
—EXECUTIONS—CHINESE LADIES.



ON the 21st we left Hong Kong in the American-planned but Chinese-built river steamer *White Cloud* for Canton, as we wished much to see a real, typical, Chinese City, and all agree in saying that Canton answers that description as fully even as Peking, with the advantage of being much more accessible. The *White Cloud* was named after the mountain which forms the principal object in Chinese paintings of Canton, and which is almost as great an object of veneration to the people of the Southern Province as Fuji-yama to the Japanese. Our vessel had a large saloon with couches round its sides, a small ladies' cabin, and an all-pervading and overpowering

smell of opium from the many Chinese passengers. Our course led us through a many-islanded sea to the wide, low-banked mouth of the Canton River, which we entered after dark. I believe we reached the landing-stage at 1 A.M., and I know that soon after day-break we were aroused by a strange crackling sound, to find ourselves moored to the left bank of a muddy, slow-flowing stream, about as wide as the Thames at Westminster Bridge, and studded with thousands of quaint, antediluvian craft, from the large sea-going junks with their three masts and huge sails of heavy matting, distended and reefed by eight or ten transverse bamboos, to the little "sampans," or slipper-boats, as they are called by Europeans. These are just like a shoe, the toe (bow) sometimes tipped with brass, and almost resting on the water, while the stern, like a fashionable lady's heel, stands up in absurd disproportion; the whole is roofed with three matting covers on arched wooden frames, which slide into each other, and complete the likeness to a lady's slipper. Under the high-raised roof aft *stand* the rowers, usually the captain of the craft and his wife, sometimes wife and daughter, or a couple of the latter, for these girls are all expert rowers. Some of the larger craft were driven by a single paddle-wheel at the stern, worked by the feet of sixteen or twenty men, and all had immense rudders pierced like ship's



THE RIVER, CANTON.

gratings, while the small boats were steered by sculls most skilfully managed. Every vessel, large and small alike, had an eye painted on each side of the bow, and a little shrine aft containing an image of the Queen of Heaven, with a joss-stick burning in front of the idol; the noise which had aroused us so early was caused by the crackers let off to propitiate the goddess before commencing the labours of the day. The average number of craft of all sizes in the Canton River is estimated at ten thousand; but it is quite impossible for a mere spectator to pronounce on the accuracy of this calculation, as the vessels are perpetually crossing and re-crossing, darting out of sight and re-appearing, massing, dispersing and circling like water-beetles on a pool.

On our arrival a message had been sent on shore to secure the services of Archdeacon Gray's old servant, "Ah Cum," reputed to be the best guide here; but he had been retained by Prince Louis Napoleon, so he could only come on board to present his elaborate ivory ticket, pay his respects, express his regrets in very fair English, and introduce his substitute, who rejoiced in the name of "Ah Poo" and the brains of a fool; but, unfortunately, we did not find out the latter fact until it was too late to change.

On landing we found sedan-chairs waiting for us, with heavy roofs and curtains which we at once

abolished on account of their obstructing the view. Ah Poo strongly objected to this, but, as his command of English was only slightly greater than our knowledge of Chinese, we could not comprehend his arguments, but stuck to our own arrangement. It was afterwards explained to us that we were really rash in removing the covers, as the Chinese might have taken our doing so for bravado, and in that case ill-treatment and very possibly death would have been the consequence ! We did not understand the risk we ran until we got into the lower quarters, or "back streets," and there, I confess, I felt uncomfortable, with a lady to protect and an umbrella as my sole weapon ! But to return to our expedition. We were carried through narrow and tortuous streets, or rather passages, from six to twelve feet wide, irregularly and unevenly paved with flag-stones ; on each side were shops gaily decorated with myriads of coloured sign-boards, a foot wide and from eight to twenty feet high, hanging from the balconies above or embedded in stone foundations below, painted in rich, bright hues—vermilion, umber, blue, green, or marbled—and bearing the owner's name and trade in raised characters of gold, crimson or black. The thronged and busy passages were densely crowded with a jostling, moving, humming, shouting mass of celestials, seething and simmering in the furnace of

work and business, heaving and teeming with life and labour, wonderful to see and sickening to smell !

The shops were clean and orderly, opening deep back from the street, as if their ground-tax were regulated by frontage, not area. They were hardly oriental in style, except that they had no glass fronts but were open to the street. On one side was a counter, behind which stood the attendants; the walls were occupied by shelves on which the goods were neatly arranged, often with glass doors in front of them; the cashier's desk was surrounded by an elaborately carved and handsomely gilt screen; and at the further end of the shop, like a scene in an extravaganza, was a gaily-painted and brightly-illuminated shrine, with tapers, joss-sticks, and vases of artificial flowers. Great taste was shown in the arrangement of their wares by the china-dealers, fruiterers, and some of the mercers. In many of the shops the attendants were taking their morning meal, seated at a table in the middle, some being completely dressed and others almost the reverse. There was no touting for custom, and no notice was taken of us save an occasional "Chin-chin" from some merchant who had probably frequently fleeced the Western barbarians, and wished to repeat the operation.

Each street seemed to be in the main devoted to one class of goods; but fruit stalls displaying sugar-

cane, oranges, plantains, red plums, chesnuts, shad-docks, and a few mangoes and pomegranates; meat purveyors with shelves and hooks loaded with pork, poultry, and puppies; tobacco-merchants' stands and cake-seller's trays, seemed to wedge themselves into impossible corners among hardware and haberdashery, furniture and fans, like the irrepressible *gamins* in a well-dressed crowd. Barbers do a very good business in shaving, shampooing, smoothing and plaiting the tails of their customers; these tails are frequently increased by the addition of "switches" of false hair hanging round the walls, and are always finished off and tied with silk. To our thinking the cares of the toilet might be extended with advantage to the finger-nails of the upper classes, which are allowed to grow like Nebuchadnezzar's, and are often shielded with metal tips.

Many shops sold artificial flowers mounted in bunches and on frames for decorating the temples, or the painted and tinselled shrines which hung across the streets like scenes for a theatre; and at many of the street-corners (somewhat after the fashion of the Madonnas in Roman Catholic towns,) were bas-reliefs of battle-scenes deeply carved in wood and painted brown or stone colour.

At other counters were ornaments like hair-pins with spade-shaped gold ends inlaid with kingfishers'

feathers. The article to be decorated is prepared by deeply scoring the metal in the direction of the laminæ, which are then cemented in, one by one, as closely as in the original feather, and afterwards covered with a very hard silicate varnish. At the silk mercers' we were shown handsomely embroidered many-plaited petticoats, worked cushions, and the hideous but inevitable tea-cosey. Many stalls were occupied by lapidaries and engravers making signets out of little oblong blocks of agate and cornelian, the handle eventually assuming the shape of man or animal. The shoe-shops occupied several streets. The Chinese shoe is a speciality, the upper part being either cloth or silk, plain black, grey or blue stamped with flowers; the sole invariably of white felt, often two inches thick when new and untrodden.

Thousands of wooden buckets are seen, with very thick handles; some of these are painted scarlet, and must be carefully avoided when met in the streets.

At most of the corners were small tables owned by vendors of sweetmeats, many-coloured cakes, cigars and cigarettes. The latter articles were in very general consumption by all classes and both sexes. The cakes looked fairly clean; the white ones, which are made of ground rice and curds, being sprinkled with red for luck.

The fan shops must drive a roaring trade, for every man, woman, and child carries a fan, from the

tottering grandsire or hobbling ghoulish grandam to the grotesque, toddling infant—from the Emperor in his gorgeous palace to the beggar in the gutter, every class and every age uses the fan—it is as universal in the Celestial Empire as the umbrella in England and the spittoon in America; and when you do not see one in a Chinaman's hand, you will always find it stuck under the collar of his coat at the back of his neck.

Lantern-shops also abounded, and the streets where they were sold were particularly effective: the masses of brilliant color produced by hanging them in thousands across the doorways, and on strings from opposite windows, were most gorgeous. They might be seen of all shapes, colours and sizes, from tiny shades for a night-light, three or four inches high, to huge melon shaped structures of oiled silk on cane frames, six feet in height and as much in diameter, for use in temples and religious processions.

During the whole day, in all our wanderings through the streets and alleys, we saw only four ponies, three being led and one mounted. The usual and almost only conveyance is the sedan-chair, of which there are many patterns; the private chairs are usually known by their being painted black, with black screens, or "chicks," and blue tassels and fringes. This taste for dark blue and

black in clothes and personal appliances is remarkable in a people who indulge in the richest hues and most daring contrasts of colour in their house and temple decorations.

In the streets the houses nearly meet overhead, and the windows of the upper storeys have shutters made of oyster shells scraped very thin and set in light frames ; these admit the light like ground-glass, and open horizontally, over-lapping each other from opposite houses, and roofing in the street below. In parts of the city occupied by the lower classes we passed along causeways between fetid pools of stagnant filth, over which the houses were built on piles. These must be very hot-beds of pestilence ; yet the people seemed healthy, and the swarms of children looked rosy and well.

The furniture-makers' quarter was full of chairs, tables, bedsteads, &c., of excellent workmanship and grotesque design. Many of the former had slabs of grey or red marble let into their backs, seats, or tops ; the wood-work was colored with black or warm brown lacquer. There were also thousands of the queer oblong boxes with rounded tops, looking like babies' coffins, without several of which no Chinaman ever travels—one acting as a luncheon-basket ; another as a Gladstone-bag ; while a third, perhaps, contains manuscripts, joss-sticks, and the travelling idol.

At the fishmongers' were tubs, through which water constantly flowed, containing live fish of many sorts and shapes; also slabs on which contracted and expanded repulsive sea-slugs,* nine inches long by three in width, mottled black and yellow, and esteemed a great delicacy. On boards could be seen fish ready-prepared for cooking, divided longitudinally, with the bones removed but the blood carefully left. Some of the tables were devoted to the display of dried fish which smelt fearfully, while some of the "leading" butchers' stalls showed nothing but cats and dogs, ready cleaned and skinned except for a tuft of hair left on the tip of the tail to prove the genuineness of the article. There were many pork-shops, at each of which the show-piece was a sucking-pig painted brown and set up on his legs.

For "Young Canton" there is a street of toys, which led us to the Temple of Five Hundred Genii, its gateway topped by a canoe-shaped ornament, and guarded by two grotesque tigers squatting on their haunches and grining horribly. Each flap of the door is painted with the likeness (?) of a very truculent warrior, squinting awfully, and stamping with the greatest ferocity upon nothing at all. Passing these dreadful guardians of the porch, we entered a courtyard from which, as in our own college-buildings, corridors and cloisters lead to many courts and halls;

* *Bêche de mer.*

these give shelter to the priests and ministers of the temple, and to pilgrims when required. Each of the roofs has a ridge-pole of the same pattern as that on the main entrance. The Hall of the Five Hundred lies beyond many quads and passages, and contains a collection of more than life-size figures in plaster-gilt, ranged on platforms and ledges, museum-fashion, and lining the approach to the chief shrine where the Emperor, in real hair and beard, sits facing you like a Pope, with three large veiled figures behind him. The eyes of all the images are painted black and white, and the hair black, also the beards of those who have them. One of the Genii wears an unmistakeable sailor's hat, and our guide told us it was the likeness of Marco Polo! Whether there are quite five hundred I cannot say, but there are a great number, and the diversity of expression in the faces is wonderful, no two being alike. Some wear crowns, some mitres, some have little figures on their heads, several have children with them, and one is playing the banjo; while in front of each burns a joss-stick in a china bowl nearly full of the ashes of its predecessors. Nearly all the figures are remarkably life-like, and some are quite animated—speaking, listening, praying, preaching, laughing, or fighting. The drapery, too, is very varied, some wearing gowns with hoods, girdles, and rosaries like monks, others regal-looking robes; some

in armour, and others dressed like mendicants. In the furthest courtyard is a small marble pagoda of nine storeys; this and all the other pagodas and temples have bronze tablets let into their walls engraved with the names of those who subscribed towards the expense of erecting the building. We nowhere saw anyone like a priest, but in many parts of the temple are great bronze bowls or vases containing smouldering fires, in which the prayers of the worshippers (written on paper) are consumed.

We found the stone pavements and steps of the temples in good repair, but dirty; and at each building we paid a small fee to the porter or porteress on our departure.

Leaving the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, which is considered the "St. Paul's" of Canton, we were carried through a street devoted to brass candlesticks; next through one lined by shops full of bangles, earrings and pins in jade, amber, and coral; then came an alley full of brasiers and copper-smiths, then grass shoes and matting, tubs and turnery for various household purposes, carpet-brushes, sandals, and sweet-meats—each had a special street, and showed new strange sights on our way to the Temple of the Five Genii, near which I saw a quarrel—the only one throughout the day; a woman, who had got hold of a man's pigtail at which she was tugging with vicious

energy, was scolding at the utmost pitch of a hideously discordant voice, while the unfortunate man meekly submitted to the two-fold infliction.

The Temple of the Five Genii is approached by five flights of stone steps leading up to a nearly square doorway, passing through which the visitor finds himself at once in the temple. Instead of the five idols one would naturally expect to see, there are six figures ranged on each side of a larger image seated on a throne, in front of which stands a table bearing a triple row of bowls with burning joss-sticks. Inside the door priests sit selling paper invocations, and calling the attention of the worshippers by ringing a bronze bell. The only articles to which the number five can be applied are five rough stones laid in front of the figures. These are said to be the magic winged rams on which the Genii flew through the air to visit Canton, and which petrified after they had done their duty. From this fabulous incident Canton receives its name, which signifies "City of Rams," or "City of Genii." We climbed to the top of the temple and looked over the brown roofs and green gardens from the parapet which runs round a small square room containing a *replica* of the shrine below, except that here the throned figure has only four attendants on each side, two of whom have a third eye placed perpendicularly in the middle of their foreheads.

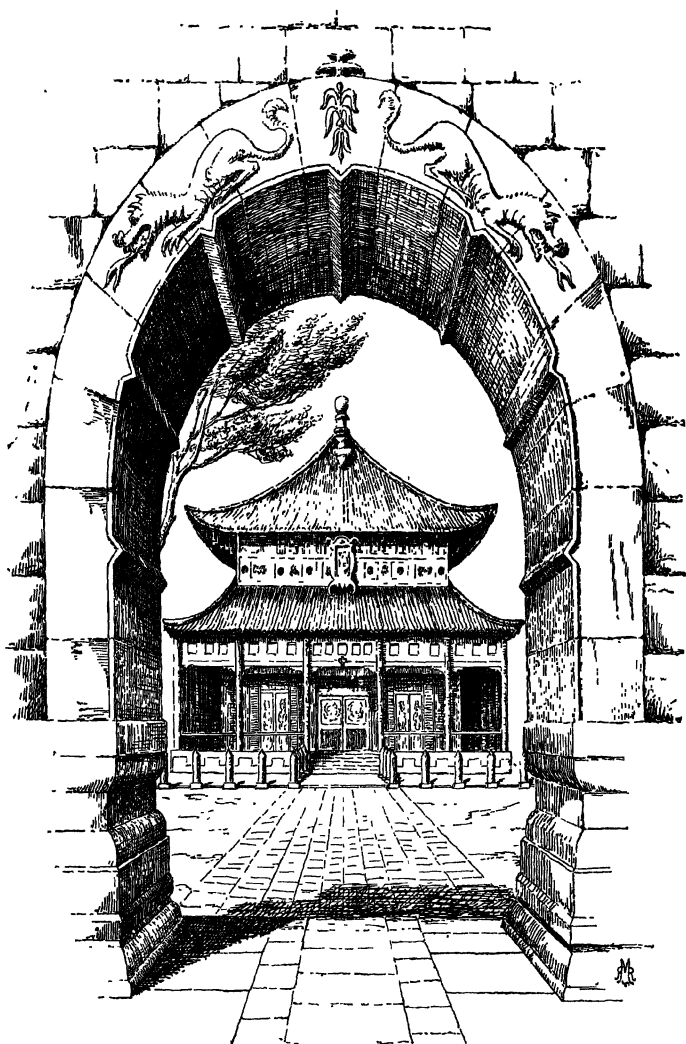
Leaving this temple we passed several towers of little architectural beauty, and then ascended the ancient city wall to the dark red five-storeyed pagoda which towers above one of the bastions, and in which our artillery were quartered during the British occupation of Canton in 1842. From the roof a good view of the city and surrounding country is obtained, including the distant White Cloud Mountain, and the many-winding river flowing through cultivated plains thickly set with gardens and rice-fields. At the foot of the wall lies an immense cemetery, full of horse-shoe shaped tombs painted light blue, grey, or white, many of which were surrounded by groups of the friends and relations of the deceased, praying and letting off "in memoriam" crackers (ours generally explode in print!). The Red Pagoda is used as a tea-house, and we had some fairly good tea which was brought to us in handleless cups, with others reversed over them, oyster-fashion; the tea is drunk, or rather sucked, from between the cups, which prevents the leaves entering the mouth. We preferred pouring the beverage into a third bowl, but the attendants evidently thought us rather worse barbarians than usual for doing so. A good many Chinese visitors were sipping the "cup that cheers," and our guide and the chair-coolies all had a taste of the flowing bowl. Plenty of inquisitive boys watched our proceedings.

By the time we had finished our refection the noise of the crackers from the neighbouring cemetery had ceased, and the relations were making their farewell offerings at the tombs ; these consisted of articles of clothing in the shape of paper shoes, coats, caps and trousers, paper money, coloured wood-shavings, wax tapers, &c. We afterwards saw, in a shop, a large paper model of a junk intended for the same purpose. We then walked along the wall, which runs along the crest of a small hill rather higher than its exterior neighbours, and is built of blocks of grey granite with loop-holes for wall-pieces and embrasures for guns, the latter at intervals of fifty-three or fifty-four paces. Some of the guns were in position, mounted on very ram-shackle carriages, two or three in a battery, and carefully roofed in with wooden sheds ; but the majority were lying on the ground with nothing under them, and a sort of inverted sheep-trough as an upper covering. They were all of native manufacture, and of the pattern and calibre of our old 12 and 18-pounder ship-carronades. In rear of, and below the rampart, are the magazines, with roofs of stone slabs thickly covered with turf.

The wall itself is from 25 to 40 feet high, and the paved road along its top, from 15 to 20 feet wide, is protected by a 10-foot parapet revetted with stone. The ascents are steep flights of steps, and there are

no ramps, the guns having been raised by cranes. Though apparently utterly neglected now, the defences could very soon be put in order. The walls of the Red Pagoda, which commands the whole city, are 5 feet thick, and built of brick ; its floors are supported by massive round brick pillars, and connected by steep flights of wooden stairs inside the building. It stands at a salient angle of the fortification, on a rock whose vertical face forms a natural bastion.

Descending from the wall by one of the many flights of steps we passed through more narrow streets, not of shops, but of low, grey-painted houses ; opposite the doors of many the wall bore a red disk in the centre of a white-washed space surrounded by a black border ; this is the conventional rendering of sunrise, and is intended to bring good luck to the inhabitants of the house, who are thus always greeted by the orient luminary on crossing their threshold, spite of leaden skies and lowering clouds. Passing a strange column like a spring-candlestick, of which our guide could give us no explanation, we came to the Flower Pagoda. This pretty building stands in a small enclosure laid down in turf, from which rise the five octagonal steps forming the base. The pagoda, which is also eight-angled, has nine storeys, each marked by a projecting roof curving upwards at the outer edge, with bells at the pointed corners ; the



EMPEROR'S TEMPLE, CANTON.

walls are painted terra-cotta and white in horizontal stripes, and the roofs dark umber with gilt ornamental eaves.

The Tartar General's quarters and old British Consulate are large, desolate buildings, standing in the midst of neglected gardens, the high boundary walls pierced with peculiar octagonal or circular doorways. Near the Consulate is the building formerly occupied by one of our infantry regiments—only the gables remain. All the European Consulates have been removed to the Island of Shameen, on the bank of the river.

Our next visit was to the "Temple of Horrors;" this we found in a large court-yard crowded by the lowest classes, and with many little tables and seats occupied by pedlars, fortune-tellers, and—most appropriately—dentists! The latter, not content to advertize their trade by displays of hideous forceps, tongs, pincers, and other instruments of torture, had strings of human teeth, looking like dirty coral necklaces, hung over their tables. On each side of the court-yard were five palisaded dens like horse-boxes, about eighteen feet square, containing painted wooden models, nearly life-size, of scenes in which the grotesque and the horrible combined to disgust the spectator. One represented the Chinese idea of hell, its occupants undergoing the most sickening

tortures; another displayed a culprit being boiled in oil, while a third showed an execution by sawing the victim in two, he being lashed between two boards, like a live sandwich. Other compartments were filled by models of a trial by torture; decapitation; grinding a culprit into pulp between immense grind-stones; roasting another by covering him with a huge red-hot bell; disembowelling, flaying alive, &c., while two divisions held representations of transmigration, and supplied the grotesque element less mixed with the horrible. Rather luckily we were so mobbed by the inquisitive crowd that we could not quite "sup full of horrors," as we should have done but for the crushing and pushing of the people, and the pungent smoke rising from the ever-smouldering joss-sticks.

The beggars, too, were very numerous and most importunate; but the majority of the crowd—though disagreeable—were very good-tempered, and met us with wide-mouthed grins and frequent "chin-chins." In short, one of the main results of our expedition was to make us rather doubt the stories of pistol-shots, spitting in the face, and vilest abuse which had been told us in Hong-Kong. I can certainly answer for the absence of the first two forms of insult; and as to the third, all I can say is that, if the people did call us any bad names, was done most politely, and was decidedly rather pleasant than otherwise.

Leaving the Temple of Horrors, our guide conducted us to a tower in which was kept what he considered the crowning glory of Canton—if not of China itself—a *clepsydra*, said to be five hundred years old. This ancient time-piece consisted of four stone water-troughs of different sizes placed on steps; the upper one was large, and only required filling once a day, and the lowest was the same size, each being divided into twenty-four spaces to mark the flight of the hours; the second filled in half an hour, and the third in an hour, tiny spouts regulating the flow of the water, which is subjected to the daily incantations of the priests to prevent the demons interfering and—not spoiling the clock, but—altering the length of the day, which is supposed to be regulated by this sacred horologe! From this clock tower a flight of steps leads past a very gorgeous little Tartar temple to the street below, passing under a stone arch with a cupola top, from which is slung a bell, said to weigh 2000 pounds. The ringing of this bell is supposed to prognosticate evil to the city; when we bombarded Canton one of our shot struck the bell, breaking a piece from its rim, and the fracture has never been mended.

We next visited the great Examination Hall, a place of vast importance in a country where the road to every office, excepting only the Imperial Throne,

is through competitive examination. The building lies outside the city walls, and looks very like a jail; it is a large square space, enclosed by a high wall having one gate only, and a raised sentry-box at each corner, from which the students can be overlooked on the inside, and anyone approaching the wall from the outside during the examinations can be seen and fired upon, according to the standing orders to that effect. No external buildings are permitted within thirty yards of the wall, which is painted a dead grey colour with broad black bands, as are also the walls and buildings within. This is supposed to calm the mind and assist thought. On each side of the entrance squats the usual hideous beast—half lion, half poodle; passing between these monsters and through the heavy double doors, which were opened by a woman with small feet, we found ourselves in a central street about fourteen feet wide, from which narrower passages branched off at right angles. Each of these passages contains eighty cells, forty on each side, and all exactly alike save for the number painted on the thick door; there are two pairs of slots in the cell walls in which slide boards, a lower one for a seat and a higher for a table during the day; at night both are placed in the lower slots and form the candidate's bed. During the examination, which lasts fourteen days, sentries perambulate the

passages day and night, and the students are kept close prisoners till each paper is collected, the time allowed being twenty-four hours. They are then let out for six hours relaxation, to refresh and prepare themselves for the next period of twenty-four hours' imprisonment with hard labour. The Hall of the Examiners stretches across the enclosure half-way from the entrance, and candidates who have passed the ordeal in the first division enter through this hall the upper and inner part of the building, which is an exact *replica* of that already described, but is devoted to a higher examination. On each side of the entrance are tablets bearing the name of the God of Learning, before which the candidate burns votive prayers on entering the forbidding precincts, the very appearance of which is enough to freeze one's ideas and petrify one's memory.

We now proceeded through the eastern part of the suburbs, a very low and abominably dirty quarter, our route leading us over many canals and branches of the river, sometimes seen, sometimes only felt by a sudden rise and fall of the street passing over a hog-backed bridge walled in by densely packed buildings : Ah Poo led our procession of chairs, and I brought up the rear. We passed a tall, newly-erected bamboo scaffolding in an open space, and, turning down a narrow passage, suddenly

entered a potter's yard, the sides surrounded with vessels and braziers of unbaked clay. There was an open space in the centre, where lay several pools of fresh blood, and eight gory heads, the warm life-stream still flowing from the necks of two of them ! Our guide had, as a pleasant surprise, brought us to the Execution Ground, and had we been but a few minutes earlier we should have seen the whole operation ! The eight grim heads were those of salt-smugglers, and all being bearded showed that they came from the South. Each was clean cut, or, as a Chinaman might say, "first chop." The bodies had been dragged away through a side-door only just before our arrival, as was clearly shown by the bloody marks on the ground ; they were to be cut in quarters and stuck on the bamboo scaffolding we had noticed on entering, the heads being sent to any towns or villages suspected of encouraging this illicit practice.

The *modus operandi* is to pinion the culprit and make him sit down on his heels on the ground, while the executioner takes up his position on the left, armed with a very heavy sword, sharp as a razor ; this he raises in the air, and, as it falls, his assistant gives the man's pigtail a sharp jerk to extend the vertebræ, through which the weighty weapon shears with irresistible force. There is no scaffold, no block, and apparently about as much excitement as might

be caused by killing a pig in a village, and amongst the same classes—idlers and children.

On the previous day two of our acquaintances visited the Canton police-court during a trial, and saw a recalcitrant witness hung up to the ceiling by the nails of his fingers and toes to make him speak out.

And now to dinner with what appetite you may!

which means that our guide took us straight from the Execution Ground and its grizzly horrors to a large native restaurant. Entering a narrow door, we ascended a dirty staircase leading to three large rooms opening into each other, and labelled, in Chinese, “first,” “second,” and “third class.” They all overlooked the same formal little garden-court, and were all fitted with chairs and tables, those in the first class room having marble tops and seats. It seemed very uninviting, or, perhaps, our appetites had received a shock; at all events we left without partaking of the tea, cakes, and pipes which formed the refreshment.

Passing through streets where dwarf trees were exposed for sale in quaint pots, we visited more shops full of rice-paper paintings, carved fans, and embroidered silks, and at length emerged from the ever-crowded alleys on to a most picturesque high-

pitched bridge crossing a muddy stream covered with pretty parti-coloured boats. This bridge connects by a gated entrance with the Island of Shameen, the European quarter of Canton, in which the Consulates are now located, and the foreign merchants and missionaries reside.

The island is shaped like a cocked hat, and its green turf, shady trees, and tranquil stillness were a great relief after our late experience of the crowded, stifling, noisy streets and gaudy shops. A solidly built stone wharf runs along the river-front, and here we discharged our chairs and got into a sampan to cross to Honan on the other side of the river, where we intended to call on Howqua, a wealthy retired merchant, very friendly to Europeans, and the originator of the well-known "Howqua's Mixture." The little cabin of the boat was very clean, the floor and low seats covered with pretty scarlet and drab striped matting, but the walls spoilt by tawdry French lithographs and a very common looking-glass of unmistakeably Birmingham origin. The crew consisted of the owner, his wife, son, and daughter; the father and son worked the bow oars, and were out of our sight, as the cabin opened aft and had windows at the sides only; the mother and daughter sat on queer little wooden stools and pulled the stern paddles, which had broad oval blades and cross-

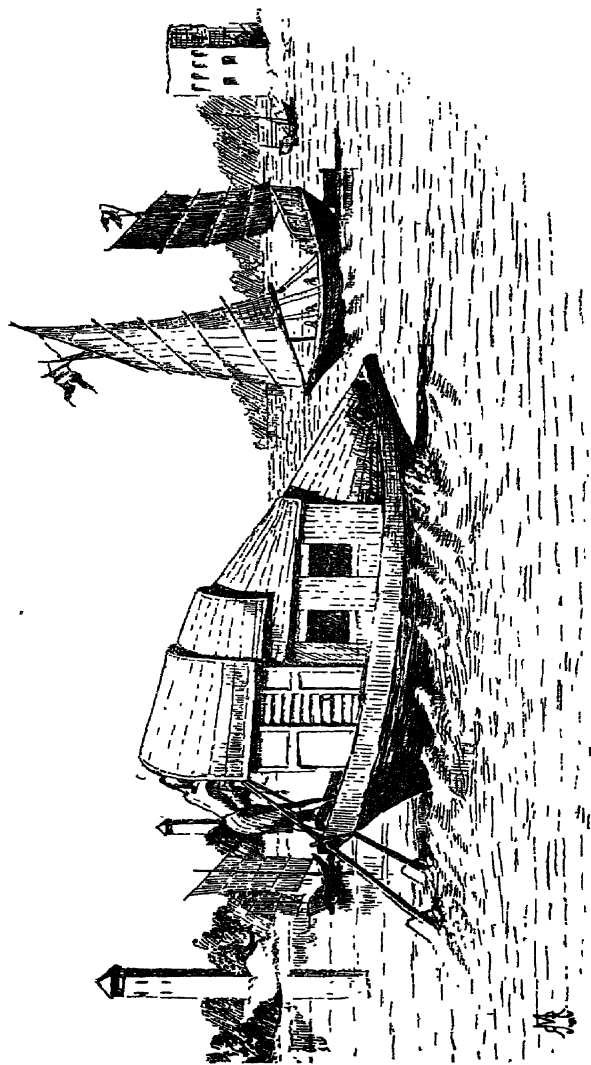
handles like shovels. The mother was rather pretty, with a merry look and bright eyes and teeth. We passed several Chinese gun-boats carrying the Imperial man-of-war ensign—on a yellow field an impossible blue dragon with a scarlet tongue, making eyes (and teeth) at a scarlet ball. On reaching the Honan bank we walked about half a mile through dirty alleys, and then passed through a masonry archway into a neglected court-yard, in the centre of which was a large pavilion, which our guide told us was a “sing-song house, where Howqua makey sing-song for him flends” (Anglicé, “friends”). We finally came to a large muddy tank, crossed in all directions by light wooden foot-bridges, with islands, weeping willows, curved-roofed buildings, and bell-hung pagodas, and only wanting the two bird-fishes and the cannon-ball tree to complete the resemblance to the well-known willow-pattern plate.

Mr. Howqua was, unfortunately, not at home, so I had to sit on a very hard chair with a polished marble cushion, in a very clean room looking like a large cabinet and having two French clocks as its chief ornaments, while “Madame” crossed another bridge over the pea-soup lake to an octagon room where Mrs. Howqua received her in state.

One lady could not speak Chinese and the other knew no other language, so the conversation was not

brilliant, and we soon returned to our boat, passing a shop where coolies' hats fully four feet in diameter were exposed for sale. Our sampan took us back to the "White Cloud" after a most interesting, disgusting, amusing, and tiring day. Fortunately it was cool and cloudy, or we could never have accomplished all we did. We felt exceedingly glad that we had seen Canton, and so thoroughly, too, considering the shortness of our time; but we left it without the slightest regret, and the impression retained by our minds was that of a brilliant nightmare from which we felt glad to wake.

A little past five in the afternoon we started down the river on our return voyage, passing through the swarming native craft of all sorts, colours and sizes. On the low-lying shores were several very lofty dark grey towers—square, stern and grim—to which our wandering fancies supplied dismal legends and ghastly uses, but which, we learnt, were intended neither for hopeless imprisonment nor horrible tortures, but simply for store-houses in which the city pawnbrokers place the furs and thick wadded winter garments of their clients, pledged for the summer months and redeemed in autumn, the owners thus getting them safely stored and well cared for on payment of a small sum of interest, while the amount advanced helps to provide working materials



SLIPPER BOAT, CANTON RIVER.

or seed-corn for summer use. Should the depositor die while his property is under pledge, it becomes forfeit to the pawnbroker. We also saw other towers like light-houses run to seed—these are pagodas raised to propitiate the God of Good Luck.

The flat river-banks below the city are well wooded but sparsely inhabited, only a few fishermen's huts being visible until Whampoa is reached. This trading port is on the right bank, and presents the appearance of a fairly prosperous fishing village, though many large junks and several foreign steamers lying in the river show that it is more important than it looks.

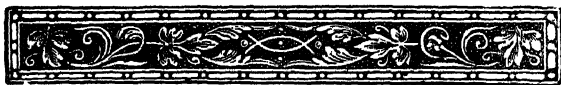
The hills close in on the river at its mouth, and the adjacent coast is high and steep; but the rapidly-increasing darkness soon shut out the view, and a drizzling rain drove us into the saloon.

The city of Canton is about six miles in circumference, surrounded by walls twenty feet thick, and from twenty-four to forty feet high. The police system is said to be good, and, in case of a disturbance taking place, the street or quarter affected can be immediately isolated by a simple but effective contrivance of boards and barriers, though the interference of the "peace-officers" ceases there, and the brawlers are permitted to settle their quarrels at their leisure, the aim of the municipal authorities being restriction, not repression.

China appears to be the most (I do not say "the best") regulated country in the world: every custom, every habit, every fashion—from temple worship to family greetings—from the plan of a palace to the tie of a pigtail—is formulated by the "Imperial Board of Rites and Ceremonies," which lays down the number of prostrations due to the Emperor, the length of "joss-stick" to be burnt before each idol, the proper way to address a parent, and the exact mode of saying "Good morning" to a friend.

The principal connection with the "outer barbarians" is through the tea trade, which was established in 1686—just two hundred years ago—by agents of the East India Company, and held by them for a century and a half. The tea was collected by the Chinese authorities at Canton, and handed over to the foreign shippers at Whampoa. The opening of other treaty ports appears to have affected Canton very little, for it still boasts a population of 1,600,000, and a smaller proportion of beggars than any European city.

We reached Hong-Kong soon after midnight, and again went to the excellent Hong-Kong Hotel, and on the following evening transferred ourselves and our baggage to the P. and O. steam-ship *Thibet*, then loading for Yokohama.



CHAPTER V.

JAPAN.

NAGASAKI—FIRST IMPRESSIONS—THE PEOPLE—THE
TOWN—THE FLOWERS—PAPPENBERG—THE
INLAND SEA.



AT 6 A.M. on Sunday, the 25th April, we sailed from Hong-Kong. The crew, stewards and stewardess of the *Thibet* were Chinese, but the quartermasters and, of course, the officers were English; the latter were a nice gentlemanly set, and proved most pleasant companions during the voyage.

We carried many Japanese steerage-passengers, who afforded us great amusement by their queer ways and merry faces. They were dressed in a mixture of their own and Chinese fashions, but we did not have much opportunity of observing anything of their toilettes beyond the Inverness capes of rice-

straw and huge umbrella-hats which the drizzling rain made necessary; in these quaint thatches they looked as merry a set of vagabonds as you could wish to meet.

We left Hong-Kong harbour by the Lymoon Passage, which presented an ever-varying panorama of hill and vale, rock and sand, land and sea—often blurred, but never quite obliterated by the envious showers—until we finally left astern the Chinese shores, but not the rain, which only ceased as we neared Kiu-shiu, the most southern of the Japanese islands, late on the evening of the 29th, and the night was clear when we got to the mouth of Nagasaki harbour.

As we entered the long, narrow passage, the water broke away from the ship's sides in sheets and furrows of phosphorescent light, so brightly beautiful that we all were hanging over the rail in rapt admiration, when we were startled by the voice of the Captain exclaiming, "There's Nagasaki!" and looking up, we saw the thousand twinkling lights of the town in lines rising and falling on the sides of a hill, whose crest was dimly traced in rounded outline against the starlit sky.

As we let go the anchor a gun was fired and a rocket sent up to announce the arrival of the mail, and we were told that we should have until noon



“Under the changeful sky,
Who so contented—so happy as I?”

next day to make our first acquaintance with Japan.

After an early breakfast we went on deck, to find a bright sunny morning shining its welcome to the strangers. Near us lay a French frigate; a little farther was the Russian ironclad *Vladimir Monomach*, and close to her the English gun-boat *Audacious*, which had stuck to her track so persistently during the period of our "strained relations" with Russia in 1885, and had so narrowly escaped creating a rupture of those "relations" in these very waters; for the Russian commander, annoyed at the tenacity with which he was followed and watched by the much smaller but really more powerful vessel, had the audacity to beat to quarters, put out his boarding-nettings, get up steam, and train his guns on the *Audacious* as the latter entered Nagasaki harbour, in which the *Vladimir Monomach* had just anchored. The English Captain, with a dignified command of temper for which he cannot be too highly praised, anchored his vessel right athwart the hawse of the Russian and immediately reported the state of affairs to the Japanese authorities on shore, who no less promptly intervened by anchoring their two gun-boats (which happened to be in harbour at the time) one on each side of the foreign ships, with orders to blaze into whichever should fire first and break the peace in Japanese waters. The Russian,

not liking this aspect of affairs, weighed anchor, and without attempting any explanation or offering any apology for what was not only a gross breach of etiquette, but an overt act of hostility, steamed out of the harbour closely followed by the *Audacious*, both of them being jealously tracked by the Japanese vessels until they had passed the regulation limits—twenty-five miles from shore—by which time the Russ seems to have recovered his senses and temper.

While I have been spinning you this yarn, a shore-boat, manned by a couple of stalwart little native boatmen, has taken us to the wharf through a crowd of country vessels, each of which has a water-snake painted on its bows in place of the “eye” carried by Chinese craft, and we have started in jinrikshas for our first sight of Japan. We first followed the well-kept road along the strand, or “bund,” as it is always called at the ports frequented by foreigners; a stone quay faced the water, and on the other hand lay the European merchants’ and consuls’ houses, the post-office and telegraph-office. At the head of the bay lies the old Dutch settlement called Decima, dating from the latter part of the sixteenth century, and separated from the mainland by a narrow channel almost dry at low water, spanned by several picturesque wooden bridges.

The town looked crowded, even after our recent

experience of Canton ; almost the whole of its thirty thousand inhabitants seemed to be visible at once, either in the streets, the shops, or the temples, and most quaint little folk they are ! The usual dress of the men is a blue bathing-gown, crossed over the chest, and girdled at the waist ; the neck is open, and a shorter garment like a pea-jacket is often worn over the other. Many wore old and shabby European straw or felt hats, which are most incongruous and unsuitable. Some had their hair dressed in the national fashion, (now fast becoming obsolete,) the top of the head shaved, and the back hair tightly twisted into a tail and fastened on the top of the head "fore-and-aft," so that it looks like the crest of a helmet. The police, of whom we saw many in the streets and at their stationary glazed offices at the corners of the main thoroughfares, wore a blue serge uniform of the European cut, with brass buttons, European swords, gold-laced caps with badges, and a gold strap on the shoulder. At first we mistook them for naval officers.

The women wear a somewhat similar costume to that of the men, with very long and tight skirts, and an elaborate sash round the waist, called an "obi" ; this forms a huge cushion-like loop behind, and is generally of some bright colour and rich material. The hair at the top of the head is taken back in a

large roll, at the sides it is waved and passed behind the ears to form a huge chignon at the back, of one or more loops fastened with long fancy-headed pins, and often entwined with a string of coral beads or a bow of red or blue crape. The centre of the lower lip is thickly rouged, and all the married women shave their eye-brows and blacken their teeth—a hideous custom, which makes them look as if they had none at all. Children are always dressed in the brightest and gayest hues, and form a strikingly prominent feature, both in colour and number, in every Japanese street-scene, looking like grotesque little models of their parents seen through a kaleidoscope. Their heads are either entirely shaved, or the hair is allowed to grow in three tufts—one on the crown, and one on each temple.

The workmen, or coolies, wear the short jacket only, or none at all, with very tight-fitting short drawers, while all classes and both sexes are shod in dry weather with straw sandals, and in wet with high wooden clogs, both fastened on by straw strings passing round the ankle, over the instep, and between the first and second toes; those who wear stockings have them cleft, or “made with a thumb” for this purpose, like the Cashmere shooting-socks.

We frequently met coolies carrying baskets of flowering plants on bamboos across their shoulders,



FLOWER-SELLER, NAGASAKI.

and theirs seemed to be a thriving trade, for the Japanese are ardent flower-worshippers, and show true taste in their arrangement. The principal shops were those of the fish-mongers and china-dealers. The chief display in the latter was made by many tall vases, graceful in form, rich and harmonious in colour, but coarse in material and finish : amongst these lay numerous long, narrow dishes, with strainers, which we did not require to be told were for the staple animal food of the Japanese—fish.

Several shaggy ponies and some very fine bullocks were met with—all wearing pack saddles and straw sandals ! These ungainly *chaussures* are tied round the pastern, and the bullocks have another string passing through the cleft of the hoof as it does between the toes of their drivers.

Thousands of these shoes are seen rotting on the country roads, and those for animals are among the most barbarous things we saw in Japan, for they retain the wet and dirt, produce and foster disease in the hoof—especially in the frog of the horse—and make the poor beasts totter and stumble in a way suggestive of broken knees to themselves and broken necks to their riders ; but in no single instance did we see anyone riding in Nagasaki, and frequently during our stay in the country we remarked how averse the people were to this mode of locomotion.

One of the first things which strike the eye of a stranger is the smallness of the people and of their ordinary dwellings. Five feet is the average height, and a Japanese of five feet five or six attracts as much attention as an Englishman a foot higher would do in his own country; but if they are ill-treated by Dame Nature in regard to height, she makes up for it by endowing them with wonderfully sturdy thews and sinews, which remind one of the extraordinary developement accredited by painters and sculptors to the heroes of antiquity, on which our degenerate eyes look with wonder and—disbelief.

When two Japanese—of whatever class—meet, they salute each other by bending down with their hands on their knees, and make a sharp hissing sound by drawing in the breath through the closed teeth, which gives the ignorant stranger the notion of their having recently swallowed something exceedingly disagreeing and disagreeable; those who wear the unbecoming European hats greet their acquaintances with elaborate and stately bows, which would charm a Grandison and inspire a Chesterfield.

One speciality of Nagasaki is a crystallized sweet-meat made from a peculiar kind of sea-weed; this rather nauseous and exceedingly sticky production is said to be a sovereign remedy for consumption and asthma, and large quantities are exported to China as medicine.



"LA HAUTE POLITESSE."

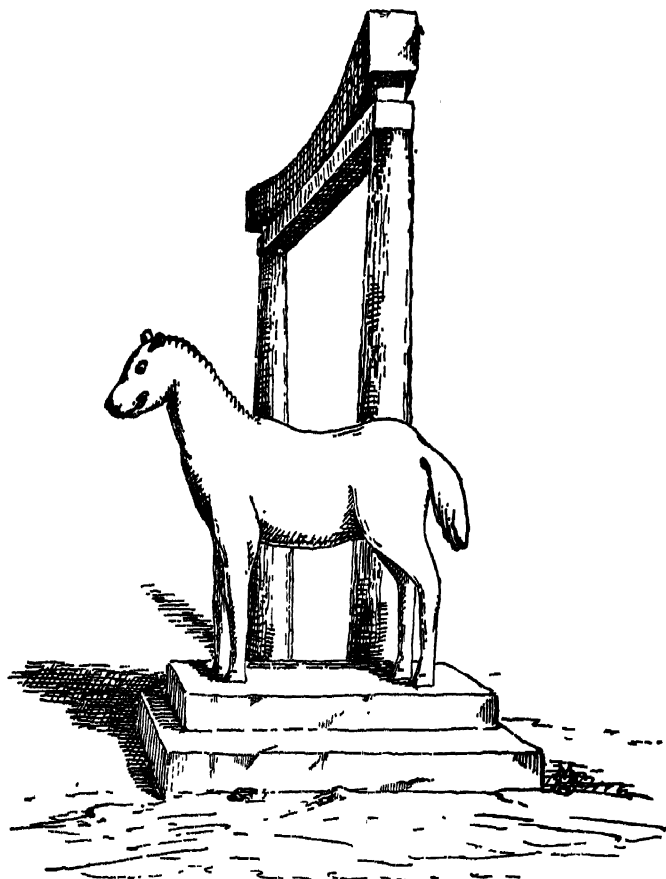
Local industry finds another outlet in tortoise-shell carving, and we saw some exquisitely finished models of jinrikshas and fishing-boats, as well as combs, hair-pins, and cigar-cases in this material, or what looked like it, for the Japanese are said to possess the secret of imitating the real article so accurately that you can only tell the true from the false by reducing both to a powder and *tasting* it! Flowers, toys, vegetables, clothes, earthenware, clogs, grain, and sweet-meats filled various shops, while others contained large brown roots like tent-pegs or yams, two and three feet long, which proved to be the edible root of one of the bamboo tribe. Huge coarse radishes are a staple article of food, and are met with in great quantities.

On a terraced hill-side at the back of the town, looking like San Miniato at Florence, is the public burial-ground, the graves marked by pillars of wood or granite; the Japanese Buddhists believe that the souls of the dead revisit their terrestrial homes on certain days in August each year; on the night of their return to Hades lamps are lighted along the paths from the houses to the tombs to guide them on their journey.

On the opposite side of the narrow valley, and approached by many flights of stone steps, is the sacred "Temple of the Bronze Horse," the most

holy spot in the island of Kiu-shiu. The steps pass under three "torii," which I will take this opportunity to describe, as they are ever-recurring features in Japanese landscape. A "torii" (pronounced "torey-ee") is an arch or gateway marking the approach to a shrine or temple; it consists of two upright pillars, from ten to thirty feet high, surmounted by two horizontal bars, the upper one curved and the lower one straight; the name signifies "bird's perch," or "bird's rest," and the material is either wood or stone. When the former material is used it is generally painted or lacquered a bright Indian red colour, which looks most striking when relieved, as it frequently is, against a background of rich dark-green foliage. The wooden torii are also sometimes covered with bronze sheathing.

The Horse Temple is not a striking object, but the Horse is! He must have been originally modelled from the impossible animal which used to follow (at the end of a string) our youthful footsteps, give vent to a spasmodic "quack" when gripped by its middle, and answer to the fond appellation of "Gee-gee." The people of the neighbourhood say that he once possessed a highly artistic coat, "on which the hairs could be counted," but the bare legs and bodies of many generations of young Japanese have smoothed away his salient points, especially his ears, and given



BRONZE HORSE, AND TORII, NAGASAKI.

him a beautiful polish, which at the time of our visit was receiving further touches from a gang of romping, laughing semi-nudities of both sexes.

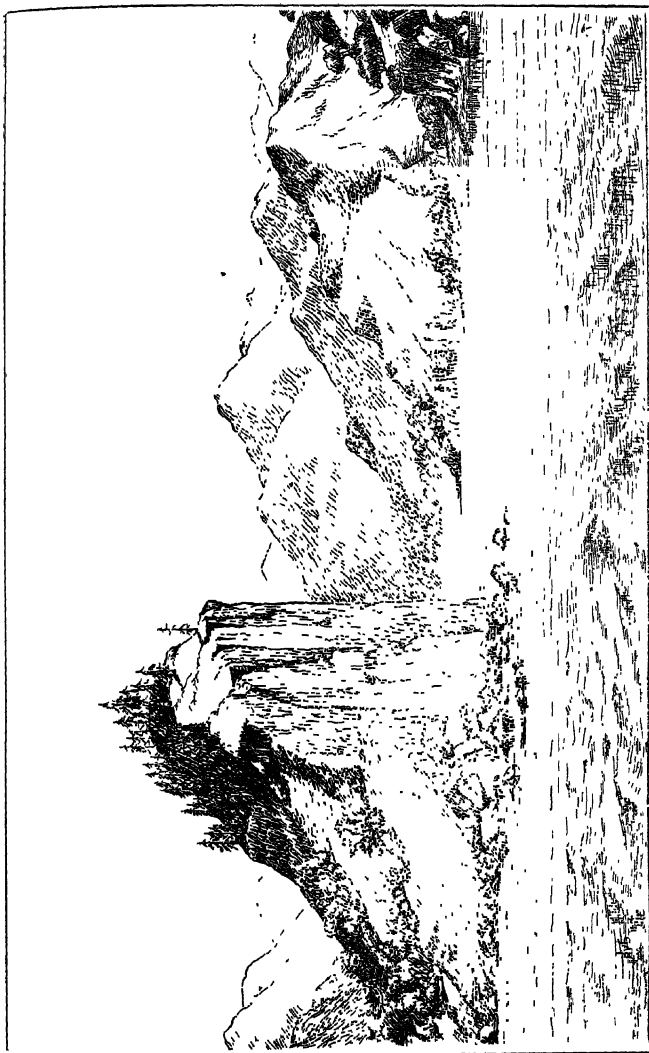
On our way back to the shore we passed some shops in which needles were being made *by hand*; others filled with hideous masks; flower-shops full of rhododendrons, azaleas, hawthorn, white and red roses, buttercups, camellias, marigolds, daffodils, laurestinas, ox-eyed daisies, "Turk's head" thistles, and many other blossoms. Cats ran across the street; they had no tails, and yet seemed happy; we afterwards found that this human peculiarity is natural to the Japanese cat, as it is also to that of the Isle of Man. The women were standing chatting in the warm sunshine, with their tight skirts, queer cushion-like sashes or bustles, and often painted faces. But the warning gun has fired, so, purchasing a last handful of flowers, we spring into our boat, and are soon once more on board the *Thibet*, tired, charmed, bewildered and delighted with our first glimpse of the beautiful "Land of the Rising Sun."

Punctually at noon we sailed away from Nagasaki, passing a fleet of fishing-boats returning from their night's toil, their bright white sails showing conspicuously against the deep blue water and darkly-wooded shores of the bay.

Soon the storied rock of Pappenberg hung over the

ship, and we looked up at the cliff from whose summit, some 300 years ago, thousands of native Christians were hurled into eternity because they refused to abjure their faith and trample on the Cross.

The sea was so calm that our Captain determined to give us an unexpected treat by taking the ship through the narrow and tortuous, but lovely Spex Straits, which separate the island of Hirado from Kiu-shiu. Unfortunately our persistent enemy, the rain, again attacked us, but wrapped in waterproofs we took up our position in the bows, and discomfort was soon forgotten in delight as the succession of lovely views opened on us—wood and water, island, rock and strait mingling and separating in endless variety of form and tint as we wound our tortuous course amongst them—now pointing our bows straight for an iron-bound cliff, but suddenly sheering off to dive between two islands which looked like patches of forest washed adrift by the deluge—now running into an apparent *cul de sac*, from the very bottom of which a passage opened as by the stroke of a magician's wand. From our position on the forecastle we could see the whole length of the vessel, and our wonder and admiration were divided between the beautiful scenery of the coast and the marvellous steering which took the 297 feet of iron hull clear of the jaws of rock opening on every side as deftly as a



FAPPENBERG ROCK, NAGASAKI.

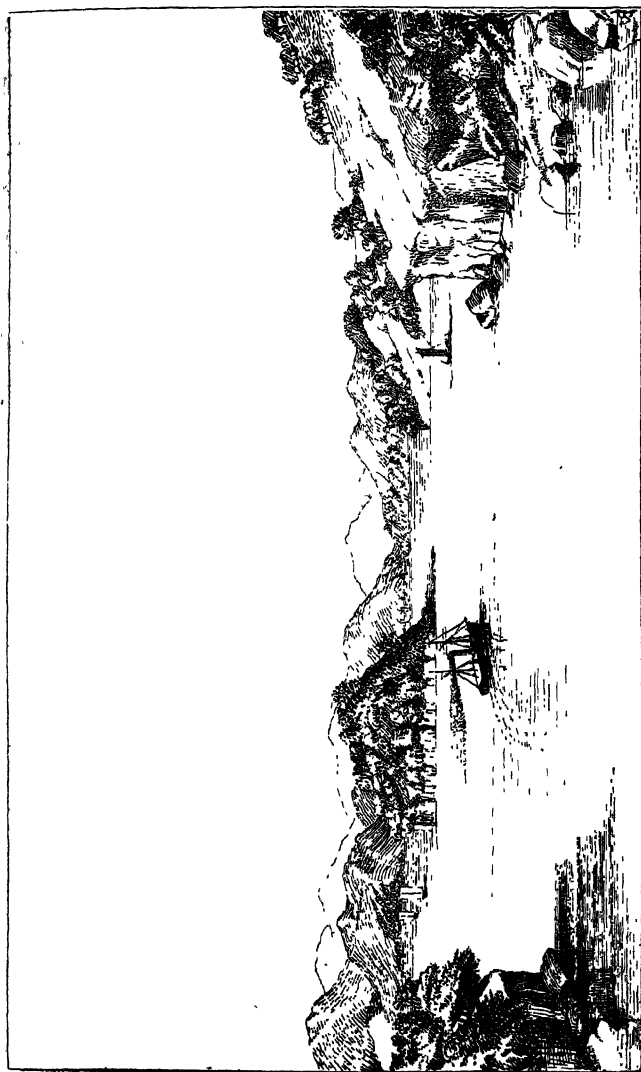
lady's hand guides a needle through a piece of intricate embroidery! The narrowest part of the Straits is at the north entrance, where the islands are only two hundred yards apart, the actual passage being much less, on account of the rocks which project from each coast, and show their jagged crests, like dragon's teeth, just out of the water, or—more dangerous still—lie hidden beneath the surface watching for their prey, their presence only marked by a ripple of surf or a swirl in the current. I think everyone drew a deep breath of relief when we emerged into open water and steered direct for the Simonoséki Passage.

We now entered the celebrated "Suo-nada," or Inland Sea. The scenery was a repetition of that in Spex Straits, but on a larger scale; it was often blotted out by the rain, but at times the envious showers would grant a respite, and then the lovely view would shine in the gleams of the May Day sun, like a coy beauty peeping through her veil, and suddenly dropping it altogether in the face of her half-enraptured, half-tantalized admirers. The surface of the Inland Sea is plentifully sprinkled with rocky islands crowned with trees, and its shores present a succession of creeks and hills, crags and bays, smooth carpets of emerald turf and dark fells of hanging wood; the sea, deep blue in shadow and

bright green in sunlight, laughs in a thousand bright wavelets, or smiles in gentle ripples, responsive to the breeze. A few steamers were passed, and many junks and fishing-boats, whose crews waved friendly greetings as we rapidly left them astern.

Too soon ended our voyage on this fairy sea, for, on rounding a projecting spit of low land, we saw the light-house, ships, and houses of Kobé, and moored to the landing-stage at seven in the evening, after one of the most entrancing trips the sea can offer.





THE INLAND SEA.



CHAPTER VI.

JAPAN.

KOBE—ARIMA—HOT BATHS—A TEA-HOUSE—SHOPS
AND SIGHTS—BOATS—KIOTO.



KOBE, or Hiogo, as the Japanese call it (for Kobé is only the foreign settlement), is the Genoa of the Inland Sea. The bay was well filled with steamers and sailing-vessels, junks and boats, men-of-war and fishing-craft, presenting a busy and animated scene. We found quarters reserved for us at the Hiogo Hotel, where we were joined next day by two friends, the D—s, who became our travelling companions during our stay in Japan.

Our first night on shore was not one of unbroken rest, for we were frequently disturbed by a strange plaintive flute-like whistle on two minor notes. This we found, on inquiry, to be the call of the sham-pooers, who are generally blind old men or women

that perambulate the streets at night in search of the over-wearied or sleepless customer. We soon grew used to the sound of their bamboo-pipes, as hardly a night passed during our stay in the country without our hearing it.

There are few sights in the immediate neighbourhood of Kobé; in the suburbs stands the Temple of Ikuta, which is nothing in itself, but is made pretty by its setting in a grove of cryptomeria pines and bamboos. The dry bed of the Minato-gawa river close by was the scene of a fierce and sanguinary conflict between two rival Mikados, in which the defeated prince lost four-fifths of his army of twenty-five thousand men. This river bed, like many others on this coast, is higher than the surrounding country, and looks like an artificially-raised canal. I have met with no explanation of this peculiarity. We also visited the waterfall about a mile from the town, a pretty cascade 120 feet high, and called by the natives "The Waving Scarf." A tea-house stands on a point of rock in front of the Falls, approached by steps and backed by a small grove of trees like poplars, and another place of entertainment is built at the foot of the cascade. Some men were bathing in the pool, receiving the full force of the water on their heads and backs. To the right of the Fall rises the peak of Maya San,



BLIND SHAMPOOER.



KOBÉ WATERFALL, "THE WAVING SCARF."

2,500 feet high, crowned by a temple to the Moon.

On our return we went into a shooting-gallery, and tried our skill with bows and arrows at the various targets, but as the low roof compels the archer to adopt the Japanese position, sitting down, we did not distinguish ourselves!

On the 4th of May we made our first expedition inland, starting in jinrikshas for the village of Arima. The distance from Kobé is fifteen miles; as the road is very hilly we had two men to each conveyance, and they did the distance in three hours and three quarters. The ascent begins soon after leaving Kobé; at first the scenery is bare and ugly, but after crossing the lower ridge and getting well into the hill district, it alters to forests of pine, copses of bamboo, shrubberies of camellias and azaleas, banks of red gravel, cliffs of yellow sandstone, granite and chalk, fields of barley, rice, golden parsnips and purple clover, till the eye is sated with wealth of colour and weary of ever changing hues.

In the half-inundated rice fields we saw many snakes basking in the sun or wriggling out of sight, while each crevice in the rock seemed to be inhabited by a whole family of lizards. A few ravens, an occasional small hawk, and (near the villages) some sparrows, were the only birds; but I suppose they are numerous, as all the fields are thickly planted

with scare-crows hanging from rods stuck upright in the ground, and consisting of pieces of skin shaped and stuffed to represent dogs, cats, and hawks. The roads was very bad, full of holes and stones, crossed by trunks of trees, channelled by rivulets, and quite unfenced, even when it ran along the edge of almost perpendicular rocks ; but our cheery little men took us over all impediments merrily and rapidly (though certainly not comfortably, for the jolting was awful !) till a sudden dip and turn in the path brought us to a wooden bridge, and we found ourselves at the mountain village of Arima.

At the narrow head of a beautiful glen, which rapidly widens out into a smiling, richly-cultivated valley, stands the collection of houses, baths and shops which constitute the village ; the back-ground is a high rock surmounted by a temple and torii, and along the roadside run channels of steaming water, the overflowings of the bathing-houses and the produce of the hot springs which well from the mountain-side near the temple, whence the water is conveyed to the baths in bamboo-pipes.

We entered some of the bathing-houses, and found that each contained three classes of baths. The first class consisted of separate rooms, or rather cupboards, for those customers who were very particular ; the second-class had separate bathing-tanks in one



ON THE ROAD TO ARIMA.

common room, generally four of them, placed in the four corners; but the large, and evidently most popular, third-class apartment contained only one large tank, which was full of people of all ages and both sexes. The water bubbled up in the centre of each tank from the spring below; it was red, or rather rusty, in colour, about 120° in temperature, tasted partly of iron and partly of soap, and if allowed to dry on the skin without wiping, left a sticky feeling.

Passing through the village to its upper extremity, we found a nice clean tea-house, with windows and partition walls made of neat wooden frames covered with white paper, and sliding in horizontal grooves; the furniture consisted of beautifully white thick matting on the floor, a small table, and four chairs for barbarian visitors who could not sit comfortably with their legs curled under them in a civilized knot; a toy garden in front contained a tiny lake full of gold-fish, dwarf pines two feet high, camellias, blue anemones, and two beautiful double-blossomed cherry trees in full bloom, looking like branches of coral covered with snow.

Here we had some mutton-chops cooked which we had brought with us, and washed them down with Japanese tea—pale, nauseous, slightly bitter and very astringent—which was served to us in regular Japanese fashion by one of the picturesque little

“Moosmies,” or tea-house girls, who laid the tray on the floor at our feet, going down on her knees and hands, bowing, and then sitting back on her heels, her head still bent and her hands on the ground, this being the proper attitude for a servant when waiting, and strictly according to the rules of Japanese etiquette. The little lacquered tray held the teapot, which had a spout but no lid, the water and tea being introduced through the hollow funnel-shaped handle; four cups without handles or saucers surrounded the teapot, and completed the equipage. The tea-house young ladies are often rather larky, and have their full share of the fun which characterizes the Japanese, and which occasionally is carried a little too far, according to our notions. For instance, one evening during our stay at Kobé one of our fellow-travellers fell into a tank in the dark: he had no sooner struggled out of the water than a number of these light-hearted damsels pounced upon him, stripped off his clothes, and rolled him up in a heap of quilts to dry while his raiment went through the same process at a fire. As soon as the steaming garments were fit to put on again, they were brought to him by the whole bevy of girls, who then sat down round him in a circle to watch his toilette, and he had to hustle them out of the room by main force to get rid of them.



A "MOOSMI," ARIMA.

We had also brought with us a cold roast duck, which met with a misfortune *en route*, tumbling out of its basket into a puddle; one of our jinriksha boys picked it out and wiped it carefully with his dirty jacket, but even then we did not fancy it, so it was presented to our followers who certainly "made no bones" about eating it, for they crunched up the whole bird, skeleton included!

After staying an hour at the tea-house we walked down the steep village street, stopping to see the people making Japanese writing-brushes out of reeds and white horsehair—women's hair-pins, looking like skewers with tufts of coloured silk and beads at the heads—and the coarse, but pretty, basket-work for which this place is famous. Below the village were stacks of rice-straw made by fastening the trusses round the trunks of trees, and in the valley lay flourishing farm-houses, each surrounded by its yard and out-buildings, granary, threshing-house and barns.

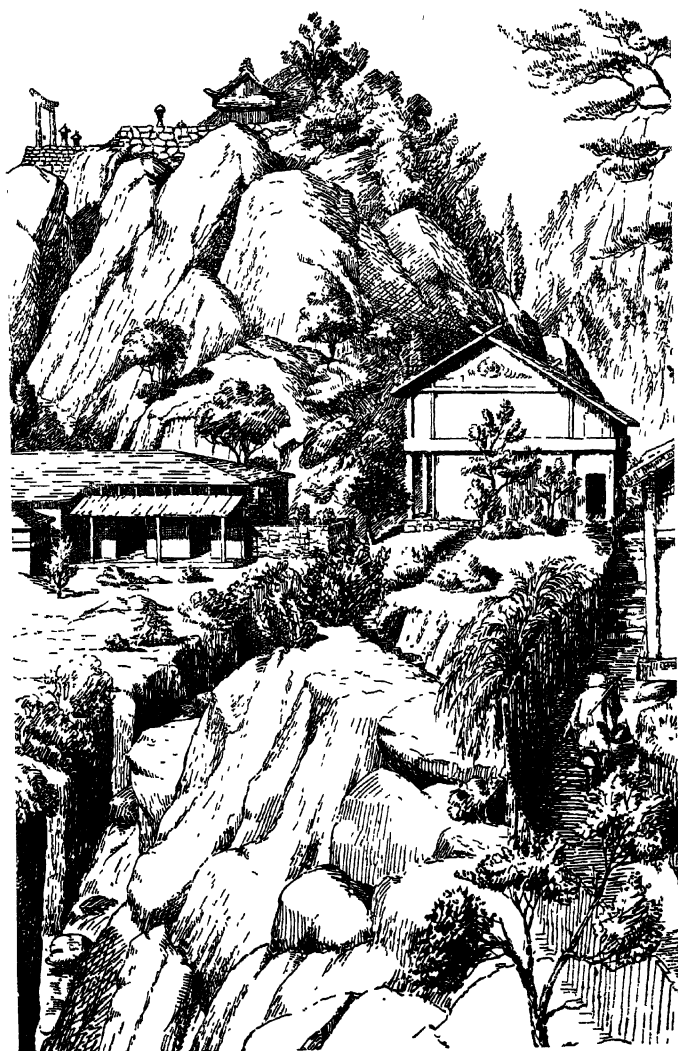
At the highest point of the road is a winding lake formed by damming a small stream; the water looks very chalky, is of a dull grey-green colour, and very thick.

Our boys rattled us down the steep stony track in the gathering darkness at a truly awful pace, and several times I thought something must give way,

either in the jinriksha or myself; but we reached the level ground in safety, and stopped to light the paper lanterns, kept by day in a box under the seat of each conveyance, the carrying of which after dark is enforced by the police. We then entered the town, and eventually arrived at the hotel at 8 P.M., much delighted with our trip.

There are some good shops in Kobé, and among the first ranks that of Echigôya, to which we paid several visits. Entering a small court-yard surrounded by stands of armour, hideous masks, bronze cranes, stacks of matchlocks and other rather "Brummagem"-looking weapons, we were led up a very narrow staircase to the shop, which consisted of a suite of rooms carpeted with the usual beautiful matting and filled to overflowing with a bewildering collection of ancient and modern Japanese curios, cabinets, embroideries, enamels, carvings, weapons, and a thousand other things, of which we knew neither the names nor uses, but all arranged with such taste, all so spotlessly clean and free from dust, so tempting to the eye and so ready to the hand of the visitor, that their silent forms appealed far more strongly to that passion for buying which animates most men, and all women, than the most honeyed words or loudest praises.

Echigôya himself, a dignified old gentleman of



TKA-HOUSE AT ARIMA.

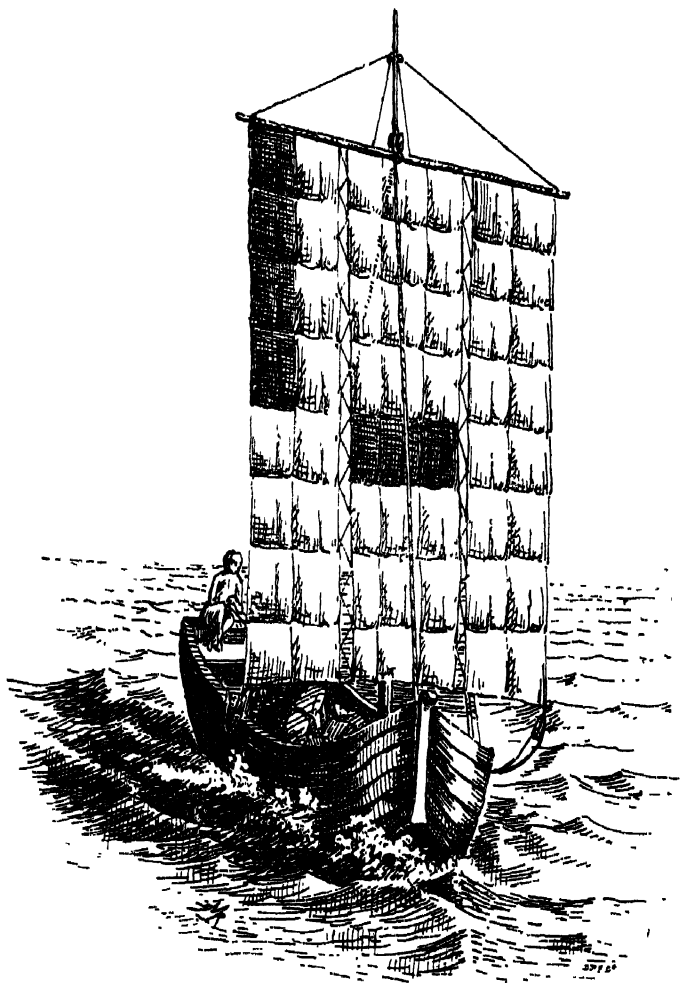
courtly manners, showed us his greatest treasures, which were kept carefully under quilted yellow silk covers; these were a magnificent cabinet, most beautifully carved, heavily gilt and wonderfully inlaid; a life-sized lobster in ivory—not pretty, but most curiously and faithfully copied from nature, even to each separate joint of the long and flexible antennæ; and a sword with a heavy blade, finely watered and sharp as a razor. We found this a most fascinating shop, and also another, where the rooms were literally covered with the richest embroideries in gold, silver, and silk or satin, hung on the walls, piled on the floors, or festooned from the ceilings.

One day we saw a juggler set up his apparatus in front of the hotel, and watched him go through his programme of many well-known tricks, and some others decidedly novel; one of the best of the latter consisted in balancing on his chin a bamboo nine feet long, on the top of which two crossed swords were poised. He walked about with this for some time, and then taking a bow and arrow, shot the swords at the point where they crossed, caught one in each hand as they fell, and still kept the bamboo immovably erect. The swords were as sharp and heavy as those in Echigôya's shop, so that the result of any mishap would have been disastrous.

We had a good view of the harbour from our

windows, and spent many an hour while resting from our expeditions in watching the picturesque shipping. The Japanese boats used on the Inland Sea are all flat-bottomed, very sharp at the bows, and broad-sterned ; the rudder is large, and hangs far below the bottom of the boat, acting to some extent as a centre-board, and making up for the want of keel. The sails are usually in three pieces laced together perpendicularly, much gathered and puckered, and pieces of dark blue canvas are inserted showing by their shape and position the township or district to which the boat belongs. The Japanese boat-men are very clever in sculling over the stern with one or two oars, sending their light craft through, or rather over the water at a great rate.

On the 5th we started for Kioto, the ancient capital, to which a line of railway runs from Kobé. The neat buildings and well-kept platform reminded us of an English country station in miniature, while the " narrow-gauge " line and small carriages are quite in proportion with the stature of the people. The officials are dressed as caricatures of our own, and even the porters wear green fustian jackets with numbers in red on their sleeves, but the diminutive size of these mannikins and the smile which perpetually lurks in the corners of their eyes and mouths, only requiring the incentive of a word or look to



AN INLAND SEA JAPANESE BOAT.

burst into a broad grin, gives one the idea that the whole thing is a farce, and that they are only boys "playing at railways." I frequently found myself listening for the bell which was to summon these children back to school!

We had to show our passports when taking our tickets, but this was the only point of difference from the usual routine, and we soon left the station, and saw the blue hills of Kiu-shiu looming through the sea-mist to the south as our train took us past a succession of primly neat stations, clean, bright villages of tiled or thatched houses, and graveyards crowded with granite monumental pillars, which were thickly scattered over a richly-cultivated country covered with crops, and irrigated, or rather swamped, by innumerable water-cuts and wells. The fields, both of cereals and vegetables, were most neatly sown and kept, and the lines of wheat and barley looked as if they had been laid out with a parallel ruler and weeded with a pen-knife, so straight, so neat, so almost painfully clean were they! The crops were grown on raised ridges between which the water lay, while all the ground not actually bearing vegetation was deeply flooded and peopled with innumerable hosts of loud-voiced frogs.

We passed the large port of Osaka about half-way; here the line turned away from the shore, and when we reached Kioto we were quite inland.

Leaving the station by a wicket where a smiling and bowing official took our tickets as if they had been "tips," and passing between a couple of belaced and be-sworded policemen, we secured four out of the crowd of jinrikshas which were drawn up in the square outside, and at the words, "Ya-Ami's Hotel," the grinning coolies immediately started at racing pace. The road ran first along the bank of a swiftly-flowing canal, up and down which long, narrow, flat-bottomed boats were continually passing, and then it turned to cross the Kano-gawa, a stream meandering in rivulets through a broad stony bed, but which was flooded by rain into an impetuous torrent before we left. There are five bridges over this channel, all firmly and cleverly built of massive timber. That which we now crossed was called Shi-jo, and both it and the street to which it led were gaily decorated with Venetian masts, from which hung banners, streamers, and artificial flowers, scarlet being the predominant colour, while innumerable paper lanterns of the gayest hues and most fantastic design gave promise of an equally brilliant effect at night. On either hand were large paintings showing scenes from the plays going on in the theatres, wrestling matches, mythological heroes, gods, birds, beasts and fishes, while the street itself was densely crowded with a laughing, good-tempered mob of men,

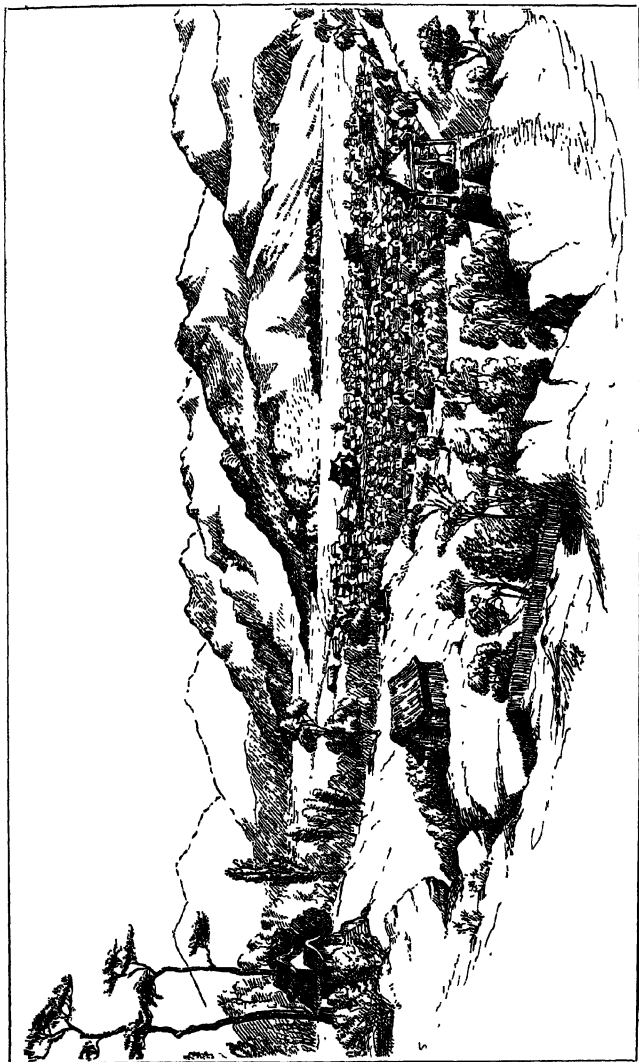
women and children, all on p'leasure bent; some of the women and most of the children were gaily dressed, and all of the former were heavily painted and wore gorgeous hair-pins in their "coiffures à la tea-pot." We noticed that the young Japanese women when not "made up," is a rather pretty little specimen of her species; but on gala occasion such as this, she bedaubs her face and distorts her features into an exact fac-simile of the paintings on china, and is by no means improved thereby. The women here do not screw up their feet after the barbarous Chinese custom, but out of doors they generally wear wooden clogs, consisting of a toe-cap, a sole, and two cross-pieces underneath which raise the wearer two-and-a-half or three inches from the ground. On paved streets these clogs make a noise like a multitude of bull-frogs in full cry, and might have given Aristophanes the idea for his "Frog Chorus," which exactly imitates their sounds. These, or the straw sandals before described, are the national *chaussure* of the Japanese of all ranks.

It was a gay, bright, cheery scene, and we were much struck by the gentleness of the crowd and the merry, good-tempered expression on every face. Our jinriksha men never pushed anyone, but kept continually shouting "How! how!" and way was made without any fuss. The two ladies were a good

deal stared at in an unobtrusive way, and many women held up their nurslings for a sight of the strange people, for a large proportion of the crowd had come in for the festival from solitary farms or distant villages, and had probably never beheld a European before.

When we reached the foot of a hill at the back of the city, our road led up through a tea-garden in which the booths and arbours were being decorated for the evening entertainment, and then, leaving our jinrikshas at the bottom of some stone steps, we passed up on foot through a door-way into a pretty garden full of camellias, dwarf pines, gold-fish tanks, and miniature bridges, then up another flight of steps to the door of Ya-Ami's clean, comfortable, and well-conducted hotel.

This establishment was infinitely superior to the ordinary Japanese tea-house in which we afterwards spent so many nights, the difference being nearly as great as that between a first-rate London hotel and an ordinary village inn. We had rooms assigned us in a newly-built and still unfinished *dépendance*, which was as clean and neat as a new band-box; the rooms were nicely papered (including the ceiling) with Japanese paper—gilt fans prettily scattered on the white ground—and were furnished with beds, chairs, tables, and washing-stands of



KIOTO, FROM AYAMI'S HOTEL.

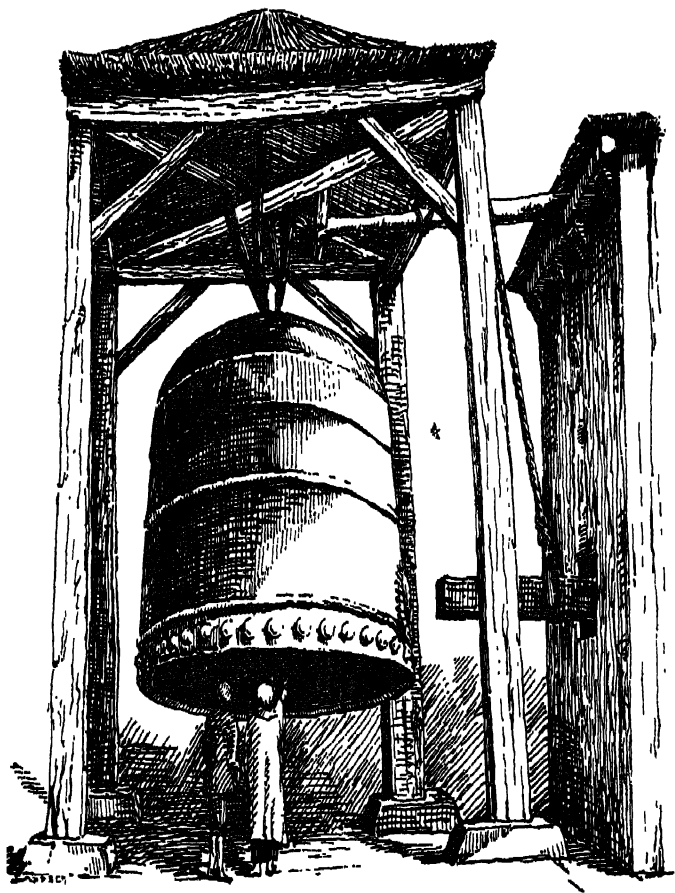
European fashion. The *table d'hôte* was ample and well supplied, the proprietor and his assistants were most civil and obliging, and the charges were very moderate.

Ya-Ami did not know much English, and his bills were written in Japanese on strips of tough native paper, a material which is put to many strange uses in this strange land, one of the most peculiar being the manufacture of water-proofs—cloaks, umbrellas, sheets, and window-panes are all made of paper! The extraordinary strength of the material is said to be caused by the presence of much silk fibre, to which its softness and glossiness is also due.

Along the hill at the back of the building a path runs through the pine-wood, giving beautiful vignettes of the city and valley through the trees, and leading to the Chion-in temple, to which a Buddhist monastery is attached. The temple is a barn-like building—of wood, like all the Japanese shrines—with sweeping roof, broad verandah supported on scaffolding and approached by a flight of steep wooden steps, and an altar in front, on which lay prayers written on slips of paper—to be read by the god at his leisure, I suppose. In the furthest recess of the central building is a small gilt shrine, or pyx, with long gilt tablets hanging on each side, fringed and tasselled at their lower ends. In front of the shrine stand

two gilt (or gold) lotus-plants twenty feet high, in bronze vases, and five queer-shaped drums. The whole of this interior is gorgeously decorated with wood-carvings of dragons, griffins, phoenix, and other fabulous monsters, profusely gilt, and lacquered in all the colours of the rainbow; yet in no instance does this daring and lavish use of brilliant hues offend the eye—all are so artistically blended, so cunningly contrasted, and so wonderfully and intricately interwoven that, while each detail claims special attention, the splendid *tout ensemble* loses nothing of its striking magnificence and grandeur. The deep, sombre tints of the pines form a suitable setting for this brilliant jewel, and their erect and stately columns serve as a natural foil to the sweeping curves of the temple roof and the tortuous involutions of the carvings.

This temple dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was built on the site of a much older shrine which had been destroyed by fire. Close by stands the monastery, containing many buildings—schools, dormitories, refectories, and the like—and as the white-robed priests glide with silent sandalled feet through the solemn gloaming of the forest, they look like ghosts of departed Tycoons and Mikados restlessly haunting the scene of their earthly grandeur,



THE GREAT BELL OF KIOTO.



CHAPTER VII.

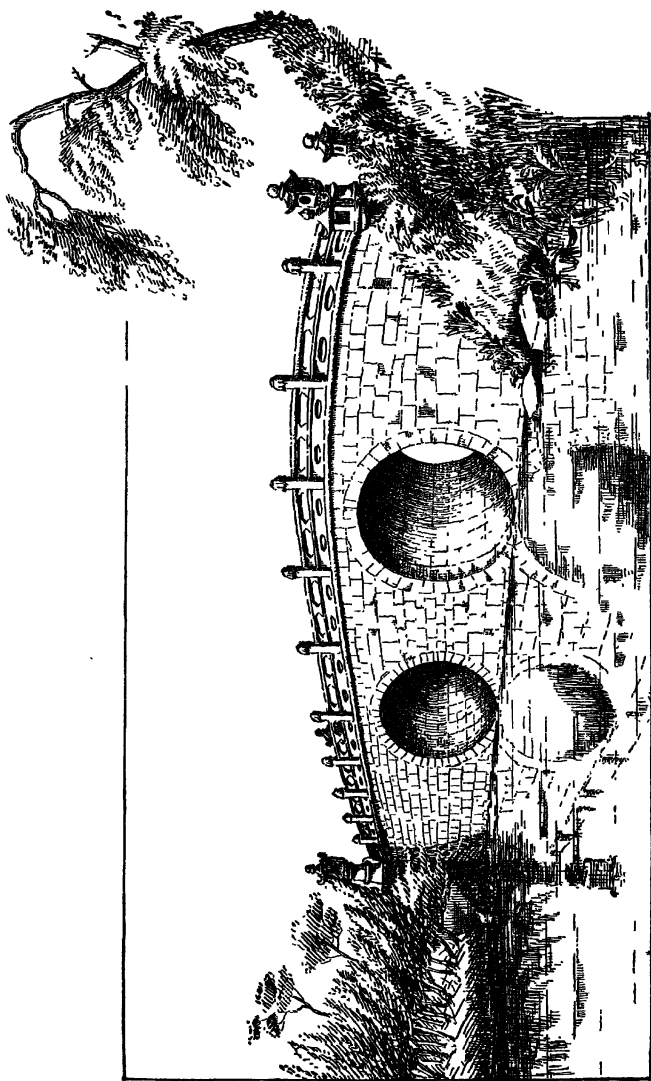
JAPAN.

GREAT BELL OF KIOTO—CHINA FACTORY—EMBROIDERY—BRONZES—THEATRES—SHOPS AND HOUSES
—LAKE BIWA—EXHIBITION.

DURING our first night at Kioto we were startled by the deep, full tones of a bell tolling from the heights above the hotel; the powerful sounds boomed through the stillness—first two quick strokes, then nine at equal intervals of ten seconds, finishing with two rapidly given—the vibrations pulsating on the ear for a long time after the last blow had fallen. This ghostly tolling came from a large bell hung on a wooden scaffolding in the forest above the temple we had visited the previous day. We went to see it after breakfast, and found it to be about twelve feet high, ten in diameter, and ten inches thick; it is said to weigh more than

seventy tons, and to be 250 years old. The "clapper" was a heavy beam slung by a rope to the scaffolding, and worked by a priest from a wooden building close alongside. In the grounds of the neighbouring temple is a small artificial lake, crossed by a bridge consisting of two circular arches, and called by the fanciful Japanese "Megané Bashi," or "The Bridge of the Pair of Spectacles." The lake is surrounded by almond and cherry trees, and in the autumn its surface is covered with purple lotus blossoms. Coming down the hill we entered the town, and commenced a round of shopping and sight-seeing which continued throughout our stay in Kioto, in spite of great drawbacks from the wet weather.

The chief productions of the ancient capital are embroidery, bronzes, *kakimonos*, or hanging wall-pictures, and china. We visited one of the chief china factories, and were most courteously conducted all over the establishment by the bland manager, who took infinite pains to show us the whole process, beginning with sorting, washing, kneading and pounding the peculiarly fine clay, forming the various vessels on the potter's wheel (one of the prettiest sights possible), "biscuit"-baking, painting, gilding, and then—the most critical process of all—the final baking. In painting, as in writing, the Japanese hold the brush (used for both purposes) perpendicu-

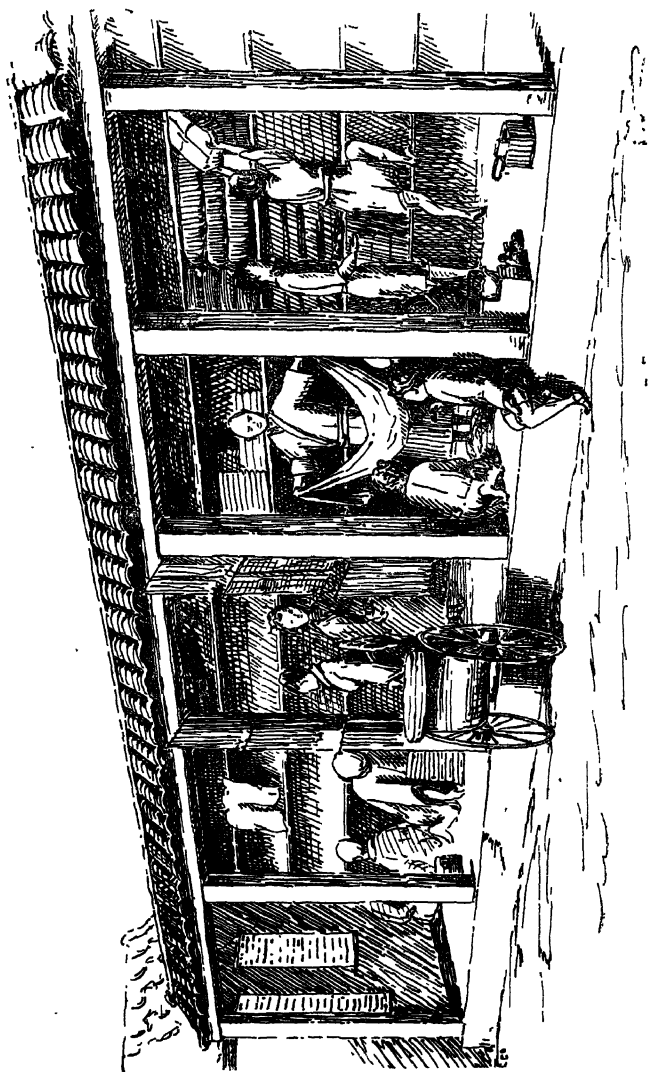


MEGANE-BASHI BRIDGE.

larly over the surface to be inscribed or ornamented, the thumb pointing upwards, the first and fourth fingers over and the two middle ones under the brush; in writing they commence at the upper right-hand corner of the paper, and continue in perpendicular lines. China-painting is conducted on the co-operative system, each artist confining himself to one particular portion of the work; one sketches the figures, another the landscape, and a third the scrolls and arabesques; the cup, vase, dish, or whatever it may be, is then handed over to the colourists, who also subdivide their labour, one doing the scarlet, one the blue, and so on until the master workman crowns their efforts by adding the gilding, either in broad lines and masses, or in multitudes of tiny dots. When I say that every one of these touches has to be repeated with minutest accuracy from seven to nine times on the best china, some idea may be formed of the amount of skill and attention required to produce good Kioto-ware. And then the whole of this laborious work may be thrown away on a faulty article which only shows its flaws on being submitted to the fiery ordeal of the last baking, and emerges from the furnace-oven in fifty shattered pieces instead of one harmoniously gorgeous whole. The artists are paid in proportion to the class of their work, the gold-painter and final

critic receives most, next ranks the designer, and lowest of all the colourers, whose work is purely mechanical, though it requires a long and arduous apprenticeship. The final baking lasts for several hours, the furnace being fed with logs of a close-grained wood as hard and heavy as *lignum vitæ*, which burns slowly and gives a uniform and intense heat; commoner fuel is used for the "biscuit"-baking. The fire is allowed to die out, and the furnace to cool very gradually, so as to anneal the porcelain, which is ready for removal in forty-eight hours after it has been first placed in the oven.

As we returned to lunch the sun came out in all his splendour, and lit up the beautiful panorama of Kioto which lay at the foot of Ya-Ami's hill, bosomed in a fruitful valley through which the river Kano-gawa winds like a silver ribbon, and bounded by the rolling hills of Atago-yama and the forest-crowned heights of Hiyozan. We paid many a visit to the far-famed embroidery shops, especially and deservedly noticed by all authors of books on Japanese art. Dresses of ceremony, screens, triangular altarcovers, women's sashes or *obis*, and squares for cushions, are the usual forms taken by this style of decoration, and the stork is ever a favourite subject. Many valuable pieces of ancient embroidery were displayed for our edification, some so old as to be



DRAPER'S SHOP, KIOTO.

actually falling to pieces, and requiring all the tenderness of manipulation in which the Japanese are such adepts. The show-rooms are almost always on the upper storey, the stairs consisting of very steep, narrow, dark ladders, guiltless of hand-rails, from the head of which one emerges into a room or suite of rooms filled with bewildering masses of colour, gorgeous sheen of cloth-of-gold or silver, dazzling profusion of silk and satin, through which glimpses are caught of bowing heads, and mutterings heard of civil welcome, as chairs are produced from the back-ground and the inevitable tea-tray is presented by a semi-prostrate attendant.

Soon more valuable draperies are produced, followed by still more tempting fabrics, and, long before his purchases are concluded, the visitor is so surrounded by brilliant colours and delicate tints that he feels as though he were floating in a silken sea of tangible rainbows.

In marked contrast to this display of high art are the shops for the sale of cotton piece-goods and ordinary silk wearing-apparel. These are always open to the street and usually thronged with native customers, the back being filled with shelves of calicoes, cotton crêpes, jackets and drawers, while coloured strings for the latter are displayed on sticks projecting from the verandah-pillars. Two or three

jinrikshas are usually seen in front of each of these marts, the shafts resting on the wooden kerb of the verandah, and the coolie enjoying a quiet smoke out of one of the pipes provided by the shopkeeper, many of which lie ready to the hand on the *hibachis* or little movable stoves scattered about the floor, while others of these portable fire-places are equipped with tea-kettles, and have a little tray of small cups standing by them for the refreshment of all comers. Tea never comes amiss to a Japanese, who consumes immense quantities of the beverage during the day, and also smokes a great deal of mild tobacco in the minutest of pipe-bowls, which only gives him two, or at most three, long-drawn inhalations.

Some of the shops are filled with bronzes, figures of storks being the favourite design, but we saw better specimens of artistic work in this metal at Kobé and Tokio. Others contain *nitskis*, quaint little ivory and wooden carvings of men, animals, and imaginary beasts; most of these have holes through them, and are used as toggles to hang the ink-horn, pipe, or medicine-case from a fold of the *obi* or sash. Some of the designs are monstrous, and others slightly indecorous, but all are intensely grotesque and exquisitely carved. A favourite subject is a rat biting the ear of a saint who has lain down for years in abstracted meditation, seeking "Nirvana" (*i.e.*

“extinction” or “absorption,” the Buddhist idea of heaven); the holy idiot is on the point of attaining his object when an irreverent rat catches hold of his ear and brings him back to the sublunary world, receiving in return for the officious interference a volley of oaths of the most blasting nature, at least that is the idea given by the old man’s expression of diabolical rage and superhuman ill temper.

The reader will wonder how we managed to make ourselves understood by the Japanese. Sometimes we were almost brought to a stand-still, but generally we got on pretty well by the aid of a little vocabulary published by Farsari of Yokohama, though I know we made many a queer mistake! For instance, the ladies of our party were much taken with the quaint patterns of the cotton and crêpe prints, of which they enquired the price. Just then the vocabulary above-mentioned had gone into another shop; and when it came back we found that our better-halves had surrounded themselves with piles of the tempting stuffs, which were “*so cheap!*” But when it came to paying the bill, the vocabulary discovered a slight error in their reckoning. In Japanese the addition of the word *jiu* changes the numeral into ten times its primary meaning. This *mesdames* had not noticed, and the consequence was that they had unwittingly agreed to purchase their “bargains” at a thousand per cent. more than they intended!

In the evening we went to the principal theatre, and had seats in the side gallery (equivalent to our dress-circle), from which the best view of the performance on and off the stage was obtainable. I say "off the stage," for a great deal of our amusement was derived from watching the audience.

The stage was very large and very peculiar, in its centre was a circular turn-table on which the shifting scenery was placed and the acting performed, the rest of the stage being occupied by a set scene and "supers." The performance was two-fold, one portion and set of scenes representing the story of a man who goes to a tea-house for a spree, and meets his own wife there, also "on pleasure bent." Recrimination ensues, in which their small child and a tea-girl (whom the husband has been spooning) take a share. Just when the quarrel is at its height a whistle sounds, the stage turns, carrying actors and scenery with it, and shows another play and a fresh scene. A number of acrobats and tumblers go through a clown-and-pantaloon business which would hardly have been sanctioned by the Lord Chamberlain. Whistle—stage turns back again. The *dramatis personæ* of the first piece are discovered on the sea-shore (sea represented by a white cloth violently agitated at intervals). The hero is either drunk or sea-sick, his wife and child dissolved in noisy tears.

Enter three merchants, creditors of the husband, who demand payment. Husband draws a knife and "goes for" them, wounding one, who is carried along a narrow platform passing over the heads of the audience. The victor goes through several antics signifying triumph, until suddenly brought down to his ordinary state of submission by his wife, who (assisted by the child) so upbraids and exasperates him that he throws all his property into the sea, and makes a feint of following it himself, upon which a general reconciliation takes place, presided over by the acrobats, who pile themselves into a triumphal pyramid of arms, legs, and heads at the back of the stage.

The body of the house, or pit, was divided by low wooden rails into pens to hold four or six people, and along these rails passed vendors of sweet-meats, cakes, tea, tobacco and fruit; some of the audience were evidently having their dinners in the theatre, fish, meat, rice, and all the concomitants of a square meal being supplied to them. Almost everybody who was not eating was smoking either a tiny pipe or a cigarette.

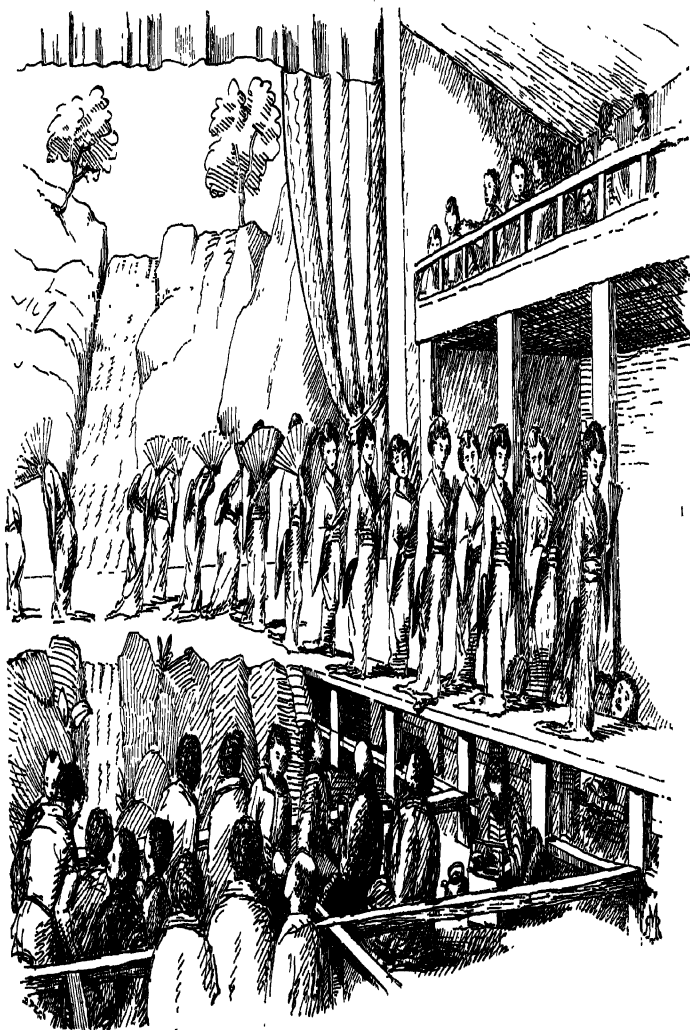
The carpenters, scene-shifters, and supers came and went on the stage freely during the performance, but seemed to respect the limits of the circular platform, on which only the actual performers stood. Starlight was represented by many hanging oil-lamps,

which were lowered, trimmed, and pulled up into position again when they required it.

The curtain ran along a rod, longitudinally, and often stuck ; it caught fire once, but the flames were soon extinguished, and the accident caused no excitement, though the wooden building and fittings would have burnt like tinder, and the exits were few and narrow.

I must not omit one important feature—the orchestra—which occupied a corner of the stage, and played on small drums, fifes, and stringed instruments, accompanying the voices of the actors by a monotonous recitative until some thrilling point arrived, when the climax was heightened by a burst of melody (?) from all the instruments, like a pack of jackals opening in full cry. The performance was neither so amusing nor so picturesque as that we had seen in Hongkong, but the music was less noisy, and less falsetto was employed by the speakers.

Another afternoon we went to see a ballet, said to be peculiar to Kioto. The price of tickets was rather high (about fourpence), and the performers were some thirty girls with highly-painted faces, dressed alternately in light blue and pink, with hair *à la* teapot, red or blue sashes, white socks, and fans. Their long trailing dresses, languishing attitudes, and way of holding their fans, were exactly those seen in



THE BALLETT, KIOTO.

Japanese pictures. They postured and attitudinized to the sounds of viols, flutes, drums, and stringed instruments, played by an orchestra of eight performers in scarlet seated on each side of the stage, and were directed in their evolutions by a man with a large wooden clapper. All the dancing we saw was strictly proper, but we heard of one ballet in which the performers begin by taking out their hair-pins, and continue the process of undressing to the very end! At the close of the performance the *danseuses* all walked along raised platforms over the heads of the audience, and made their exit somewhere in the direction of the street. Here, too, the audience occupied pens about six feet square, and partook freely of refreshments and tobacco. The scenery represented rocky cliffs with a waterfall in the centre, and was carried on in front of the stage, waterfall and all. The latter was simulated by large hanks of raw white silk, shot with silver threads, and the movement of the fall was given by keeping the silk shimmering and quivering while it revolved over a wheel; the effect was really very pretty.

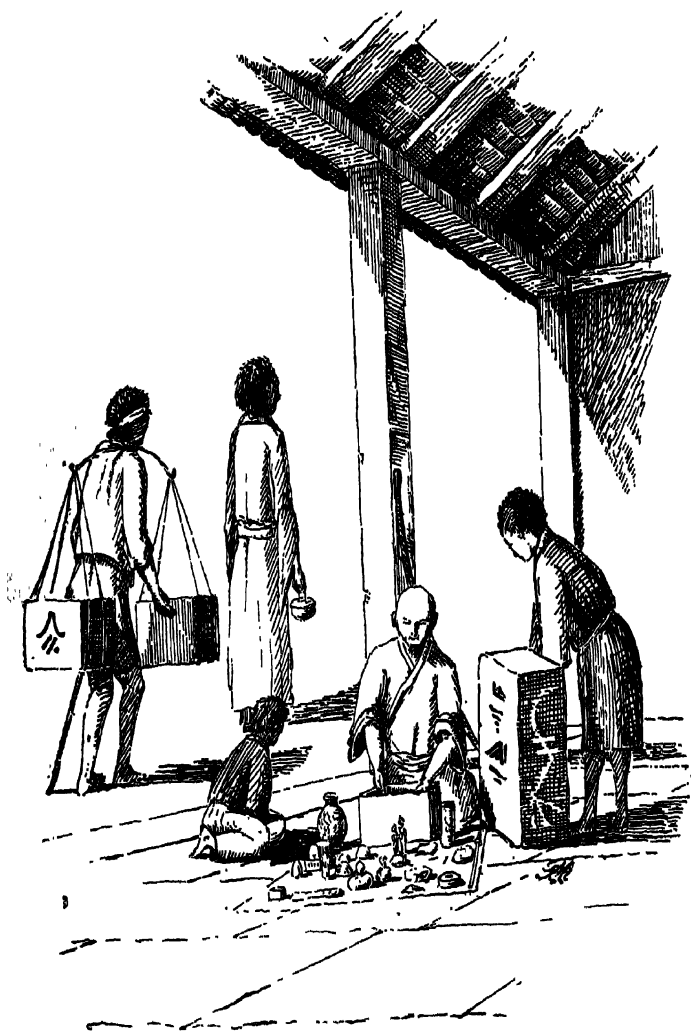
We visited one more theatre, where the entertainment commenced by two girls dancing, or rather posturing; then there was a dialogue between an old man and a lad which elicited peals of laughter from the audience, in which we could only join by infection,

being quite unable to understand the jokes of the old actor, who was evidently the Japanese Toole.

All the theatres were immense wooden booths roofed with planking, with large paintings outside in a thoroughly Richardsonian style. Everyone in the streets was very smartly dressed, and there was evidently a general holiday going on—probably a religious festival, as we passed several processions of priests with shaven heads and white robes.

At night the brilliantly-illuminated streets, seen from the hotel verandah, looked like snakes of fire. The lanterns used in the shops are generally cylindrical, three feet high by fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter; those for lighting the streets are spherical, hung on high posts with an umbrella extended over them to keep off the rain. Some of these lanterns are white with a black device, some scarlet with white, others yellow with blue, or blue and crimson; one long street has all its lanterns of the same pattern—white, with the letters XIX in scarlet, repeated round the globe. The effect of all these varied lights is charming, and as the waving lines of many-coloured fire quiver in the breeze they give to the whole city the semblance of a fairy lake or a sea of gems.

Of course fires are of frequent occurrence in Japanese towns, consisting as they do chiefly of wood



FREQUENT VISITORS.

and paper instead of bricks and glass. Kioto and the other large towns are divided into districts and wards ; in each of the latter is an alarm bell fixed on the top of a lofty scaffold ; as soon as he perceives a fire the nearest policeman runs up the ladder and gives the alarm on the bell, striking four quick strokes if the fire is close at hand—three slower if it is not very near—and only one if distant ; at the same time he shouts out the name of the locality in which it is happening ; the parties of fire-men race each other to the scene of action, as the team which arrives first with its hand-engine is entitled to claim a reward. The fire-men are distinguished by characters on their coat-backs.

We were frequently visited at the hotel by travelling agents from the curio-dealers of the town, who came into the public rooms and verandahs accompanied by coolies carrying boxes slung on bamboos across their shoulders ; in a few seconds their stock-in-trade was released from the scarlet rags and cotton-wool in which each article was carefully wrapped, and displayed in the most artistic disorder on the floor. The salesman made no attempt to force one's inclinations, but sat and gazed in an exstasy of well-acted admiration at the perfect shape of his vases, or the quaint monstrosity of his *nitskis*, occasionally lifting some article, and looking from it into our faces with

an expression which said as plain as words : “ There ! if you do not rapturously admire *that*, and immediately purchase it, I shall put you down as having no taste at all ! ” One bulbous-nosed old rascal used to visit us every evening, singing the constant refrain, “ I *very* good man—I *one* pricey man ! ” These words formed his whole stock of English ; but as he was always drunk and never charged the same price for an article twice running, we took leave to doubt both statements. Another would introduce each specimen of his wares with the expression, “ Very o-o-old ! ” even when it had been made to our order that very day, and was brought up for inspection in an unfinished state. Those from whom we bought anything generally presented us with some small “ buksheesh,” in the shape of a paper frog or a wooden pen-rack, before we parted company.

The Kioto streets are from eight to fifteen feet wide, paved very roughly down the centre, and run parallel or at right angles to each other dividing the city into square blocks, at the corners of which stand the glazed sheds of the police, looking like small green-houses. None of the shop-fronts are glazed. but all have sliding shutters, and a front awning for sunny weather. We were astonished at the size of the houses ; their street frontage may not be much, but their depth is amazing. Each domicile is a

perfect nest of quadrangles, courts, verandahs, rooms and galleries, and each open space is converted into an ornamental garden with a pond and rockery, and planted with dwarfed pines, ferns, camellias, and azaleas; amidst the greenery stand bronze storks, tortoises, and dragons, bronze or stone lanterns on high carved pedestals, lavers, brasiers, and the well of the house, the latter generally surrounded by a pretty bamboo railing to keep children from tumbling in, and having a picturesque wheel over it, with a rope and two buckets for drawing water. The houses are never more than one storey high, the staircases narrow, steep, and dark, doorways painfully low, and ceilings rarely over six feet high. The walls and windows are alike formed by sliding screens of wooden lattice-work covered with white paper—in fact, a Japanese room is all doors except the floor and ceiling, and even in these there are often traps and hatchways innumerable. The house furniture is scanty, and chiefly consists of a fixed cooking-place well supplied with brass and copper utensils, cupboards of all shapes and in every unexpected situation, a few plain low stools, half-a-dozen little lacquered stands to act as tables, as many portable stoves, a closet full of thick cotton quilts, and the family shrine or altar, usually decorated with flowers.

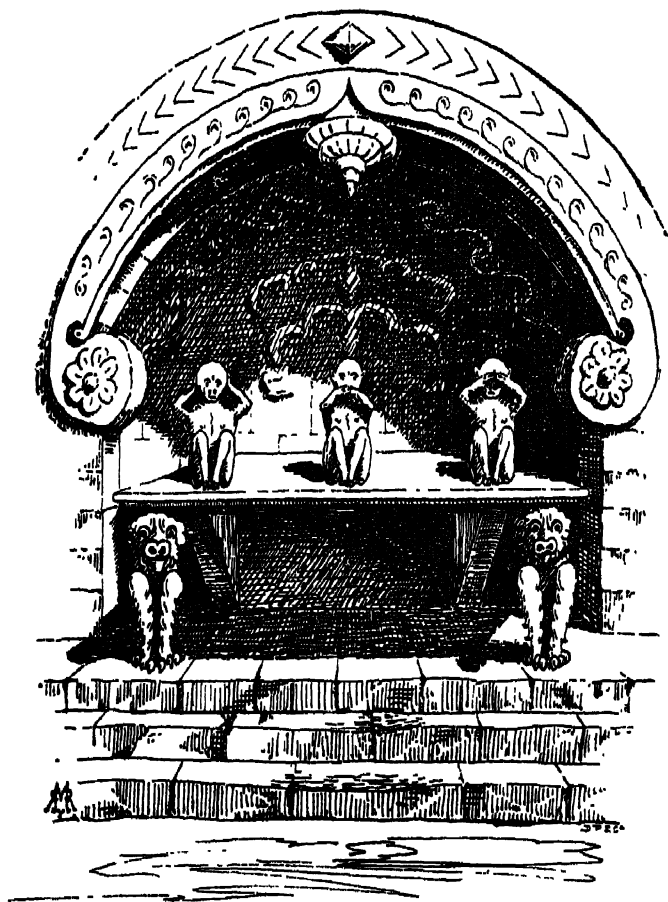
The provision shops looked very clean and nice;

we did not see any bread for sale, rice seeming to take its place at every meal, but there were many biscuit-shops displaying various sorts of wafers and crackers—sweet and plain. The Japanese are very fond of sweets, and confectioners abound; their wares are good, especially a sort of toffee, flavoured with ginger, and made up into “bull’s eyes”—*experto credite!*

The old china, bronzes, arms and cabinets were very handsome, but the prices asked (and, in these instances, adhered to) were very high; £450 for a cabinet, £350 for a pair of vases a foot high, £500 for a sword with a scabbard but no scabbard, etc. Nishimura’s embroideries—old and new—were most beautiful and artistic, but we saw no bric-a-brac to equal Echigôya’s in Kobé.

On the hill near the hotel is a five-storeyed pagoda, and at the foot of this building stands an altar or shrine on which sit three stone monkeys, one covering his ears, another his mouth, and the third his eyes. They are supposed to confer special benefits on the deaf, dumb, and blind, and are called by their worshippers, “The Three who hear no wrong, who speak no wrong, and who see no wrong.”

The pagoda contains an image of Buddha, and is decorated with wall-paintings of Buddhist subjects, but they are neither interesting nor beautiful,



THE INNOCENT MONKEYS.

We devoted a day to visiting the great lake of Japan, Lake Biwa. The train took us to Otsu at the south end of the lake in fifty-three minutes, and we found ourselves on the margin of a wide stretch of fresh water, thirty-five miles in length by twelve in breadth, surrounded by gentle hills and tamely pretty scenery. We were disappointed of our intended trip round the lake, as the steamers do not commence running till July, so we climbed many steps to see a pillar erected to the memory of 179 soldiers of Otsu, who fell in the Satsuma Rebellion in 1877, and to get a good view of the lake and town.

Not far from Otsu is a curious old pine-tree, trained by Japanese ingenuity to forego its erect natural growth, and to spread its branches horizontally over a framework, so that it looks more like a vine or a banyan-tree than a pine, and covers a considerable extent of ground with its racked and distorted limbs.

The Mikado's Palace at Kioto also claimed a visit: it consists of a large collection of wooden buildings, jealously sheltered from public gaze by the high walls of the courtyard in which it stands. The doors of this enclosure and the whole of the interior buildings are painted red; the effect is heavy, and very different from that of the lovely temples on the neighbouring hill.

Near the Palace stands a large building, or rather a large group of buildings, containing the "Annual Kioto Industrial Exhibition." On a board at the entrance was the following notice in English: "To satisfy the Exhibitor's desire, each foreign visitor will kindly give their visiting cards to the gate-keeper." We had no cards with us, but wrote our names on a slip of paper produced by the man at the gate, which I trust "satisfied the Exhibitor's desire." Once past the entrance, no divergence was permitted from the regular track, and we were bound to see all or none of the interior, which was divided into a tortuous maze of galleries and passages, a painted hand pointing the way at every turning. It was a long and weary walk, the exhibits being chiefly silk in every stage, from the very egg to the highly-finished embroidery. There were some magnificent specimens of the latter, and also some beautiful paintings on silk; every article was marked with its price in English, but nothing could be removed from the building till the close of the exhibition in mid-June. We were disappointed by the absence of lacquer and bamboo-work, china and cabinets, and of any models of the interesting and magnificent temples of Kioto.

■



A JAPANESE GARDEN.



CHAPTER VIII.

JAPAN.

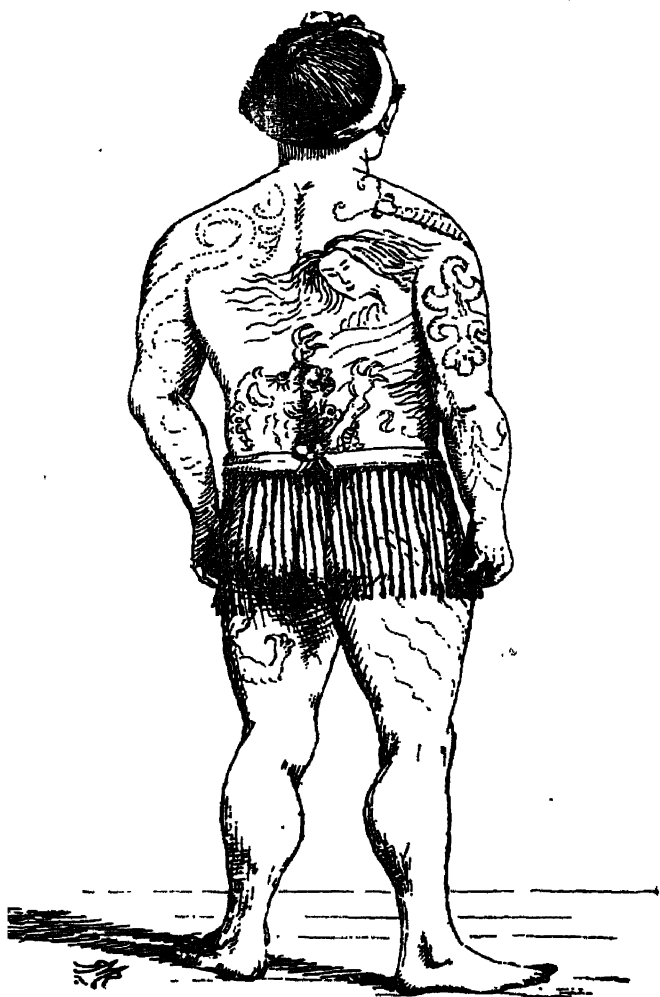
OSAKA—WRESTLERS—NARA—DAIBOOTS—A BAD
ROAD—ON BOARD AGAIN.



ON the 8th of May we left the old capital with much regret, after bidding a friendly adieu to civil Ya-Ami and his attentive myrmidons, and started by train for the shrines of Nara, retracing a portion of the route to Kobé as far as Osaka, where we made a temporary halt, taking up our quarters at Jiutei's hotel in the town, on an island formed by two branches of the Yodo-gawa river which connects Lake Biwa with the sea. Osaka was *en fête*, in commemoration of the suppression of the Satsuma Rebellion, and the great centre of attraction lay in the square in front of the hotel, where a regular

fair was being held, with booths, shops, flags, masts, lanterns and streamers of every shape and hue.

We soon descended to mix in the throng, for the hotel had only just been evacuated by a large party of Japanese pleasure-seekers, and the rooms had to be cleaned and made ready for us. The balconies were thickly hung with gay lanterns and tricoloured drapery—red, white, and blue. We wandered through the fair, and were much amused by the good-tempered, but utterly futile attempts of the Japanese policemen to expel a tipsy man from the principal booth. We visited the Royal Mint, and saw silver and copper coin being made. The whole of the “plant” is English, and was purchased by the Japanese from our Hongkong Government; for a year or two it was under European supervision, but now the staff is entirely native. We also went to see a nursery-garden kept by Kichi Suké, and celebrated throughout Japan. The grounds were laid out with wonderful ingenuity, and appeared to cover at least ten times their actual area, vistas of rapidly lessening trees presenting a false perspective to the eye, while the maze-like paths were equally deceptive to the feet. There were some magnificent peonies displaying masses of gorgeous colour, and individual flowers of immense size and perfect shape; but the great attraction for the Japanese is the large display of curiously



NATURE AND ART.

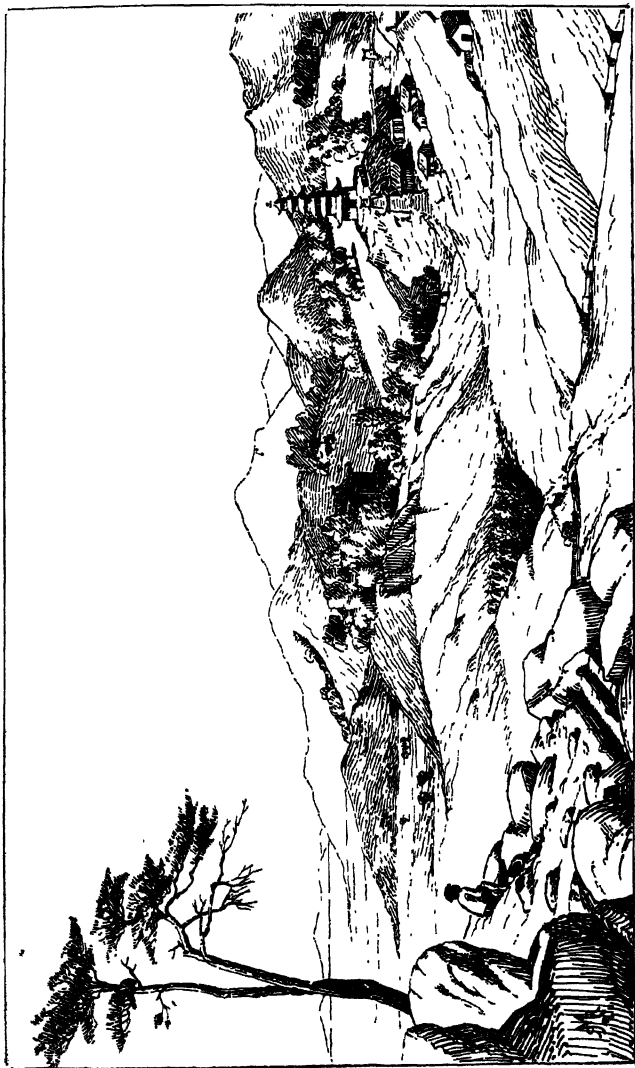
dwarfed and mis-shapen trees representing birds, beasts, and fishes—storks, dragons, and phoenixes—and many other creatures of which one could only say, with Polonius, that they were “very like a whale!”

We went to see the famous wrestlers of Osaka, who performed on a slightly-raised sandy platform in the centre of an immense booth. The wrestling was poor, and the competitors did not seem much in earnest, varying their performances by frequently blowing their noses in pieces of paper, and washing out their mouths with salt and water. Their professional costume consisted of a handkerchief bound tightly round the head, a very narrow loin-cloth, and a loose open fringe of blue cords round the waist; most of them were immensely fat, shaking masses of flesh, and some were highly decorated with flowing designs of dragons, long-haired maidens, scorpions, centipedes, and other monsters tattooed over their backs and thighs in bright blue and red lines. The signals for beginning and ending the different bouts or for fresh competitors to come into the arena, and the decisive verdict on each struggle, were given by a small boy with a fan, who alone remained on the raised platform with the combatants, and whose shrilly-piped commands received instant and implicit obedience from the brawny wrestlers. When a couple of performers

entered the ring, which was about twelve feet square, they squatted on their haunches like great toads, then threw their bodies forward, resting on the fingers and toes and eyeing each other steadily; as soon as the signal was given they sprang upon their feet, each tried to make good his grip, and the combat proceeded in ordinary fashion, except that it did not appear necessary for one of the combatants to be thrown, if he were pushed out of the arena he was defeated, and the umpire dropped his fan, and announced the name of the victor.

Next morning we started in jinrikshas to pursue our journey. The road was fairly good, and led through fertile fields of rice and barley, thriving villages and beautiful groves of trees—a gentle ascent the whole way. We stopped for lunch at a clean tea-house, where we were, as usual, shown up-stairs into a beautifully matted room, and supplied with nasty but refreshing Japanese tea while we sat on the floor.

Surmounting a rocky ridge crowned by wind-tossed pines, we suddenly came upon our first view of Nara, its large six-storeyed pagoda on a hillock in the centre of the village forming the principal object of the picture. The great temple of Buddha lay in the trees to our left of the pagoda, the houses of the village clustered at the foot of the hillock, and on the right



NARA, FROM THE OSAKA ROAD.

was another temple with a large rectangular tank in front of it. Here again, we found a fair going on, and our jinriksha-men had to push their way through the smiling crowd, who stared in astonishment at their unwonted visitors, especially at those of the gentle sex, whom they evidently considered to be quite *the* show of the fair ! The tank above mentioned was full of carp and huge gold-fish, which came rushing, splashing, pushing, shouldering and tumbling over each other, more like pigs than fish, when we threw them pieces of the pink biscuits sold for their delectation ; we saw carp of fully 5 lbs., and goldfish nearly half that weight, also numbers of small freshwater turtles equally tame and greedy.

Our road thence lay through a very pretty park, with pines, limes, and other trees springing from the turf-covered soil in beautiful groups, and giving shade to numbers of tame spotted deer, who crowded round us to be fed with the balls of sweetened flour supplied by an old crone seated by the roadside. Leaving the park, we ascended a steep path—frequently degenerating into a mere flight of rough stone steps, the sides lined with shops and small houses—till we finally arrived at a pretty tea-house built on the spur of the hill, and commanding a good view of the valley below. The path by which we had come was thronged with groups of merry

pleasure-seekers, and we were not long in discovering that their goal was a smooth grassy hill behind the village; up to the top of this they climbed with breathless eagerness, and down to the bottom again they rolled with as hearty enjoyment and as utter disregard for appearances as a pack of children!

The rooms in this tea-house were actually glazed in front, but only divided from each other by the usual sliding screens covered with paper. There were a table and four chairs, but no bedsteads; so we slept on the matted floor with thick quilts for bedding, which would have been more comfortable if they had been made for people of ordinary (European) height! As it was, we had to exercise some ingenuity in overcoming the difficulty, for when we covered our feet, there was nothing to go over our shoulders, and when we pulled the square bedding up to our chins our feet were left considerably out in the cold, while if we used two quilts at once, overlapping like tiles, we were inevitably awoken by a frosty hiatus somewhere about our waists. Our morning ablutions were performed in a copper basin in the open verandah (for we really could not risk splashing the spotless matting), and while D—— was shaving he suddenly missed the glass and razor, which he had laid down for a moment, and on looking round for them, discovered one of the tea-girls operating on her own eyebrows!



TEA-HOUSE AND VILLAGE, NARA.

After breakfast, which consisted mainly of our private supplies, to which the tea-house contributed fish-soup (nasty !) and boiled eggs *ad libitum*, we went down the hill to visit the great temple of Buddha, called Todaiji. Entering the court-yard through a lofty two-storeyed gateway, flanked by colossal images of the Ni-o, or Guardians of the Gate—hideous visaged demons armed with bows and arrows—we first saw a sacred tank, in which a love-lorn princess is said to have drowned herself when deserted by a fickle Mikado; passing this lotus-covered pool we entered the lofty main building, and found ourselves in front of the huge gilt figure of Buddha, the largest idol in Japan, and probably in the world.

Daiboots (the Japanese name for Buddha,) is represented seated on a lotus flower raised on a platform; the height of the idol (not including the platform) is fifty-three feet. On each side a smaller gilt figure is seated; the central statue, and that on its right, have their right hands and arms raised from the elbow, which rests on the thigh; the left hands lie open on the lap, palms upward; the figure on the left has this position reversed. On each side and in front of the group are large bronze lotuses. The effect of these gigantic figures whose heads are almost lost in the gloom of the roof, and of the

heavy silence which reigns throughout the vast building, was very impressive.

The great idol has a door between its shoulders, approached by a ladder, and at this aperture the thickness—nearly ten inches— of the metal of which the figure is formed can be seen. At the back of the head and shoulders expands a wide halo, or glory, of gilded wood, bearing on its rays many smaller images of Buddha. The huge casting is said to have been made by commencing at the lower part of the figure, and gradually building up the walls of the mould step by step as the metal cooled with which the interior was filled. This metal, used in almost all Japanese idols, and called (erroneously) bronze, is said to contain ninety-six parts of copper, one and a half of silver, and two and a half of gold.

Here, too, is a huge sacred bell, though rather smaller than the one described during our Kioto visit ; we heard its solemn and musical notes frequently during our stay, as it was tolled at every third hour of the twenty-four.

In the lower portion, or hall, of the temple is a museum containing images of various deities embellished with every imaginable grotesqueness of feature and ferocity of expression ; beautiful specimens of ancient arms and armour ; gorgeous and fanciful embroideries ; gongs, vases and candelabra in

embossed metal; high-peaked saddles with gigantic stirrups of lacquered wood or chased bronze, and seven separate compartments filled with life-sized figures representing scenes from popular Japanese poems and legends. There were also models of temples and pagodas, a beautifully finished bronze statuette of Buddha emerging from a lotus-bud, quaint lamps—one with an exquisitely carved mouse creeping down the handle to steal the wick, peep-shows with coloured transparencies of illuminated buildings, stuffed fish, mermaids, and finally, pictures and *kakimonos*, or scrolls to hang on the wall.

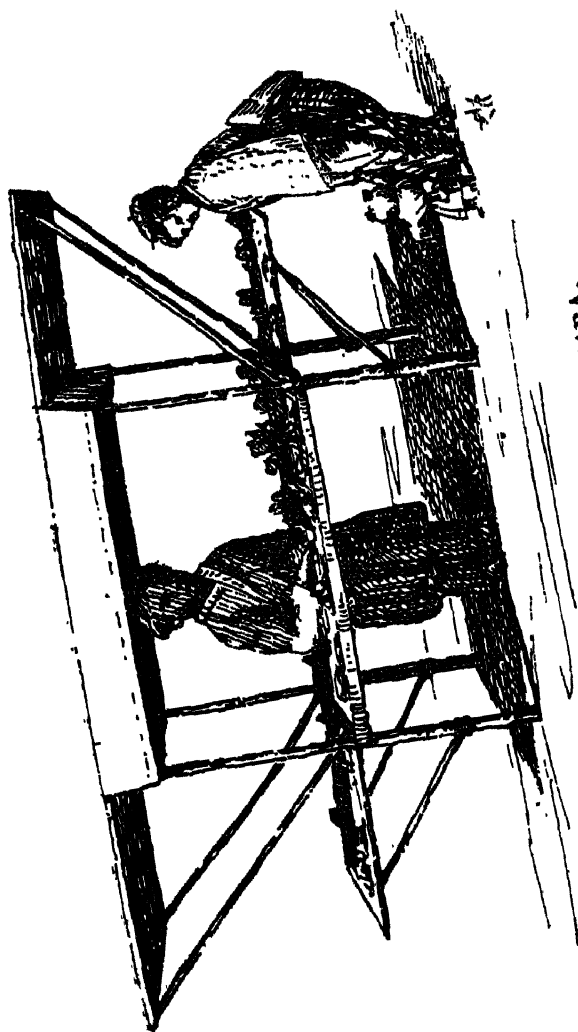
On leaving the temple we were met by an attendant who pointed out the following notice in English at the gate—"This temple have broken very much, therefore we have the plan to beg all our friends sociable minded and to repair it. We wish all our friends will cast some money." The last paragraph thoroughly enlightened our "sociable minds," which had gone rather astray in the grammatical labyrinths of the notice, and we willingly took the hint, receiving in return for our donations a gorgeously illuminated receipt, presented with the deepest bows.

We spent some time in the village, where "all the fun of the fair" was going on as though for our special entertainment—and this, I may here mention, is one of the strangest of the many peculiar sensa-

tions experienced by the visitor to Japan : you feel all the time as if you were watching a dramatic performance, every scene of which is got up and acted for your own particular amusement and delectation ; the actors, when not laughing outright, always seem to be hiding a smile, and look at you with twinkling eyes which say as plainly as any words, " It's all make-believe, but *isn't* it fun ! "

The pedlars' stalls were great features in the picture ; they were made of bamboo, with a light awning over-head and extra shelves like outriggers at the sides ; with their little tables crowded with cheap but pretty nick-nacks and toys for young and old, they moved about from place to place wherever they saw knots of probable customers, instead of waiting for patrons to come to them. Some had trays of sweet-meats, toffee, and sugar-plums ; others owned roulette-tables, where for a copper *sen* you might possibly win a fully-costumed doll, a bunch of ornamental hair-pins, or, at least, an indigestible-looking bright green cake ; while yet another class of tempting goods was displayed in the shape of children's toys ; nor were these by any means the least generously patronized booths, for children are important personages in Japan, and the little tyrants know their power full well and use it pretty freely.

We had intended to prolong our jinriksha journey



PEDLAR'S STALL, NARA.

as far as the shrines of Isé, but the rain which had only damped the streets of Kioto had drenched the country here, and as the road from Nara to Isé passes over a mountain range and through much swampy land, and was reported to be quite impracticable for jinrikshas at present, we most reluctantly abandoned the idea and made up our minds to return to Osaka, though not by the route which had brought us to Nara. There was another way, called by the natives the "hill-road," which promised fresh views and new experiences, so we determined to take it, although it was said (and truly) to be both longer and more difficult than the path by the plain. In justice to our jinriksha-men I must say that they made no difficulties, but seemed as pleased to show us as we were to see something new. And this we invariably found to be a characteristic of these most willing, cheery, enduring, and obliging "men-horses," who rank amongst the hardest workers and shortest livers in the country.

Starting early, we rapidly crossed the Nara valley and then commenced a steep ascent. The road was so cut up by the rain that even the ladies had to abandon their conveyances, in which they were being grievously shaken, and toil up the hill-side on foot; from many points there were beautiful peeps of the fertile valley, framed by the luxuriant foliage and

interlacing branches of the forest, but as we approached the crest of the ridge the trees disappeared, and only a scanty growth of stunted brushwood remained to clothe the sharply-defined water-shed. Along this rocky crest the path led for several miles, passing rain-fed lakes of yellow, uninviting water, but valuable as reservoirs from which the crops below are irrigated during the summer heats.

At length, turning a shoulder of the hill, the wide plain of Osaka lay before us, the broad stream of the Tonogawa flowing through its centre, and the far horizon gleaming with the silver sheen of the Inland Sea.

A descent, even steeper than the road on the Nara side of the hills, brought us to the village of Matsubara. At the entrance a quaint little scene met our eyes for the first time, though it soon became familiar as we extended our journeys: by the roadside a village belle sat on the ground, having her hair arranged in the elaborate *coiffure* I have previously described; in front of her was a dressing-table, or rather box, containing all the necessary brushes and combs, pins and pomades, bows and frisettes, and with a round mirror of polished metal supported on an upright stand projecting from the back of the box. The young lady's shining black locks were hanging



THE VILLAGE HAIRDRESSER.

loose on one side, while the hair-dresser (also a woman) was putting the finishing artistic touches to the other. When the cheeks have been rouged, the centre of the lower lip daubed with vermilion, powder copiously applied to the face and the back of the neck, and (in the case of a married woman) the eye-brows freshly shaved and the teeth blackened like the bars of a grate, her toilette will be complete, and she will be able to visit her acquaintances in the city in proud consciousness of being quite in the latest fashion and unassailable by the criticisms of even her dearest friends!

We had to make a longer halt than we wished at Matsubara, for the jinriksha-men said they were very tired, although we had walked all the worst part of the journey, but we discovered that their real reason was the cheapness of *saki* at the village grog-shop. This liquor, made from fermented rice and universally drunk by the Japanese, is much indulged in by the jinriksha-men, and appears to deserve the praise often bestowed on good port—that there is not a headache in a hogshead—for I have often known our men to be gloriously drunk at night, and yet do a very hard journey next day without turning a hair.

Soon after starting again we reached the bank of a canal which leads straight to Osaka, the waters turning many wheels for driving cotton gins, or

setting in motion little engines for drawing brass and iron wire; many small barges were coming and going, laden with country produce or city purchases.

We made no halt at Osaka, but proceeded straight to the railway station, and thence to Kobé, where we arrived at 8 P.M.

The following days were spent in making purchases, and we found ourselves so much enlightened and made so much more critical by our recent experiences that we could trust pretty safely to our own judgment in selecting souvenirs; many an object which had attracted our admiring gaze on first seeing it was now unhesitatingly condemned and ruthlessly cast aside, somewhat to the surprise of the shopkeepers, who, however, rose to the occasion, and produced from their apparently inexhaustible stores specimens which they had hitherto suppressed as too good for new-comers, and for which they asked little, if any, more than they had demanded for the (comparatively speaking) trash they had exhibited previously.

On the morning of the 14th the *Teheran* arrived from Hongkong, and at midnight we sailed for Yokohama. Another day and night at sea brought us into port at 10 A.M. on the 16th; much of the distance had to be traversed at half-speed, a heavy fog making navigation dangerous on these crowded and rock-strewn coasts, which are not only devoid of

light-houses (except at the ports), but also thickly beset with fishing-boats whose crews are not remarkable for keeping a good look-out.

As we approached our anchorage the fog lifted and the sun came out; before us lay the long lines of buildings of Yokohama, with low hills in the background, while to the south rose the tree-clad heights of the Bluff, crowned with consulates and naval hospitals each surmounted by its national ensign, and many picturesque villas, the whole presenting a very pretty and effective *coup d'œil*.

Long as we had been on our passage the steamer of the Japanese Mitsu-Bishi Company, by which our friends the D——'s came, was still longer; for, though she had started from Kobé five hours before us she did not arrive until noon.





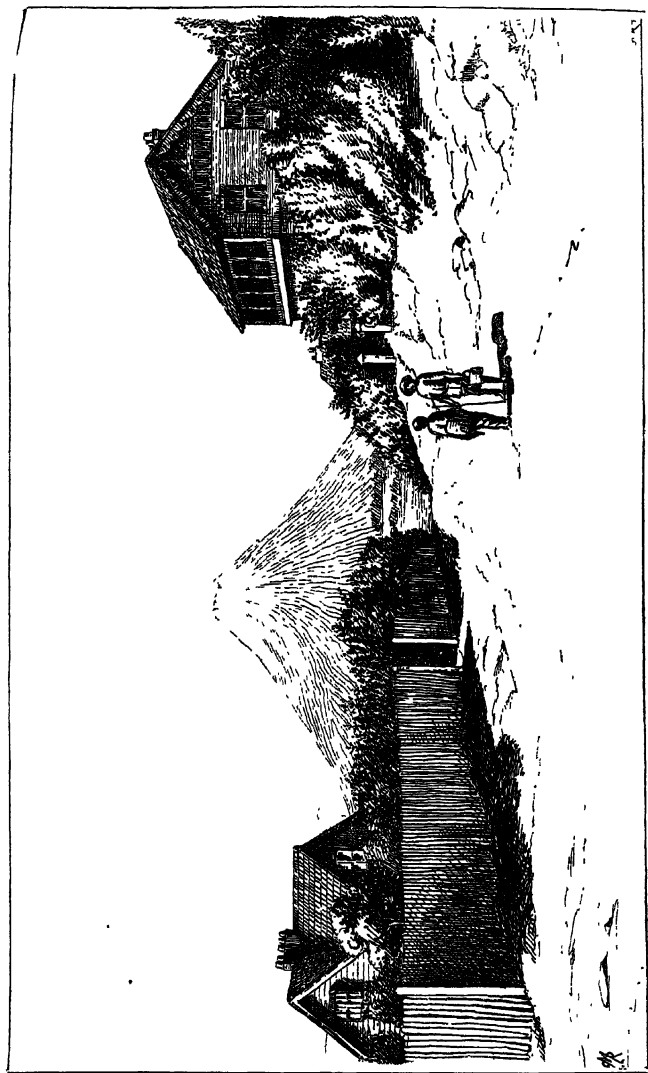
CHAPTER IX.

JAPAN.

YOKOHAMA—THE PEERLESS MOUNTAIN—OUR GUIDE
—NIKKO—GORGEOUS SHRINES AND STATELY
FORESTS—KAGOS—CHIUZENJI.



YOKOHAMA, the chief port of Japan, lies on the shore of a wide bay, a granite wall or *bund* forming a breast-work against the waves of the Pacific Ocean, which stretches away to the distant shores of North America—a vast waste of waters four thousand miles across. On the south side of the city, and divided from it by a narrow tidal stream, rises the “Bluff,” on which are most of the consulates, and the naval hospitals of England, France, and Russia. Here also used to stand the barracks, when Yokohama was a station for our troops.



THE FEEBLESS MOUNTAIN, FROM THE BLUFF, YOKOHAMA.

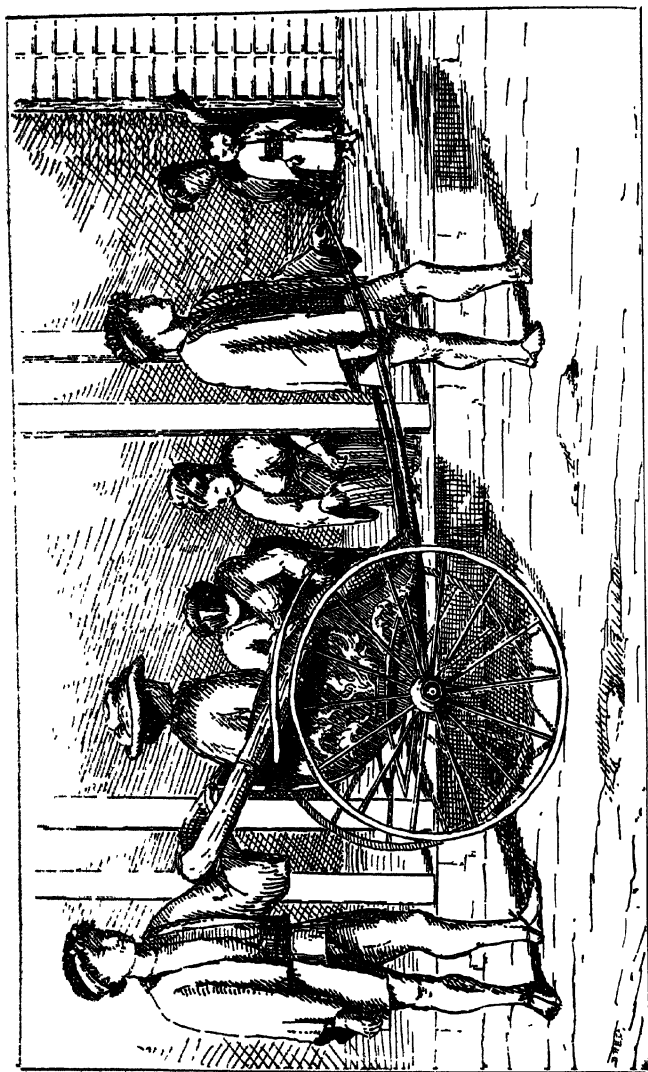
On a clear day a good view of Fujiyama, or the "Peerless Mountain" as it is fondly called by the Japanese, may be obtained from the Bluff: rising in a majestic cone far above the western horizon, its truncated summit covered with snow, except where the walls of the crater form an irregular dark line against the sky twelve thousand feet above the sea, the remarkable points that immediately strike one on first beholding this grand extinct volcano are its perfectly regular shape and slope, and its regal isolation: the only hills in sight are low, rolling, darkly-wooded undulations, which serve but as foils to their snow-crowned monarch, and lie like prostrate subjects round his throne. One has only to see Fuji to understand the mysterious powers with which the mountain was formerly endowed and the reverential love with which it is still regarded by the Japanese.

Yokohama has many good shops, both European and native, and the town presents a busy and animated appearance, especially near the chief landing place, or "hatoba," which is at the northern end of the *bund*. From this point to the river above mentioned runs a wide esplanade, having the seawall on one hand and a row of very pretty villas and other buildings on the other. This strand road is the Rotten Row of the place, and here the beauty and fashion may be seen riding or driving every

afternoon, attended by their "bettos," or grooms, whose running powers are wonderful, and who always keep pace with—and often outrun—the carriages or riding ponies of their masters.

We took up our quarters at the "Grand Hotel," and spent some time in wandering about Yokohama, making calls, and preparing for a trip to the sacred city of Nikko and its neighbourhood. I think that there were even more blind shampooers here than in Kobé; we frequently met them in the streets by day, and their plaintive whistle began at dusk, and resounded almost unintermittently throughout the waking hours of the night.

At length a guide was engaged, stores laid in, luggage reduced to a minimum, and on May 22nd we started from Yokohama by rail at 6.35 A.M., passed the tombs of the Forty-seven Ronins at Sengakuji, changed carriages at Shinagawa, one station short of Tokio, and leaving the train at the temporary terminus at Utsunomiya we had luncheon at a tea-house while our guide hired jinrikshas for the onward journey. Let me take this opportunity of introducing him—a thin, solemn looking individual, Kanéko by name, wearing a suit of light brown check "dittos," a Gladstonian collar with a blue tie, and a straw hat; he could talk English very fairly, had some knowledge of European cooking, and was



LEAVING A TEA-HOUSE—"SAYONARA"

decidedly lazy ; still he might have been worse, and we certainly got on a great deal better with his assistance than we could have done alone.

By the time we had finished our meal Kanéko reappeared with five jinrikshas—two men to each conveyance. We divided our baggage to equalize weights, giving the heavier portions to the guide and Mrs. D——, as the lightest of the party, and bidding adieu to the civil waitresses at the tea-house, received their pretty, Italian-sounding “sáyonáras,” or farewells, accompanied by the usual intensely low bows, and also by the chuckling laugh of an old-fashioned infant whose mother held him on his legs to see the foreign ladies.

At first our men divided their labours by one pulling in front and the other pushing behind the jinrikshas, but as the road got heavier the man behind came forward and harnessed himself by a rope to the cross-bar at the end of the shafts, tandem-fashion. In this way we spun along the rough track at the rate of six miles an hour, passing two or three heavy wagonettes full of Japanese, drawn by teams of sturdy ponies which struggled bravely with their accumulated difficulties of uneven ground, sticky mud and awkward harness, the queer-looking conveyances lurching in their wake like colliers in a cross-sea ; we congratulated ourselves on our better fortune in hav-

ing chosen the light jinrikshas, though even in these we were cruelly shaken as they bumped over stones and roots of trees, into holes and out again, regardless of our feelings and their own springs. The road was so bad in parts that our men took us up the bank and along its dry summit rather than risk their springs and spokes amongst the dangers of the highway.

This "Oshiu-Kaido," or Pilgrim's Road, as it approaches Nikko becomes a magnificent avenue of double ranks of "cryptomeria" pines, extending for ten miles. These trees were planted by a follower of Iyé-Yasu, or the "Great Shogun," as he is always called. Being too poor to erect a temple or monument to the memory of his master, he devoted some years to making this grand offering to the departed spirit of the hero.

As we drew near the end of our journey the stately trees grew closer and closer, towering like poplars into the sky, their trunks from two to five feet in diameter; the straight road running down this avenue looked liked the aisle of a vast cathedral, and the banks on each side were thickly covered with orange and purple azaleas and large camellia bushes, which sometimes became dense jungle, while at others they were only a thin veil between the road and the richly cultivated plain through which it runs. Clumps of beech, birch, and elm—undergrowths of



THE PILGRIMS' ROAD.

brightly-flowering shrubs—carpets of ferns, moss, and wild-flowers—formed an ever-changing and ever delightful fore-ground behind which rose the blue hills of Nikkozan, changing to brightest green as we approached them; then, jolting over the irregularly-paved street called “Hachiishi” we turned sharp to the right through a gateway, and were finally (and gratefully!) deposited at the clean and comfortable tea-house where Suzúki, the proprietor, and his myrmidons received us with deepest bows and profoundest hisses of welcome.

A hot bath in the ever-ready tub, and a good meal to which Kanéko contributed some fish and the knives and forks he had brought with him, soon made us forget our joltings, though we were all glad enough to close the paper-covered shutters and retire to our piles of quilts spread on the matted floors.

We woke next morning to find a drizzling rain falling, and clothing forest and stream, valley and mountain, in a sombre grey mist; so during breakfast we ruefully contemplated the wet stepping-stones and dripping shrubs in Suzúki's garden, in which was also a beautiful clump of peonies, and then, donning our waterproofs, set forth to brave the weather. It rained more or less all day, but not even a Scotch mist could have damped our enjoyment of the glorious colouring and majestic forms of the Nikko

shrines, their sweeping curves and gorgeous tints relieved by the stately pines and rugged rocks which formed an imposing and appropriate back-ground to the sacred buildings.

We first crossed the rocky Daiya-gáwa river by a wooden bridge close to the famous "Red Bridge." The latter, which is only opened once a year for the passage of the Mikado, is also of wood, covered with lacquer of a dull Venetian-red colour, and forms a striking contrast to the dark, deep green of the surrounding pine-woods.

Climbing the hill-side by a wide and well-kept road we entered the heart of the forest, and found ourselves in an enchanted region of temples, shrines, and tombs, ornamented with such rich profusion of gilding and colour—with such life-like carvings of fruit and flower—such grotesque images of bird and beast, of fish and reptile, phoenix, dragon and demon—such strange beauty and such unknown meaning—that silence fell on us, and we could only gaze and gaze again in speechless wonder, not unmixed with awe. The carvings were indeed most wonderful in their graceful conception and minute finish—but the colour. How can I describe it? Sheen of gold and glow of scarlet; gleam of blue and flash of silver; gorgeous hues of crimson, emerald and umber; restful greys of rock and tree-stem; white robe of



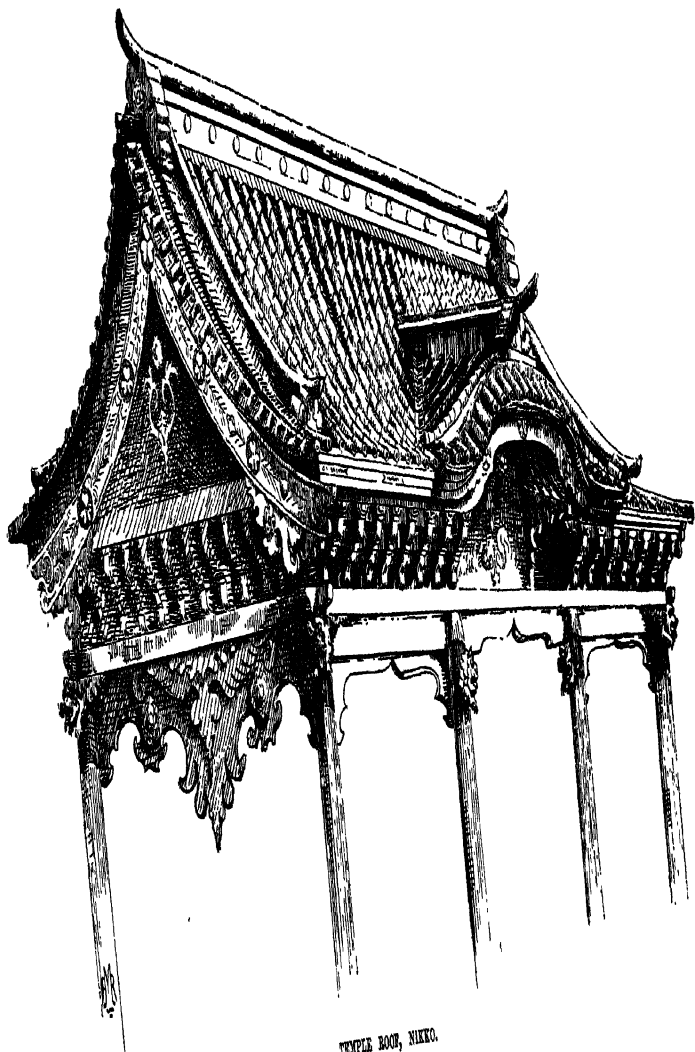
THE INN AT NIKKO.

should be too perfect. and excite the jealous anger of the gods ! *

One of the temples takes the form of a pagoda, about a hundred feet high.

The group of buildings called the Mausoleum of Iyáyásu presents the most beautiful outlines and richest effects of colour ; here the imagination of the designer and the hand of the workmen seem alike to have run riot ; yet through all the apparently haphazard irregularity of form and wanton profusion of colour the eye is aware of a subtle harmony—a latent congruity underlying and connecting the whole, as the strains of a well-known melody catch the ear and are recognized through the super-added roulades and variations of a practiced musician. The tomb of this great warrior-prince is one of the chief shrines of Nikko, and attracts thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the kingdom. A steep flight of granite steps leads to the summit of a spur of the hill, on which stands a beautiful bronze pillar supported by four horizontal bars, and surmounted by six gold or gilt lotus-flowers inverted, with small bells depending from their petals. Beneath the lowest is the badge of the Tokugawa family—three golden lotus-leaves. The pillar is forty-two feet high and exquisitely proportioned.

* This superstition also exists amongst the Hindoos in India ; one of the pillars in the famous colonnade at the Kootub, near Delhi, is thus inverted.



TEMPLE ROOF, NIKKO.

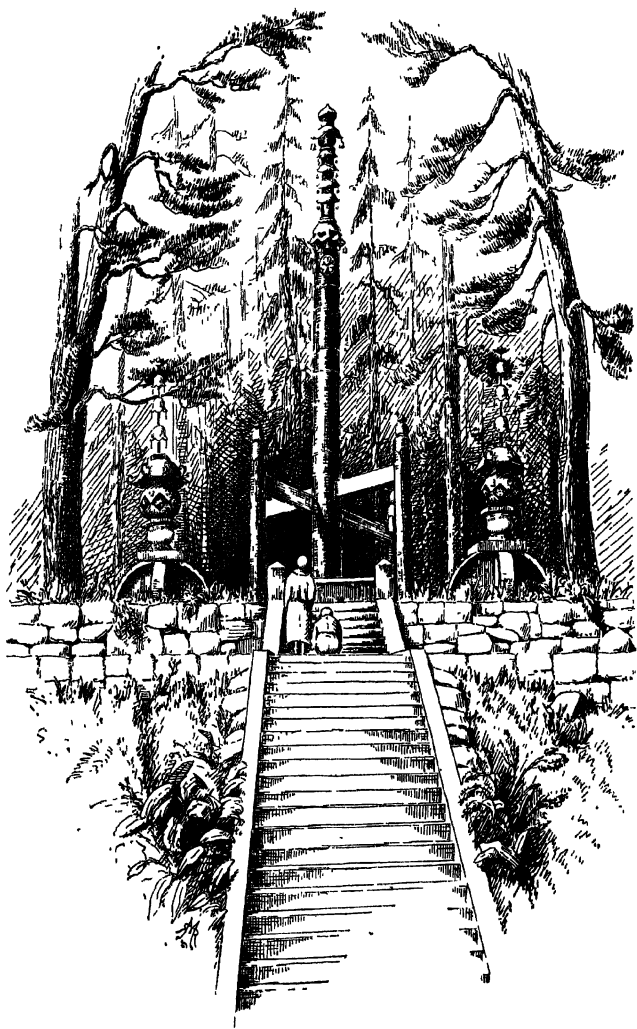
Another day we ascended the same hill-side by a different path, which ultimately became a flight of rough irregular stone steps. Near the top was a small temple where women worshipped, depositing little wedge-shaped pieces of wood marked with Chinese characters, supposed to propitiate the Japanese Lucina. Descending by yet another and longer path, we followed the course of a stream which makes a small leap over a corrugated ledge of rock, and is called the "Vermicelli cascade," from the supposed resemblance of the tiny spirts to threads of vermicelli; another name for it is "White Threads." We next came to the "Sáki Fountain," which is said to have spouted forth rice-beer in the Heroic Age of Japan; and then again we entered the bewildering labyrinth of temples, now reft of their magic silence, for a crowd of pilgrims of both sexes surged through the courts and corridors, laughing, talking, joking and gesticulating in anything but reverent mood. There were also numbers of men and women (principally the latter) working in the roads and court-yards, weeding, levelling, picking up stones and generally "cleaning up." This service is performed voluntarily, and without payment.

I was much struck by the perfect freedom allowed to all visitors, who seem left entirely to the guidance of their own good taste and honesty. The more

sacred penetralia of the temples are only entered by the priests; but there is nobody to enforce this rule, nor to prevent anyone who chooses to remove and pocket the gold *plaques* with which many of the temple pillars and railings are profusely ornamented; yet not only are these untouched, but there are no traces of "'Arry " and his work—no chipping, no scribbling, no scattered fragments of torn paper or broken glass—everything is as neat, as perfect, and apparently as fresh as when it left the workman's hands.

Here, also, is a shrine with the three Innocent Monkeys, and a huge bronze prayer-wheel, like those used at Lama monasteries in Thibet, but much larger; it stands on a pivot under a bronze-tiled roof supported on four bronze pillars about fifteen feet high; the ridge-beams spring from an elaborately gilt flame-shaped central ornament, and terminate in elephants' heads.

Every temple-court has numbers of stone or bronze lanterns ranged along its sides; sometimes as many as two hundred surround one building. Many of these are of fine proportions and most elaborate design. The one of which I subjoin a sketch is in the enclosure of Iyéyasu's temple; it is seven feet high, and has flower-shaped ornaments depending from the angles of the cover. They are generally in



TOMB OF "THE GREAT SHOGUN," NIKKO.

pairs, and are votive offerings to the *manes* of the great departed. In this same enclosure is a cistern cut, as usual in Japan (and also in ancient Italy), from one solid block of stone. This one is about eight feet long by five high and four wide ; the water is admitted by a pipe entering at the bottom, the lip is so perfectly even that it overflows equally all round, and the cistern looks like a block of water rather than a coffer of stone.

I should fill a volume and weary the reader by attempting anything like a detailed description of these wonderful, and apparently endless, shrines—I say “apparently endless,” for you may see and admire the same building from half-a-dozen different points of view, coming upon it from as many unexpected directions, without being aware of its identity, which is difficult of belief even when indisputably proved! Perhaps I cannot give a better idea of the profuse wealth of decoration lavished on these temples than by quoting the following terse description, by Mr. Satow, of one building—and remember that there are scores to which the same words would apply with but slight variation:—

“The oratory, or shrine, forms a quadrangle fifty yards square, constructed of gilt trellis-work, with borders of geometrical coloured decorations running

along it, above and below. Over and under these again are carvings of birds in groups eight inches high and six feet long, with back-grounds of grass, carved in relief and gilt. The gateway is composed of Chinese woods, inlaid with great skill and care. The folding doors are beautifully decorated with arabesques of peonies in gilt relief." And all this is so thoroughly done, with such fast colours and such good materials, that it looks bright, fresh, and perfect after braving the storms and snow, the rain and sun, the frost and heat of nearly three hundred years !

Another expedition was made, without crossing the river, to see the "Idol Avenue," as it is commonly called : this consists of a number of images of Amida, one of the forms of Buddha. These grey stone statues represent the great teacher seated cross-legged, and are arranged facing each other, about twelve feet apart, in two straight lines along the right bank of the Daiya-gáwa ; the pair at the entrance are raised on square blocks of granite, and are considerably larger than the rest. At the other end of the avenue is a huge mass of stone, surmounted by a turtle bearing a pyramid. In a hollow in this rock we saw the remains of some half-burnt hair, and were afterwards told that priestly neophytes come here for their initiation, part of which consists in attaching small black or red lithographs of Buddha stand-



THE IDOL AVENUE, NIKKO.

ing on a lotus (and looking uncommonly like a mediæval Christian saint) to each of the images until the end of the avenue is reached, when the candidate's head is shaved, and his hair burnt in the hollow rock. All the statues had these little slips of paper fluttering from them; many were nearly covered, and looked quite ragged and disreputable.

The Daiya-gáwa was so like a Welsh trout-stream that D. borrowed a rod from our host and went to try his luck, but he returned after some hours with two gudgeons, and was eventually obliged to confess that even these had been bought from a Japanese urchin.

We made up our minds to return to the railway by another road, so on the 25th of May we started from beautiful Nikko for Chiuzenji and Ikáo. As the first two stages of our journey would be through hills and by paths quite impassable for jinrikshas, and we were not sufficiently disgusted with life to trust ourselves to Japanese ponies, we sent Kanéko to engage some of the vehicles used for hill travelling. These are called "kágos," and consist of a tray slung by bamboos and ropes to a heavy-looking square beam, a slight framework overhead supports a cotton awning and side curtains, to which screens of split bamboo, like Indian "chicks," are often added. The affair is carried by two sturdy porters, and when occupied by

a Japanese or anyone of equally minute proportions it looks fairly comfortable, but of that more anon. The two ladies packed themselves into their trays and started, D. and I following on foot. The road soon began to ascend, and after a few miles steady climbing we were glad to find that the ladies had halted at the tea-house of Dai-michi-do, prettily placed on the hillside and over-looking the valley we had traversed on our way to Nikko, the great pine-avenue showing as a straight dark line gradually fading away in the distance. While the chairmen refreshed themselves with tea we went to look at a small temple close to the road, and found it had shelves all round the interior, closely packed with hundreds of gilt wooden images from eight to fourteen inches high, generally with halos round their heads, while in the place of honour facing the doorway was a larger image of a god called "Gésu," probably a relic of the early missionary work in Japan. Round the temple was a garden with ornamental ponds, lanterns, and hedges of white azalea.

Starting again, the road became much steeper, frequently only a flight of shallow, tiresome steps formed by logs picketted across the path to prevent the soil from being washed away by the rains. These steps were so troublesome that I got into one of the "kágos," but this was far worse than walking,



A DOUBTFUL LUXURY.

for it was impossible to pack all of oneself into the cramped conveyance at once, and whatever part I left outside—head, arm, or leg—was always coming into collision with the rocks or bushes which skirted the narrow path, while the rest of me felt like a trussed chicken or a rolled tongue! I was very soon glad to get out of my tray and return to the ever-recurring calculation as to whether it was easier to take two of the horrid little steps in a rather long stride or one in a very short one!

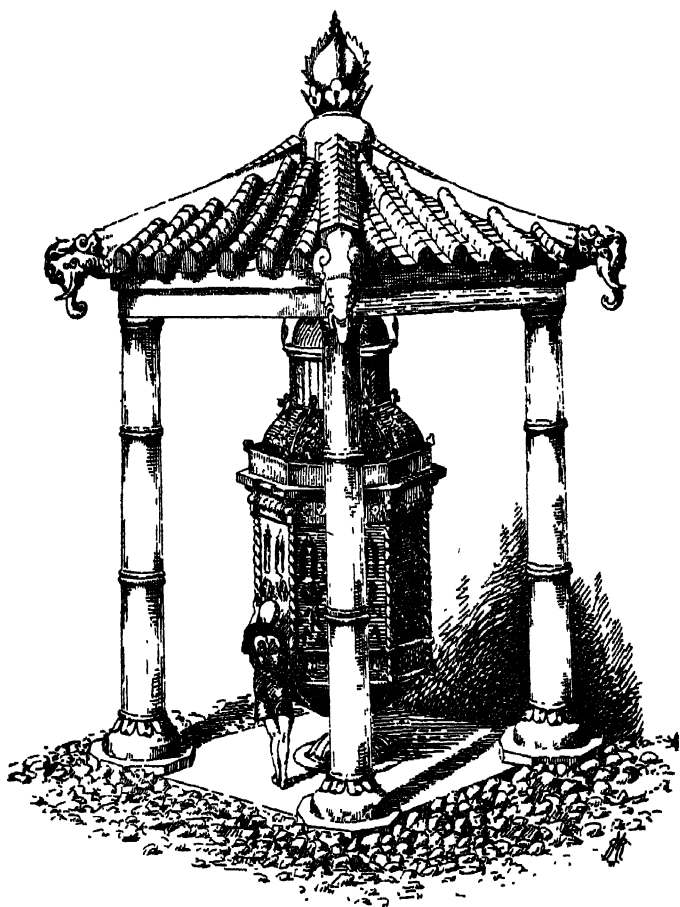
Losing sight of the Nikko plain we turned off the path to visit the Kegon-no-táki or Dragon-cascade, but it was dry, and we only saw the peculiarly jagged, toothed, and serrated rocks, which hang from the brow of the fall and shoot up from its base like dragon's jaws yawning for their prey.

At length the road became tolerably level, leading through a pretty wood carpeted with moss, ferns, wild anemones and bamboo-grass till we sighted the Chiuzenji Lake—a sheet of blue-green water five miles long by neary two in width—and soon afterwards entered the village, mainly composed of long, barrack-like buildings for the reception of the pilgrims who flock here at frequent intervals to bathe in the lake and ascend the sacred hill called Nantaizan, which rears its grassy sides and temple-crowned summit north of the village, and four thousand feet

above the lake, this again being an equal height above the sea. We found that the great secret of Nantaizan's popularity as a place of pilgrimage lay in the fact that the ascent to the summit absolved the climbers from murder and other crimes of a violent nature. The temple on the top is full of swords, daggers, clubs and other weapons with which the devotees have slain their victims; and as it is cleared of these relics every June, by counting the collection one could form a very fair idea of the number of murders committed during the year, or at least of those repented of.

The Chiuzenji tea-house overhangs the lake, and as the day continued fine, though cloudy, we went in a boat to the upper end of the sheet of water, whence a short climb brought us to the "Dragon's Head" water-fall, a series of small streams falling over black rocks, the banks covered with maples. Beyond the fall the path leads to a plain called "The Moor of the Red Swamp," from the autumn tints of the fading grass, though tradition assigns both name and colour to the blood shed in a great battle which took place here some five hundred years ago.

The village of Yumoto, or "Hot Springs," lies on one side of the moor, much resorted to by the sick who require hot sulphur baths. One of the springs is hot enough to scald the hand of the unwary visitor.



BRONZE PRAYER-WHEEL.

Next morning we started early, crossing the lake in a large flat-bottomed boat which held our "Kágos" and their bearers as well as ourselves. A very rough path led down the hill-side from the landing-place, partly cut out of the almost precipitous declivity, partly formed by the rocky channel of one of the outlets of the lake: a fine magnolia tree just coming into bloom over-hung one point of the track near some copper-mines in full work. We passed the night in a very bad tea-house at Ashiwó, the worst specimen of its class we saw in Japan, and in the dirtiest of villages — "mining district" was stamped unmistakeably on every thing and every face. We were glad to start again at nine next morning, and delighted to find that we were to do so in jinrikshas, which our guide had ordered from a town farther on.





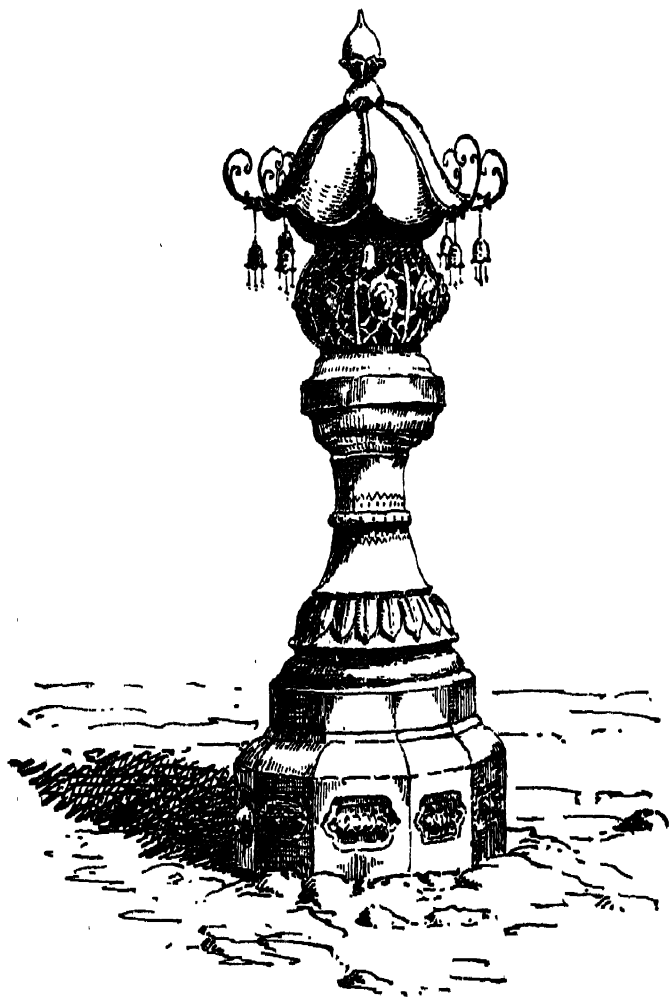
CHAPTER X.

JAPAN.

A COUNTRY ROAD—IKAO—TOKIO—A PLEASANT SURPRISE—FETE—FLOWER-SHOW—TEA.

THE scenery was charming, on either hand rose high hills covered with many-hued forests, amongst which the dark green of the cryptomeria was frequently visible. It was a fine bright morning, and the return to "wheel-carriages" aided to inspirit us and drive away the recollection of a bad night, our rest having been frequently broken by the incessant talking, singing (?), and twanging of the *koto*, or Japanese guitar.

We were now in the principal silk district of Japan ; the road passed through many groves of mulberry-bushes, stunted by the perpetual drain on their leaves



BRONZE LANTERN, NIKKO.

and twigs; the field-limits were defined by hedges of the same shrub, and the villages were filled with signs of the commencement of the "silk-worm season"—piles of oblong trays of split bamboo, about four feet by three—quantities of mulberry-branches hanging in barns and verandahs to dry off the superfluous moisture—heaps of stripped boughs piled up for firing—and, above all, that peculiar odour which I cannot describe, but which anyone who has kept silk-worms will easily recognise. We entered some of the rooms, or rather sheds, where the caterpillars were kept; they were darkened, and surrounded by tiers of shelves about four inches apart, on which were placed the trays filled with silk-worms and chopped mulberry-leaves. The little beasts were about an inch long, and they were carefully tended day and night, as the presence of any refuse is supposed to injure their delicate constitutions, and impair the quality of the silk. We often passed under canopies of beautiful blue and white *Wisteria* trained on framework over the road, while hedges of *azalea*—orange, scarlet, pink, mauve and white—brightened the sides of the path, and made our journey seem like a promenade through a huge garden.

At five in the afternoon we reached Omámá, a long straggling village which might have derived its name from the ceaseless cry of the crowds of children swarm-

ing in the street ! Every female urchin of five years old and upwards had a smaller urchin tied on her back. One little boy had on trousers, and looked terribly ashamed of himself ; most of the children wanted pocket-handkerchiefs, and all had a tremendous faculty of staring in a stolid, unblinking fashion which I have never seen surpassed !

The annual fish-festival was at hand, and there were innumerable highly-colored paper monsters with huge fins and gorgeous scales hanging at the end of bamboos, from strings across the road, and from every available projection. These paper fish are supposed to show that a boy has been born during the year in the house where they are displayed ; if this is the case I should think every family in Omámá must have been increased by a masculine infant, and judging by the numbers *en evidence* I can quite believe this to have been the case. When the wind blew, it filled these fantastic shapes, and the dirty village street looked like a gay scene in a pantomime.

This tea-house was again a bad one, small and squalid ; in the adjoining rooms were tipsy Japanese guests, from whom we were literally only separated by a sheet of paper, and that but a thin one ! Music, singing, and other horrible noises continued throughout the night.

Next day our road lay through the town of



FACSIMILE OF VOTIVE BUDDHA.

Máebáshi, which stands on the Tonegáwa river, and is rendered peculiar by the multitude of little rice-mills lining the streets, and worked by the swiftly-running water in the gutters; the water-wheels are covered in like a steamer's paddles. From Máebáshi a pleasant up-hill walk of seven miles through pretty scenery brought us to the village of Ikáo, perched on the slopes of Mount Harúna, and noted throughout Japan for its bracing air and strengthening waters. The springs are strongly impregnated with iron, and most refreshing to bathe in, as we soon ascertained. The tea-house here was a very superior establishment, and we felt quite at a loss how to accommodate ourselves to such unwonted luxuries as bedsteads, washhand-stands, and European crockery!

The village, which is large and prosperous, is built in terraces on the hill-side, and the main street consists principally of steps. The shops contained more turnery than anything else, and in almost every second building the turner could be seen at work, squatted in a hole in the ground with his small lathe in front of him, a pile of box-wood or *lignum-vitæ* blocks on one side, and another of well-finished boxes, cups, pipes, &c. on the other. A favourite material for this work is a white wood with eccentric dark-brown veinings, something like moss-agate; this takes a beautiful polish when waxed on the lathe—the

Japanese substitute for varnishing when lacquer is not used.

Another product of Ikáo industry is a thick cotton cloth dyed deep yellow in the ferruginous springs; this is made up into under-clothing or worn like a "cummerbund" round the waist, and is considered a specific for rheumatism and liver complaint.

Many shops were devoted to quails, and others to sweet-meats; while here and there were fish-mongers' stalls heaped with fresh and dried fish and wriggling masses of small live eels.

The bath-houses were open to the street, and displayed curious scenes, over which their steam-laden twilight cast a modest veil which I shall imitate.

A pretty path cut out of the hill-side leads to the source of the iron-springs, whence the steaming yellow water is carried in bamboo pipes to the various bath-houses in the village below.

Another and longer walk took us by steep flights of wood-bound steps on to a breezy moorland, covered with bamboo-grass and coarse heather; over this the road led to the steam-baths of Mushi-yu, at the foot of a bold, craggy hill. The bathing-establishment was slightly primitive, consisting only of some low sheds in the centre of the village street, and in front of the main tea-house. The manners of the bathers were equally "*sans façon*," for while we rested,

sitting on the raised floor of the tea-house, two young ladies emerged from the bath, stood in the sun for a while to dry, and then walked past us into the house—presumably to put their clothes on, as we did not see any sign of garments elsewhere. In fact, the only dressing about them was that of their hair, which was most elaborate!

There was a magnificent view from the Mushi-yu plateau extending for many miles, and embracing hill and dale, forest and stream, moorland and cultivation; the white walls of farm-houses shone brightly in the sun, the bold cliffs of Haruna rose against the clear sky, and the smoke of many villages mingled with the gauzy mists of the valleys, while from a neighbouring covert the homely note of a cuckoo carried our thoughts at one bound from the Japanese mountain-side to the fragrant hedge-rows of old England.

But next day saw a dismal change. It had rained heavily through the night, and morning brought but a grey and cheerless greeting, so we made up our minds to bring our trip to an end by a visit to the capital. Leaving Ikáo in jinrikshas at half-past seven, we raced down the hill and through the rain, along the slushy path and under the dripping foliage, frequently jolting over ditches and stones, and only halting for a few minutes at a tea-house with blue and white irises sprouting from the roof, to let our biped

steeds refresh themselves in their usual way with a dozen tiny cups of the bitter, scalding beverage, we completed our twenty-mile shaking and reached the Tákasáki railway-station in good time for the 11.30 train to Tokio, arriving at the Uyéno terminus at three in the afternoon. The cruel rain was still falling, and we had a wet drive to the Seiyó Ken Hotel, the best in the place. This was but a poor "best"! Dirty, smelly, and disagreeable, it seemed to us to combine the worst features of Japanese tea-house and European pot-house, and we frequently regretted our strange but clean and amusing experiences at the far less pretentious, but infinitely more comfortable resting-places at Nikko and Ikáo.

We spent two days only in Tokio, and I defer any attempt at its description to a future occasion, when the reader shall benefit, as we did, by our longer experience of the country.

On our return to Yokohama, where we arrived late on a wet, stormy evening, we found the Grand Hotel full. The manager told us that even the passages had been turned into temporary bed-rooms, owing to the unusual influx of passengers by the newly-arrived mail steamer. The other hotel was equally crowded, and, though a kind fellow-traveller offered to give up his bed-room to us, it had only a single bed, and the

landlord said he had not even a spare mattress ! Here was a pretty predicament ! We were tired, wet, and hungry, so we dined first, sending Kanéko, meantime, to make inquiries for vacant quarters. After an interval he returned, saying we could have a room at a "Japan hotel" ; so we set off through the stormy night, expecting the usual tea-house accommodation, with, perhaps, the addition of noisy bagmen and drunken sailors. Imagine our pleasant astonishment at being set down before a well-lighted door, where we were most courteously received by a pleasant English landlord, handed over to the charge of a very nice-looking house-keeper, and eventually shown into a suite of such pretty, clean, tastily-decorated and well-furnished rooms that we thought we had entered a gentleman's private house by mistake ! It was the most charming surprise by which tired and weary travellers could have been greeted.

Nor did experience dispel the enchantment. We made the Japan Hotel our Yokohama head-quarters during the remainder of our stay in the country, and always met with the same unvarying and unobtrusive attention to our comfort and wishes from Mr. James and all his household which had impressed us so favourably on our first arrival.

The waiters were dressed in native costumes of a highly æsthetic and mediæval fashion—tight dark-

blue jerkins and hose, white socks, and straw sandals which they doffed at the threshold; they only wanted flat woollen caps and clubs to complete their resemblance to the turbulent City-apprentices of the days of Good Queen Bess. The mode of calling attendants in Japan is peculiar. You have not got to learn a foreign expression, or an unpronounceable name, but merely clap your hands, a much more simple proceeding. The reply is always a sharply-inhaled "Hech!" meaning "Yes," and sounding as if the speaker had received a blow "below the belt."

The day after our return to Yokohama, June 2nd, we saw the funeral procession which escorted the body of the late Russian Minister to the court of Japan, who had died during the previous December. The corpse had been embalmed, and was now being removed for burial in its native land. The cortége was led by Russian priests in full pontificals, and officers and officials of all nations, including many Japanese, followed the bier, headed by the band of the "Vladimir Monomach," all being in full dress. At night a fête took place, with illuminations in honour of the Goddess of Fishermen, preparations for which we had already seen at Omámá. The small children evidently took a large share in these festivities, for they were present in their legions, all gorgeously



JAPANESE WAITER, MIYANOSHTA.

dressed in little robes of blue and white printed cotton of a particular pattern, with scarlet sashes; they carried red paper lanterns on sticks like small fishing-rods, and followed triumphal cars on wheeled platforms much resembling Mussulman *taxis*. Drums, fifes, stringed instruments and tom-toms kept up a continual din, while mummers and *improvisatori* acted or recited on stages erected above the heads of the crowd. The people were densely packed in many places, and crowded everywhere, but very orderly and good-tempered, always making way when they saw we wished to pass, and never pushing or crushing. Before we left many of the elders were carrying tired and sleepy children, whose queer little bald or three-tufted heads waggled and nodded in perilous fashion as they sat on the shoulders or lay in the arms of their nurses.

The annual flower-show came off during our stay at Yokohama. This is entirely under European management, and was held on the present occasion in the Public Hall, a large, ugly brick building like a Methodist chapel, standing at the top of the ascent to the Bluff. We found all the *élite* assembled here, some looking at the flowers and plants, but most of them gathered round the four large refreshment-stalls, which were decorated with the flags of England, France, America, and Germany, while the attendant

ladies belonged to the nation whose ensigns overhung their respective tables. A selection of European music was fairly played by the Mikado's band, which had been sent from Tokio for the occasion.

The flowers were very beautiful, and generally very tastefully arranged. Some of the devices were quaint as well as pretty, such as a large barrel covered with bark, strawberry-plants laden with fruit and flowers issuing from holes in the sides and top; and a large coronet-shaped frame covered with flowering creepers, a canary singing in a cage in the middle reminding one of the apostrophe to the fly in amber, the whole crowned with a bowl of Chinese gold-fish, with their peculiar trifid tails.

There were dwarf pines in all sorts of contorted shapes, and many beautiful varieties of ferns—one a maidenhair from far-distant Granada; also baskets containing very fine asparagus, tomatoes, cauliflowers, and many other vegetables, often decorated with immense peonies. Some beautiful bouquets were contributed by Mr. Boehmer, a local florist, but all the rest was the work of amateurs, and included some half-dozen good specimens of table decoration; to this purpose the trailing creepers and dwarf ivy willingly lent their aid.

Many days were pleasantly spent in visits to friends, and to the tempting shops of the china-

sellers, collections of lacquer and carvings, and stores of silk and embroidery. The preponderance of German influence is very remarkable; we not only heard this from the most reliable authorities, but it is unmistakeably shown by the fact that many of the shops had their Japanese signs translated into German only, while in all notices which appeared in foreign languages German held the first place. Next in frequency, and not far behind, came Russian. English and French followed after a long interval, and Portuguese, which at one time was the only Western tongue known in Japan, brought up the rear. We were told that at the northern port—Hakodaté—Russian was the prevailing language.

One of the many strange things which strike one in Japan is the complete absence of pasture and its products. Milk, butter, cheese, and mutton are unknown except as importations—the first three in a condensed and tinned state from Europe, the last from the Korea. An attempt was being made by the foreign settlers at Yokohama, who had already started a dairy, to get up a “mutton club,” feeding and killing its own sheep, but it was feared that want of feeding-ground would prevent its success. Not only is every available scrap of land near the town under cultivation, but the indigenous grasses are quite unfit for sheep pasture.

At this midsummer season the operations of manuring and irrigation were in full swing, and as every description of refuse and sewerage is used, it may be easily imagined that the land-breeze was not "laden with odours of Araby the blest." The dreadful smell borne on the wings of the west wind reminded us painfully of the back-slums of Canton described in a previous chapter, and again gave rise to the wish that we could exchange noses for extra eyes—at least, temporarily! The manure is scattered in small heaps and puddles over the rice-fields, which are then flooded, and as the water subsides, the fertilizing nastiness sinks with it, but alas!—the smell rises.

But if the smells from the country were unspeakably nauseous, those in the streets were almost pleasant enough to counteract them. From the open windows of the long low "tea-godowns" came the aromatic scent of the drying tea, for the leaves of the "first picking" were undergoing that process preparatory to being packed in six-pound boxes for exportation. There is a considerable difference between the methods of preparing tea adopted in China and Japan. In the former country the leaves are left in heaps till fermentation sets in, and are then dried over fires; in the latter they are placed, without any preliminary process, in shallow copper

basins which stand in long rows over brick-built furnaces, a watchful attendant in charge of each bowl to turn the tea and see that each individual leaf gets its fair share of heat, and that none stick to the bottom, burn, and spoil the flavor of whole contents of the pan. As soon as the leaves are thought to be sufficiently dry—a point which can only be decided by much discrimination and long experience—they are emptied out on to mats in the sun and “sorted,” that is, all the large coarse leaves and twigs are picked out, also any which are imperfectly dried; the remainder is now ready to be packed in the chests which stand in walls all round the court-yard, and in stacks and pyramids on every patch of ground not required for “sorting.” Great wains, laden high with trembling piles of these chests—ever tottering, but never falling—block the narrow streets, and their manufacture affords perpetual employment to hundreds of village carpenters all over the neighbourhood.

As soon as the lead-foil lined chest has been filled and nailed down it is handed over to another batch of workmen, who cover it dexterously with an envelope of rice-straw matting; the coloured stamp of the firm is impressed on one side, the name of the grower and title of the tea on the other; the outside now receives a final coat of coarse varnish, and it is ready for the European—or much more often the American—market.



CHAPTER XI.

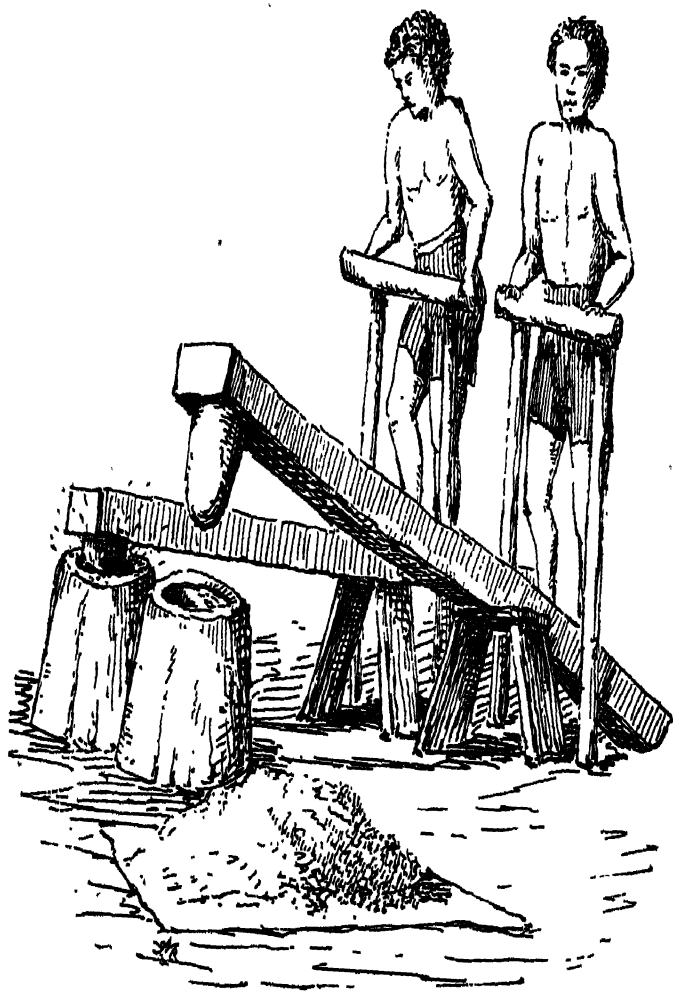
JAPAN.

THE TOKAIDO—MIYANOSHTA—HAKONE—FUJIYAMA—
THE OTOMITOGI PASS—ENOSHIMA—KAMAKURA
—A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE—KITES.



SOON after our return from Nikko and Ikáo we determined on a trip to the picturesque mountain village of Miyanoshta, the beautiful lake of Hakoné, Enoshima's enchanted isle, and Kamakura's colossal idol and stately temples, all of which lie within fifty miles south and south-west of Yokohama; so at half-past eight on a fine bright morning we started in jinrikshas from the Japan Hotel, well supplied with eatables for the journey by our provident host.

After crossing several streams and brackish inlets we ascended the hill which shelters Yokohama on



TREAD-MILLS

the south-west, and had a good view of Fujiyama from its summit. Then, again dipping into the plain, the track, which was exceedingly rough and bad, led through pretty undulating cultivation till it joined the Tokaido, or great highway of the east coast. Here the travelling became much easier; we passed many small temples, villages, avenues and groves of pine-trees and cedars, the road running frequently within sight and always within sound of the sea—sometimes raised high on a beetling cliff, sometimes descending to the sandy beach—here open and unfenced, there confined between high banks or rows of wind-racked pines. The barley was being reaped in the fields, and threshed by the road-side; the grain was first spread to dry on mats, then winnowed with baskets or in wooden machines like small thermantidotes, or steamer-paddles, to use an illustration more intelligible to those of my readers who have not been in India, and finally pounded in a primitive fashion—the mortar a hollowed tree-trunk, the pestle a round-headed rammer projecting from the end of a beam, which rose and fell as a man at the other end mounted on and jumped off the log. All these operations were being carried on where the *trottoir* should have been. In other places the road-side was occupied by numerous trays of tiny fish drying in the sun. It

was a succession of busy scenes in which every one took part, down to the tiniest urchin, and all looked merry and prosperous.

We had to leave our jinrikshas at Sammai-báshi, a village at the foot of the mountains forty miles from Yokohama, "Madame" proceeding in a *kágo* and I on foot. The path ascended steeply, passing a clean and well-built village called Yumóto, and then following the bank of a mountain torrent overhung by luxuriant verdure and fine forest trees. High on the opposite bank, perched on a cliff which jutted over the stream, were a white church and other buildings belonging to a Russian mission.

After a steep climb of two and a half miles we reached the village of Miyanoshta, near the centre of which stands the Fujiya Hotel—a large building, or rather collection of buildings, with good accommodation—presided over by a most civil and intelligent Japanese landlord and his pretty, half-French-looking wife, who wore native costume but had her hair dressed *à l'Anglais*.

Here we were glad to meet several of our former fellow-travellers and to make fresh acquaintances among the visitors, for Miyanoshta is quite a fashionable resort, though we were rather early in the season, which is at its height in July and August. The hotel is airily situated on a ridge jutting out from the

mountain side, and overlooks the pretty gorge in which the villages of Miyanoshta and Kiga lie—pretty now in June, but gorgeously beautiful in autumn when the first touches of frost have lighted the maples into flame, and brightened the sober tints of the birch and cherry foliage.

The *salle-à-manger* of the hotel was very like a ship's saloon, and the attendants were little cherry-cheeked hand-maidens with very tight skirts and very large sashes ; they had a male assistant who wore the tight blue drawers and vest described previously, and who rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of " Tom," and the knowledge of a little English. Several *bons-mots* were attributed to him—one referring to a couple of very tall young Englishmen whom he called the " Nara Daiboots " and the " Kamakura Daiboots," these being the two largest idols in Japan ; a fresh-looking, handsome man, with white hair, he always dubbed " Fuji," because " both have snow on his top ! " The girls were doing their best to pick up English, and were very fond of talking to the gentlemen visitors.

One of our first visits was, of course, to Hakoné, the beautiful lake whose praises are sung by all the Japanese poets, who reckon its claims to admiration second only to those of Fuji itself. The way thither lay up the steep hill-side past the village of Ashinoyu, celebrated for its hot sulphur-springs. These smelt

most horribly, and we were glad to hurry to windward of them at our best pace. Those who have had the courage to make the attempt declare that when you are once *in* these baths you no longer smell the water; but I should think the man who first proved that fact must have been even braver than he who first ate a raw oyster!

Leaving these malodorous springs behind we emerged on a rolling upland moor, covered in many places with high bamboo grass, and often veiled by a shifting curtain of dense white fog through which the blustering wind blew damp and chill.

We followed the narrow path past a little lake or mere, then skirted the rugged base of Futágo-yáma, an extinct volcano, its sides strewn with masses of rock and *scoriae* scattered in wild confusion by some long-past eruption, but still retaining their threatening aspect. This part of the road reminded me of the Pass of Glencoe, though on a much larger scale.

Passing a frowning rock, bearing an image of Buddha about twenty-five feet high carved in bold relief, we came to the western edge of the moor, and looked down on Hakoné nestling amidst the forest at our feet. A rapid descent brought us to the Tokaido—here an uneven road roughly paved with rounded flagstones—then, passing a fine red *torii*, we entered a stately avenue of pines which led us to the margin



LAKE HAKONÉ.

of the lake just under the walls of a new palace in course of erection for the Mikado. This building is—I regret to say—of European design, and looks more like a country workhouse, a subscription hospital, or one of those hideous hotels which deface the Engadine, than a royal palace! It would be difficult to imagine anything more utterly inappropriate or in viler taste than this painfully ugly building amid its lovely surroundings. Yet I fear this is by no means the worst result of contact with the West—witness the abolition of the gorgeous and stately court-dress, the prevalence of wide-awakes and straw hats, and, as I was often told by residents, the rapidly-increasing prices and deteriorating workmanship of all native art-products.

As for this new palace, I can only hope that Futágo-yáma may soon wake from his slumber, and by a new eruption overwhelm the intrusive bantling of a misdirected civilization.

We lunched and rested at a very comfortable tea-house on the margin of the lake, commanding a good view of Fuji's dark sides and snowy crown, his base was hidden by the wooded cliffs which wall in the northern side of the sheet of water. The angle of the mountain slopes is 43 degrees, though they appear to be much more perpendicular.

In the garden of the tea-house an old boat was

sunk in the ground and full of rain-water, in which swam so many lake-trout and carp that it looked like live fish soup; the object of this is to free the fish from the strong sulphurous flavour they possess when first taken from the lake. On our way back through the long grass I killed a snake marked like a trout, dark brown back, bright yellow belly, and a line of red spots where the colours met along the sides.

We stopped at the Ashinoyu tea-house to see some friends who were staying there for the baths. The lady of the party showed us her silver thimble, needle-case, châtelaine, &c., all blackened by the sulphur-laden air. Strange to say, during our short stay we lost all sensation of the overpowering stench which had nearly prevented us from attempting the visit.

I killed another snake on my way down the hill, fully five feet long, and marked like the one already described. Evidently these reptiles had come out of cover to sun themselves in the path and shake off the effects of the chill morning fog. They seem very numerous in the mountain districts of Japan, and are reported to be quite harmless; but I instinctively followed the Indian plan, to "kill the snake first and ask questions afterwards," very necessary in that country, where poisonous snakes are the rule, and innocuous the exception, whereas in Japan the

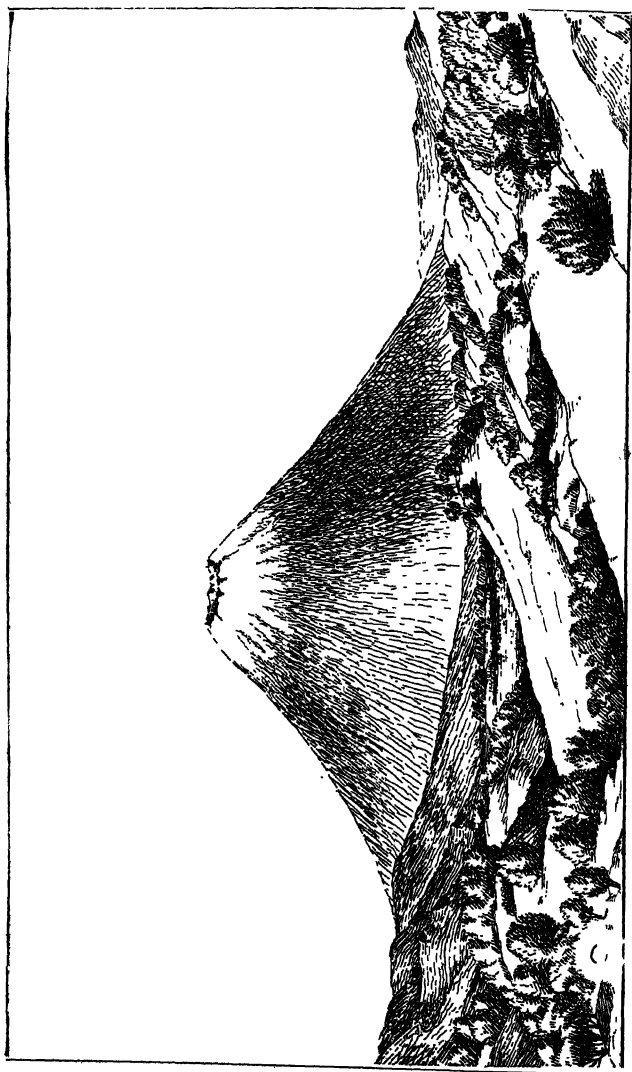
contrary is the case, and very luckily so, for I have seen more snakes there in one morning than during the whole of the years I spent in India.

The wood-carvings and turning for which Miyan-oshta is famed fill most of the village shops; the principal things made are small cabinets, model houses, travelling candle-sticks, boxes of bamboo or wood, and "Tunbridge-ware" generally; some of the articles are very pretty and curious, particularly the model houses, complete with gardens, fish-ponds, dwarf-trees and stone lanterns; and the wooden toys, especially the tops. These are of every conceivable shape and of most ingenious contrivance: one spins in a succession of leaps and jumps; another hums, changing its note as the speed decreases; but the most curious of all is one which discharges other little tops from holes in its sides during its revolutions, each of these smaller ones spinning away vigorously on its own account. This toy is called by a name signifying "the parent spinner," or "the top that breeds."

The baths at this hotel are supplied through bamboo pipes with water from natural hot springs, of which there are many in the neighbourhood; in fact you can hardly get any view in this volcanic region that does not include a mist of steam rising from some brilliantly green gorge, or a cloud of murky haze

overhanging some yellow sulphurous plateau. The temperature of the water in the hotel-baths is 176 degrees Fahrenheit, and it is quite free from either smell or taste, very unlike that of the neighbouring sulphur-springs. What a boon in a country where bathing is so universally and frequently practised (generally four or five times a day, often even more,) to have an unlimited supply of hot water always ready, and only requiring the construction of a pipe, for which the materials can be procured *gratis* and *ad libitum* from the forest across the road !

One of our expeditions was to the summit of the Otomitogé Pass. A rough, rocky path led past the pretty village of Kiga, with its picturesque kiosk called in Japanese Miharáshi Cháya, or "The Prospect Tea-house," commanding a good view up and down the gorge ; then descended and crossed the river by a bridge formed of rough tree-trunks laid on piles of loose stones defended from the current by interlaced bamboos. Up the opposite cliff and through the dark pine-woods, over barren moor and well-tilled wheat-field we pursued our way, the sweet-scented air too often poisoned by the sulphurous exhalations borne on the breeze from the barren yellow and russet patch high on the opposite hill, which marks the entrance to the desolate gorge of Oji-goku, or "Great Hell," where the surface is baked



FUJI, FROM OTINOTOGÉ.

and cracked by the heat of the ever-smouldering fire far in the bowels of the mountain.

Emerging from the last belt of forest, we crossed a gently rising moor to the foot of Otomitogé, which barred our path like a gigantic wall of limestone draped with verdure. A very steep climb up a zigzag path landed us breathless on the breezy summit of the pass, where we were glad to throw ourselves down on the turf and drink in the beauty of the lovely scene before us.

The hill descended abruptly at our feet to a cultivated plain, the brilliant, vivid green of the wheat-fields broken by the darker tints of grassy slope and wood-crowned knoll, the silvery threads of brooks and rivulets, or the glistening sheen of sylvan pool and rock-bound tarn. Rolling hills curved the horizon, and in the centre, towering high above all—his snowy diadem glistening like frosted silver in the noon-tide sun, the graceful sweep of his shoulders like the widespread folds of a royal mantle—rose kingly Fuji-yáma, peerless, perfect, and alone.

This is said to be the finest view of the great mountain, and I must admit that it would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful scene, or one in which grandeur of outline combines more admirably with brilliancy of colour and delicacy of tint.

We lay long on our grassy couch gazing on the

magnificent panorama, sometimes turning our sun-wearied eyes in the opposite direction, where the deep blue waters of Lake Hakoné lay slumbering in their forest setting, like a sapphire in a cup of emerald—sometimes starting to find that the soft mountain air, warm sun and stiff climb had combined to lull our senses into half-wakeful slumber—saying little but enjoying much.

Although our return journey was a very much easier business than the morning walk had been, we were glad to receive our landlord Yámagúchi's respectful welcome, and even more so to don the pretty blue-and-white bathing-gowns and descend to the retreshing and ready hot baths. By-the-bye these gowns were daily placed clean and ready for use in our rooms, and were usually of quaint-patterned cotton cloth, a white ground with the design stamped on it in blue, sometimes sprays of bamboo or cherry-blossom, sometimes birds, butterflies and feathery grasses, strange fish in very curly water, groups of women in flowing garments or of men in none at all, but always pretty, artistic and fresh.

We found the nights rather chilly after the heat of Yokohama, and asked to have an extra blanket put on the bed; this was immediately done, and supplemented by a magnificent robe of quilted, wadded, dark-blue shot silk, with a fine otter-skin

collar; this turned out to be one of Yámagúchi's winter coats, and we could not help thinking how comfortable it would be and what a sensation it would make if worn as an ulster at home.

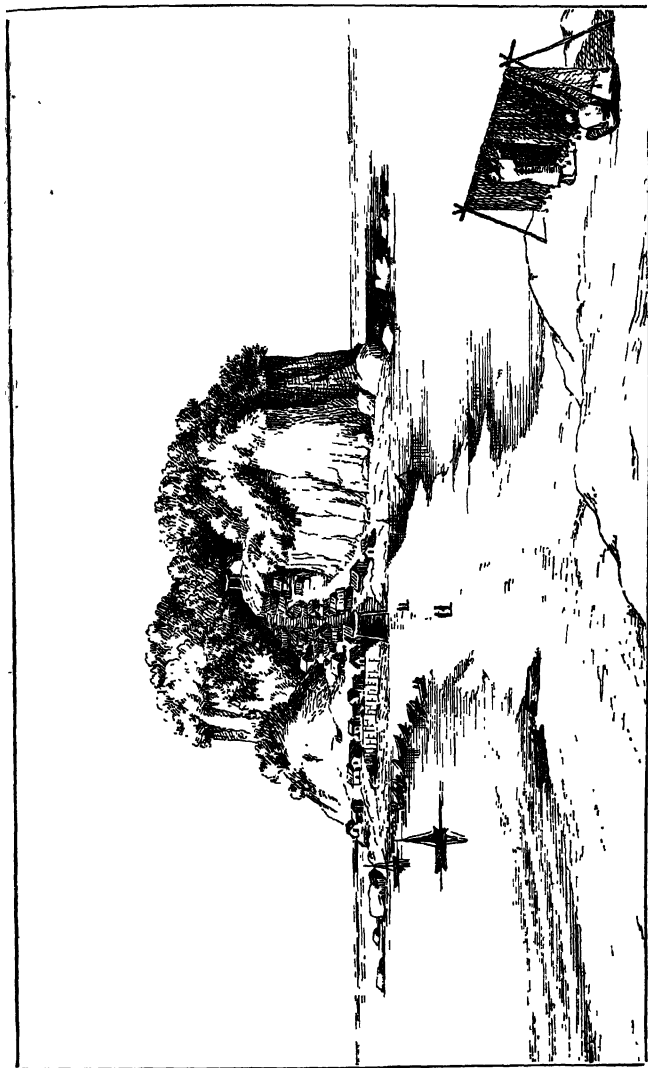
As a contrast to the view from Otomitogé I may mention the magnificent sea-scape to be seen from the survey station on the highest point of the hill which rises steeply at the back of the hotel. From this coign of vantage the whole coast-line lies in sight as far as Yokohama Bay, and on a clear day even far Tokio can be distinguished.

On the 10th of June we left pretty Miyanoshta, and travelled back over the same road by which we had come until we reached Fujisáwa, about half-way to Yokohama. Here we left the Tokaido, and followed a bye-way across the fields for some miles to a village on the coast, sheltered from the sea by a range of low sand-hills; crossing them we saw the island of Enoshima—a rugged mass of rock crowned with trees—lying right before us.

I call Enoshima an island because everybody else does so, but it is really a peninsula, connected with the mainland by a sandy isthmus which is only submerged by spring-tides. This sacred spot is named by the Japanese “the Enchanted Isle,” and dedicated to Benten, the Goddess of Good Fortune. Ancient tradition says that a sea-monster used to come out

of the water here and devour the children of the neighbouring villagers ; they appealed to the goddess for help, a mighty earthquake followed, the monster was destroyed, and the island rose from the waters bearing Benten seated on its summit. Of course this is all true, because the island is there to prove it.

Crossing the isthmus we passed under a lofty *torii* of bronze, and toiled up the flights of broad, uneven stone steps with shops on each side which form the village street. There was a large tea-house into which we were invited, but in vain, for we had had a cottage placed at our disposal through the kindness of a friend. Disdaining the allurements of the *moosmis* we climbed up still higher, passed another *torii* in front of a temple, and finally reached our destination—a pretty two-storeyed wooden villa with a garden and lawn-tennis court—one of four summer residences built here, and owned by English merchants in Yokohama. These cottages stand on the highest point of the island, and command a view over the Pacific only bounded by the horizon, and another of the country lying between the ranges occupied respectively by Miyanoshta and Kamakura. The cliff facing the sea is perforated by a long winding cavern which is reached by a steep stairway beset with small shrines, tea-houses, and stalls



ENOSHIMA.

for the sale of shell-work and sea-weed ; from the rocks at its foot comes the principal supply of " Venus Ear " shells, for which the island is famous. The priest in charge of the cave lighted a tallow " dip " and led the way into its recesses, which penetrate the rock about one hundred and fifty yards, and are, in some places, less than six feet high. At a third of the distance from the entrance the passage opens into a sort of hall or grotto, having on one side a small shrine to the goddess with tapers burning before it. The sea runs up to the very end of the cave, and the subterranean rocks laved by it appeared to be bright purple and mauve as far as could be seen by the faint candle-light.

It is said that in very clear weather, the smoke of Oshima, or Vries Island, an active volcano, can be distinguished in the south, but we never saw it, for in the afternoon the clouds which had been threatening all day poured a deluge on the island, and hung a thick grey curtain across the windows. At night the sky cleared, the moon came out brilliantly, and on looking from our bed-room windows we saw Fuji-yama like a glistening silver veil hanging in the dark blue ether—pure, transparent, and unreal.

One striking peculiarity of this mountain is that it appears to increase with distance, rising higher as you recede from it, yet ever retaining its perfect

portion and majestic charm. But I must drop all reference to Fuji henceforth, or the reader will think that I am as much enamoured of the "Peerless Mountain" as the Japanese themselves,—and perhaps he would not be very far wrong!


We stayed two days at Enoshima, and then made an early start to return to Yokohama, *via* Kamakura. Walking down the steep and irregular steps—all muddy and slippery from the recent rain—we crossed the sandy isthmus and got into our jinrikshas. Away we rattled and jolted, splashed, rolled and slipped over miry clay paths leading across swampy rice-fields, the tree crowned spurs jutting out from the hill-sides like promontories in a lake. At length we reached a deep cutting through a sandstone ridge, and on emerging from its northern end discerned an immense dark massive face framed in cypresses rising above the trees in front. A rapid descent and sharp turn to the left brought us to an archway through which we saw, at the end of a cypress-avenue, the great seated figure of Buddha—the famous Daiboots of Kamakura.

This celebrated idol dates from the year 1252, and was made by pouring molten metal into a gradually heightened mould, in the same way as was described in the account of our visit to Nara. It was formerly enclosed in a temple, but this building was destroyed



THE GREAT DAIBOTSU OF KAMAKURA.

by an inundation in the fifteenth century, and has never been replaced. The image looks much more impressive standing as it does in the open air, and gives one the idea of being larger than the Nara idol, though the reverse is the actual fact, the Kamakura Daiboots being forty-nine and a half feet high, while that at Nara is fifty-three. The length from knee to knee is nearly thirty-six feet, and each thumb is a yard in circumference.

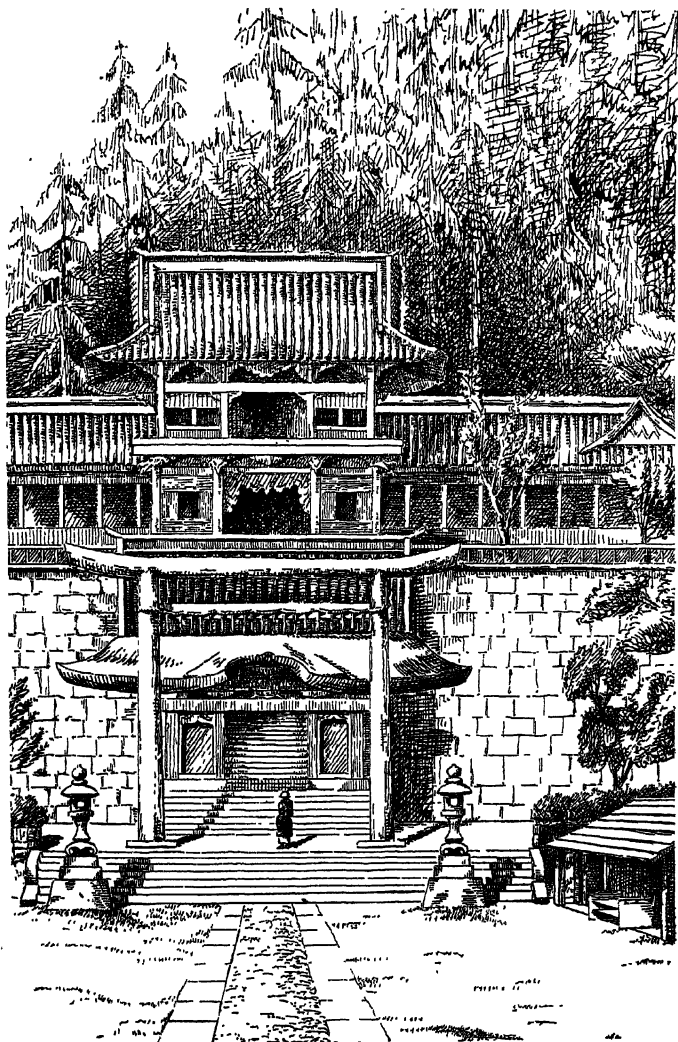
The features are rather Greek in style, much resembling those of the statues found in such numbers in Eusofzai, on the extreme north-west frontier of India, and called by antiquarians "Græco-Buddhist"; the countenance has an abstracted, contemplative look; the eyes are closed, the hair is short and curly, and in the centre of the forehead is a round boss of white metal fifteen inches in diameter, said to be silver, and to weigh thirty pounds; the legs are crossed, and the feet lie on the knees, soles uppermost, the great toes appearing from under the sleeves of the wide mantle; the fingers of both hands join at the knuckles of the first and second joints, the thumbs touching, and form a recumbent .

In the middle of the back, between the shoulders, are two apertures with double doors or shutters looking like square wings when opened from within to give light and air to the temple which occupies the

interior of the image, and to which access is obtained by a staircase and door on the left side of the base. Tall bronze lotus-plants and lanterns are arranged in front of the idol, and several priests are constantly in attendance.

Soon after bidding farewell to Daiboots we came to the beautiful Shinto temple dedicated to the War-God, Háchimán. This magnificent shrine is splendidly placed on a terraced platform supported by a strong masonry embankment, the dark pines on the hill-side forming a rich contrast to the brilliant colours and glittering gold with which the building is profusely ornamented. The paved approach to the red *torii* at the foot of the granite steps passes between two pools, their surfaces covered with lotus-leaves, and a large stone lantern stands on each side of the entrance. In the crimson-lacquered colonnade of the temple many interesting relics are exhibited, chiefly the arms and armour of deceased Shoguns; amongst these are a beautiful stand of highly decorated bows and arrows—a helmet with dragon-crest worn by the great Iyé-yásu, whose tomb we had seen and admired at Nikko—and a gigantic two-handed sword called “Yoritomo’s sickle.” The attendant priest presented us with a miniature copy of this tremendous weapon on our departure.

Our road now led through the old historical town



TEMPLE OF THE WAR-GOD, KAMAKURA.

of Kamakura, once the capital of Eastern Japan, now little more than a roadside village, famous only for its memories and its temples. We passed many of the latter, stopping to examine some of them more closely, till at length we regained the Tokaido, or high road, at Kánagáwa, a pretty town at the head of a deep bay, the birthplace of Uráshima, the Japanese Rip Van Winkle, whose tale I thus condense from Satow. Uráshima, a poor fisher-boy, after spending three days and nights in fruitless toil, at length caught a turtle which, while he slept, transformed itself into a lovely maiden. She informed him that she was the daughter of a magician, and that she had fallen in love with, and wished to marry him. Uráshima accepted her bissextile offer, and was suddenly transported to an island covered with splendid and dazzling palaces, where he enjoyed himself amazingly. After the lapse of what seemed to him three years, he was overcome with homesickness and the longing to see his parents once more. His fairy-wife used all her wiles to detain him, but finding him firm in his resolution, she wiped away her tears, saying, "My love for you is everlasting, and my only desire is to live with you to the end of time. But your thoughts turn away to your old home; go, then, if go you must!" Hand in hand they walked sadly to the place of parting,

where she gave him a casket, bidding him, if he wished to remember and return to her, always to carry it with him but never to open it. He then got into his boat, and shutting his eyes for a moment at her desire, re-opened them in front of his native village. He landed, and looked round in alarm, for the faces of the inhabitants were all changed, and he knew no one. At last he addressed a man, saying, "Pray can you tell me where the family of Uráshima lives?" The man replied, "Where do you come from, asking about people gone long, long ago? Old folk do say that in byegone times there was a certain Uráshima who went sailing out over the sea and never returned, but that happened over three hundred years ago." Poor Uráshima was stupefied on hearing this, and for days could do nothing but brood over his grievous disappointment. At length he bethought himself of the casket and the sweet sorceress who had given it to him. Forgetful of her injunctions he lifted the lid—a purple vapour rose and floated away over the sea, and a distant sigh echoed faintly through the still evening air. The spell was broken, Uráshima was instantly transformed into a decrepit, white-bearded old man, and shortly afterwards ended his days at the tomb of his parents near Hakoné.

The valley in which Kánagáwa stands is very

fertile and also pretty, but hardly sufficiently beautiful, in our opinion, to merit its extravagant Japanese title—"The Plains of Heaven."

We saw some very fine peonies for which the district is famous throughout the summer, as it is for chrysanthemums the autumn season. During the journey our attention was frequently attracted by strange sounds floating through the air like the tones of an *Æolian* harp, and it was some time ere we discovered that they were produced by small instruments of metal attached to the immense kites of all colours and shapes, which were being flown by people along the road. Another queer thing about this kite-flying was that the pastime by no means confined itself to the boys—grey-headed elders and reverend seniors took a share, and a very large share, in the game. We were much amused by the anxious gravity with which one in particular—a bald-pated, white-bearded old gentleman—watched his aerial toy through a pair of very large gold spectacles! The kites were generally diamond-shaped and slightly concave, but many were made in the shape of huge birds with out-spread wings, while others again imitated dragons, hideous faces, monstrous fishes, or gigantic flowers. The amount of ingenuity, wild fancy, and artistic design expended on even these cheap, perishable toys was wonderful.

The road wound through the fields and round the outskirts of the town, till after crossing several bridges we entered Yokohama, and were finally deposited at the door of the comfortable Japan Hotel.





CHAPTER XII.

JAPAN.

TOKIO—THE STREETS—THE CASTLE—KWANKOBA—
ARSAKSA—VARUNA—THEATRE—ENTERTAINMENTS
—FAREWELL TO JAPAN.



THE reader must not imagine that because I have hitherto omitted all description of Tokio, we had, therefore, not visited the capital; on the contrary, we had spent many pleasant hours there, sometimes as the guests of most kind and hospitable hosts, but more frequently wandering through the quaint streets and picturesque bazaars by ourselves, checking our jinrikshas, and often leaving them, wherever anything more than usually strange or beautiful attracted our attention. Tokio (till lately called Yeddo,) is a very irregularly built city, covering a large area twenty-five miles in

circumference, and containing a rapidly increasing population reckoned in 1886 at a hundred thousand. The railway line from Yokohama runs chiefly along the shore, and often passes so close to the sea that the water comes right up to the rails, which are laid on ground reclaimed by being slightly raised above its original level. The scenery on the west or landward side is pretty, and a distant glimpse of Fujiyama can be caught on a clear day from the Tsurugawa station, where also numbers of storks are seen feeding in the surrounding rice-fields, whence they gather an ample supply of frogs and small fish. The terminus is at Shinbashi, or "New bridge," forty miles from Yokohama—a fine stone building, with European arrangements for entrance and exit, ticket-office, &c. The usual civil, smiling officials exercise a quiet supervision of the crowded stone platform, on which the wooden clogs worn by the majority of the passengers repeat their perpetual "frog-chorus." There are crowds of jinrikshas waiting outside the station, and also a few very rickety carriages. The wide streets in this quarter of Tokio present a marked contrast to the narrow alleys of other Japanese towns, though the gain in convenience is counter-balanced by a decided loss in picturesque appearance. One of these thoroughfares is called Anjin-cho, "Pilot Street," after Will Adams, an English pilot who settled here,

married a Japanese wife, and was buried near Yokohama in 1620. The houses are built with low upper-storeys and heavily tiled roofs, all painted black, but this only serves as a back-ground to set off the gay hangings and coloured lanterns which decorate each shop-front, while the bright and well-arranged merchandise still further varies the scene.

The massive iron-lined shutters of the upper windows are made in layers, decreasing in size towards the interior like the doors of fire-proof safes, and are as thick as the walls. Many canals intersect the city, crossed by picturesque bridges and generally well filled with broad, flat-bottomed boats laden with country produce, building materials, or cargoes from the vessels at anchor in the bay, presenting nearly as busy an appearance as the thronged streets and crowded markets. The Castle is the centre of Tokio from which the city radiates like a star, and round it are grouped the residences of the principal inhabitants, including the Emperor's Palace—a pretentious stone edifice, displaying the golden chrysanthemum on its principal façade—the houses of the nobles, each secluded from observation by a high stockade usually painted dull red—and the embassies of foreign Powers; at the English Legation there are several pretty cottages for secretaries and attachés clustered round the Ambassador's dwelling, the whole sur-

rounded by well-planned gardens and carefully-kept turf, the Union Jack flying from a lofty flagstaff planted on a grassy hillock in the centre.

The Castle is encircled by a broad moat covered with lotus leaves, its massive walls—built of huge stones cleverly fitted together—rise almost perpendicularly from the water, and are pierced by several gateways defended by loop-holes and drawbridges. It was while crossing one of these bridges in March 1861, that the Prime Minister, Ii Kamon-no-Kami, was attacked by a band of seventeen men, who, after killing four of the escort and putting nineteen others *hors de combat*, dragged him from his litter and cut off his head, which one of them succeeded in carrying away. One deep part of the moat goes by the name of “the Bull’s Pool,” because a cart laden with copper money, and drawn by a bull, fell in here and was never recovered.

Near the Castle are many barracks and drill-grounds, where we frequently saw the sturdy, untidy little soldiers drilling, while unhappy-looking mounted officers passed backwards and forwards, tightly clutching their holsters or horses’ manes, and giving the idea that a Japanese cavalry charge would be by no means terrific to anyone but themselves. Bugles practising French calls and bands discoursing native music gave to the scene a martial air, which was

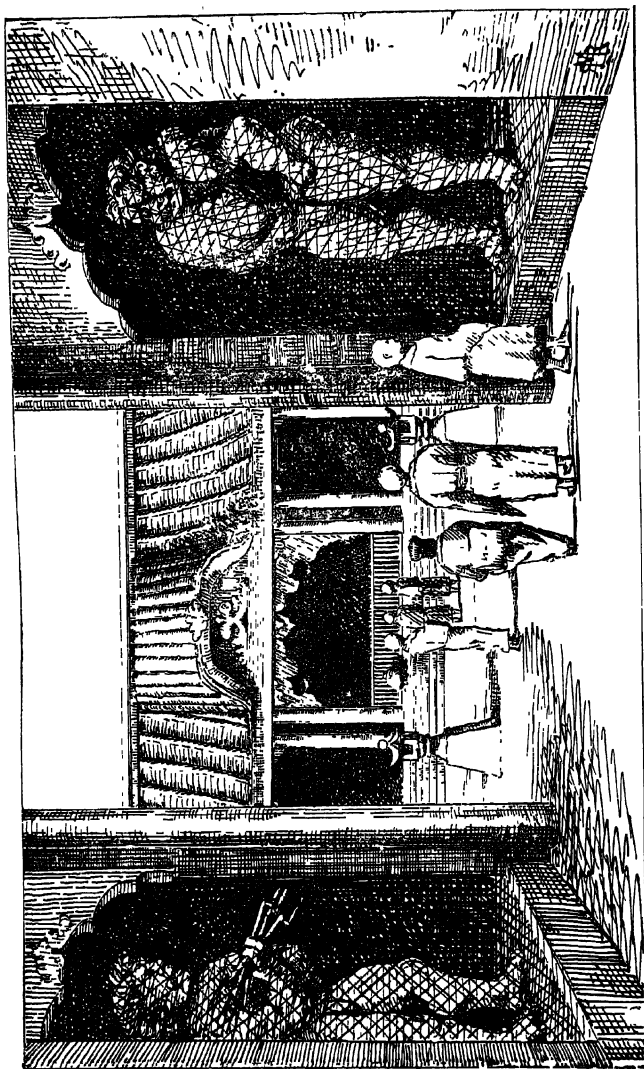
certainly not added to by the groups of little military caricatures who manœuvred on the parade ground, or smoked and lounged at the barrack-gates.

The "Bank-note Mint" is a fine stone building from which the paper money so generally used throughout the kingdom is used, the coin being struck at Osáka. We were told that *soap* is made from the old defaced notes which are returned to the Mint! I cannot say if this be true, but certainly many of those which passed through our hands were greasy enough for anything, and no wonder, for they run as low as ten *sen*, or fourpence, and are, therefore, used by the poorest people. Plenty of fish were always for sale, and sometimes we met a hawker carrying two trays on a bamboo across his shoulder, full of salt water and live soles.

The royal gardens are very pretty and most neatly kept, but are devoid of the quaint conceits and queer deceptions which are the special features of Japanese pleasure-grounds. Much more interest can be got out of Kwán-ko-bá, and infinitely more amusement from Asáksa. The former is a large rambling building in which a perennial bazaar is held "for the encouragement of arts and industries," as the Japanese notice at the entrance sets forth. It covers a considerable space, and contains an almost endless succession of counters artistically covered with china,

turnery, leather-work, lacquer, tortoise-shell, pipes, stationery, bamboo, and a hundred other manufactures—useful, ornamental, and peculiar. Each article is marked with its price, which is settled by the committee in charge; this (and one or two similar, through smaller marts,) is the only place throughout Japan where you are not compelled to bargain or be cheated; but then only common and modern things can be bought here, the older and better specimens must be hunted for through tortuous alleys and up dark, shin-breaking, hat-destroying stairs, and finally attained after the expenditure of many flowery speeches and much valuable time.

Asákusa is one of the most frequented and popular places in the capital, combining the attractions of temple, bazaar, eating-house and menagerie; it lies at the north-eastern extremity of the city. Arriving at the *torii* or gateway which stands at the entrance to the grounds, we left our jinrikshas, paid a small toll at the gate, and proceeded slowly on foot through a dense crowd of gaily-dressed people who looked as if they were assisting at a fair or fête; this impression was heightened by the brilliant decorations of the shops on each side, paper lanterns, artificial flowers, gay hangings, and Venetian masts bearing wreaths and banners; but we found it the same at each of our frequent visits, and soon grew accustomed to the



THE GUARDIANS OF THE GATE.

sight, which at first appeared so strikingly peculiar, and so strangely effective. The shops were mere wooden booths, draped and festooned with daring but unerring taste, and mostly filled with toys, dolls, sweetmeats, ribbons, hair pins, sashes, and other gew-gaws, in which there seemed to be a thriving trade ; other stalls, not so extensively patronized but still doing a very fair business, displayed cooking-pots, lanterns, basket and bamboo-work, while fan-shops occurred at every turn, and appeared to draw more customers than any others. We were always followed by a crowd of curious, gaping, staring, chattering, but ever civil people of both sexes, who evidently considered the foreigners—especially these ladies—quite the greatest curiosities and leading attractions present, and I daresay they wondered that no extra admission fee had been charged on days when this grand addition was made to the show.

At the upper end of the long street the booths were replaced by a row of cryptomeria pines on one side, while on the other they were profusely decorated with purple, scarlet and white flowers, and were devoted to theatrical and dancing exhibition. The temple-gate is flanked by the usual hideous figures of the gods of thunder and of wind : the former, stationed on the left hand and painted red, grasps a thunder-bolt, and has a thumb and two

fingers on each hand, and three toes on each foot. The wind god is green, and carries an inflated sack on his back, the tied ends depending over his shoulders: he has three fingers and four toes. These grotesquely ugly deities are the objects of an equally grotesque form of worship: their devotees write their prayers on small pieces of paper, which they chew to a pulp and spit at the idols through the wire grating stretched in front of them; if the pellet hits the grating the request is refused, but if it goes through and sticks on the idol it will be granted. The wire of the gratings and the surface of the figures were thickly spotted with these small lumps of masticated petitions.

The temple dedicated to "Kwannon of the Thousand Hands," is one of the most ancient and most frequented in Japan. During November gorgeous ceremonials take place here, and the worshippers wear their finest garments; the men appear in the old court costume—splendidly embroidered robes, richly ornamented swords, and magnificent mantles with wide stiffened shoulder-pieces and sweeping double trains some yards in length—a much more appropriate and dignified dress than the pseudo-European style introduced at the court of the present Mikado. The women on this occasion wear a cowl or hood over their head



DAIMIO IN COURT DRESS.

which is called a "horn hider," in allusion to the Buddhist saying that "a woman looks like a saint but she is really a demon." (N.B.—Buddhist, priests do *not* practise celibacy.)

One of the idols in the temple represents the God of Medicine, and his votaries may be seen rubbing any parts of their own bodies that are affected and then touching the corresponding place in the image, to transfer the pain or disease to the god. Here, too, is a prayer-wheel, not so large nor so handsome as the one at Nikko, but much more efficacious, for it contains a complete edition of the Buddhist doctrines. A notice attached to it announces that: "Owing to the voluminous number of Buddhist scriptures—6,771 volumes—it is impossible for any single human being to read them through; but those who cause this wheel to revolve thrice will be credited with having done so, and will reap the full reward." Though this method seems scarcely adapted to spread religious knowledge, it certainly possesses the advantages of simplicity and rapidity; besides, the leaves do not get dog's-eared, nor can there ever be any need for a "Revised Version."

Numbers of tame blue pigeons wandered about the pavement in front of the temple, even where the crowd was so thick that it seemed impossible for them to escape being trodden on, and still greater

numbers perched on the buildings or wheeled through the bright sunlit air overhead.

The neighbouring menagerie contained a tiger, various sorts of deer and monkeys, and a pool full of otters; but the greatest natural curiosity (which did not look at all natural) was to be found in the aviary, where, amongst cages filled with peacocks, emus, pheasants and lyre-birds, was an enclosure containing three cocks, two white and one black and gold. Their bodies were not larger than ordinary English barn-door chanticleers, but their tails were wonderful: rising from the body in a thick mass, the feathers drooped gracefully in a sweep fully nine feet in length. In the museum we saw stuffed specimens with tails twelve feet long. I scarcely expect this statement to be believed, but I assure the reader that it is strictly true.

On the opposite bank of the river stands the temple of Ekko-in; here is a great cemetery containing the remains of those who perished in the earthquakes of 1656, (said to have destroyed 188,000 people,) and 1855, (104,000.)

The Varúna Park is a pretty enclosure surrounding the museum—a fine granite building containing models, specimens of natural products, &c. Besides the marvellous stuffed cocks above mentioned we saw a crab whose extended claws measure nine feet

from tip to tip ; a lobster with feelers two feet long ; moths of an olive-brown colour, six inches across ; the State carriage used by the Shoguns—a heavy, carved, gilt and lacquered vehicle on gun-wheels, entered at the back by a short flight of steps, and bearing a grotesque resemblance to a highly-ornamented bathing-machine ; also working models of fish-weirs ; nets for deep-sea fishing and fishing boats ; and beautiful lacquer dressing-cabinets holding a circular mirror and stand, brushes for teeth and nails (but not for hair !), combs, boxes and pots, foot-bath and hot-water can, all of lacquered wood.

Leaving Varúna and its curiosities we visited the temples of Shiba, second in splendour and interest only to the great shrines of Nikko. These magnificent buildings stand in an irregular line at the foot of a low hill covered with green turf, fine cryptomerias over-shadow them, and a wide boulevard runs along their front. Their courts contain hundreds—I think I may say thousands—of stone or bronze votive lanterns ranged in double and triple rows, and are surrounded by beautiful railings in red lacquer and gold, with deeply carved gates partly in open-work, partly in high relief. Here, too, the indescribably gorgeous colouring, inimitably graceful design, and amazing intricacy of

detail astound the spectator ; but the chief charms of the Nikko shrines—the grand pine-woods, the mysterious silence, and the sacred gloom—are wanting, and though the eye is filled to satiety, the mind and imagination are left hungry and ill content.

The Uyéno gardens are a favourite resort of both Europeans and Japanese. They lie to the north of the city, and are laid out as a park with a large pool or small lake in the centre, which is covered with purple iris and lotus-flowers in autumn, and surrounded by double-blossomed cherry trees, whose petals clothe the turf with fragrant snow in spring.

These pretty gardens were the scene of a sanguinary contest in 1868 between the Imperialists and the supporters of the Shogun. The latter were routed and most of them slain, and from that date the double sovereignty of Japan ceased to exist—the Mikado monopolised the supreme government and grasped the sceptre which has already, like a magician's wand, demolished so many of the old customs and prejudices, and wrought so complete a change in dress, in manners, and in men, that a backward step of eighteen years lands one in the Middle Ages !

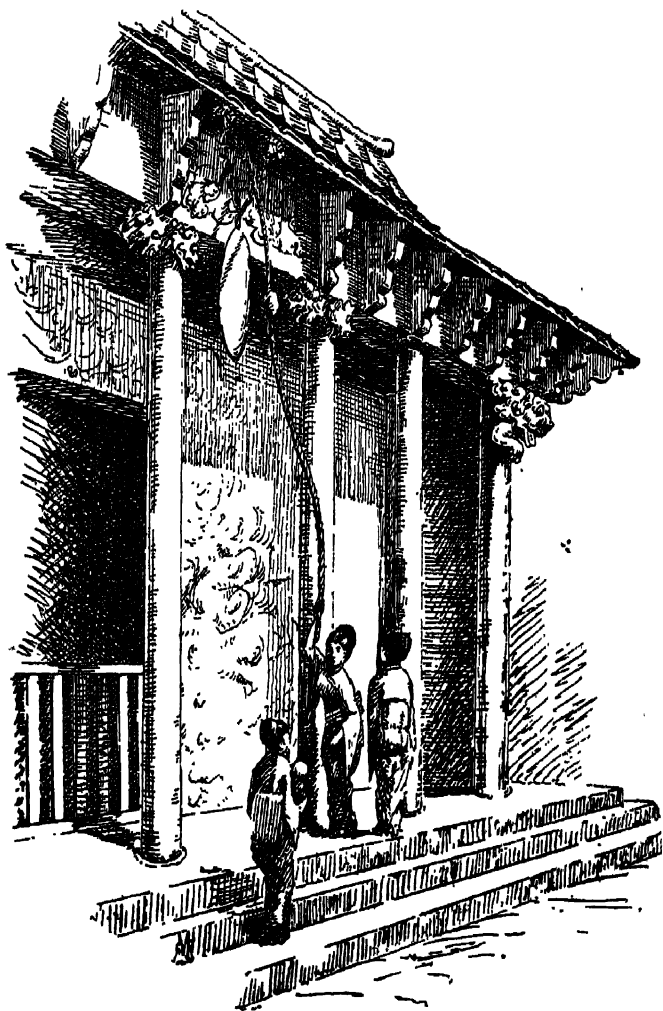
The flower shops were very pretty, well supplied with cut flowers of every hue, as well as beautiful plants in pots, each of the last in itself a work of art, and worthy of its lovely contents. There were no

bouquets in our sense of the word; these true worshippers of nature prefer a single graceful lily, or a solitary spray of cherry or wistaria, to the cauliflower-pattern abominations of their European brethren. The artistic taste displayed in the arrangement and placing of these simple-seeming clusters constantly appeals to one's sense of the beautiful and the appropriate.

Tokio boasts of no less than six theatres, besides numerous places of entertainment of the music-hall class. The Shintomi Za is the chief and largest of the theatres; it is arranged with galleries and pit, side-walks or bridges passing over the latter for the actors, as described at the Kioto Ballet. The proscenium is decorated with an inscription embroidered in gold on black velvet, saying (in Dutch) that it was presented to the theatre by a company of Dutch actors who performed here a few years ago; the Japanese management very generously gave them the use of their house free of all charge. We thought the performance here rather poor, but perhaps we were getting *blasés* and hypercritical! The most interesting part of the play was the performance of *hara-kiri* by one of the actors; this he did in a very realistic way, quite excelling Sarah Bernhardt's dying struggles. At the appointed moment he plunged a dagger into his midriff with

magnificent *nonchalance*, turned it round two or three times to make sure of the effect, and then fell forward on his face and writhed about the stage—clutching convulsively at the crimson tape blood, which issued in a torrent from the wound—and eventually squirmed behind a screen to die, appearing again a few seconds afterwards in an entirely fresh *rôle*, welcomed by the plaudits of all the spectators.

The usual amount of eating, smoking and tea-drinking went on amongst the audience; attendants bearing trays of sweetmeats, or piles of fresh tea-pots and cups, moved continually along the parallel bars which divided the pit into many squares; a light haze of tobacco-smoke hung overhead; and through all moved a gorgeously-apparelled being with shaven head and scarlet silk robe covered with round white spots, who was evidently a privileged and popular personage, for he was continually being invited to to take a seat, which he almost always declined, though, to show there was no ill-feeling in the refusal, he accepted continual offers of “light refreshments,” taking a bite here, a sup there, and a draw at a pipe or cigarette everywhere. We found that he was the leading actor from another theatre—just now closed for repairs—and that his remarkable gown was a present from the ballet-girls amongst whom he was very popular, and whose names were stamped in



RINGING THE TEMPLE GONG.

circular white cyphers on its surface : fancy Toole or Irving going about in a dress-coat adorned with the monograms of his dramatic lady-companions ! Each company of actors is paid a lump sum by the managers of the General Theatrical Fund, who are Government officials ; the individuals divide the spoil according to their *status*, and if the leading actor is a man of mark he pockets a third, or even more, of the whole sum.

We saw several temples especially set apart for female worship. These buildings were marked by a large gong suspended from the roof in front of the altar, a thick knotted cotton rope hanging before it ; the devotees ring the gong by means of this rope, and then throw their prayers and offerings into the box which stands for the purpose just inside the railing. I do not know whether this mode of addressing the deity is intended as a hint to the ladies to check their too vivacious tongues ; if it be so, it most certainly is disregarded, and Japanese women continue as great chatterboxes as the rest of the sex !

Time passed only too rapidly in this strange and interesting country, and our passages to San Francisco had been taken for the 2nd of July ; so we hurried through our final shopping and sight-seeing, made over our multifarious purchases to a kind friend, who added much to the weight of former obligations

by allowing his dignified Chinese *comprador* or manager to superintend their packing, and finally paid a round of visits to bid adieu—and I trust *au revoir*—to our acquaintances at Tokio and Yokohama who had done so much to make our stay pleasant, from whom we parted with much regret and the warm feelings of old friends, though we had been utter strangers to each other two short months before. These last days of our stay were enlivened by a pleasant afternoon dance on board H.M.S. *Leander*, the Admiral's flagship. The entertainment was most successful, as parties given by the sister service always are, and the scene was a very gay one, for not only was the *Leander* dressed with bunting for the occasion, but all the foreign men-of-war and most of the merchant-vessels in the harbour followed suit out of compliment to the Admiral and the British flag. The gallant *Leanders* gave us amusement of another sort at church on Sunday, by spreading themselves, sailor fashion, all over the building, joining lustily and musically in the first hymn, but maintaining a dead silence throughout the second, which was the one for those at sea. Another of our entertainments was a picnic dinner in the cabin of a Japanese boat on the river at Tokio—a most merry meeting in spite of (or perhaps because of) the drawbacks of a very low ceiling and such want of elbow-room that each

alternate guest had to take a mouthful, and then sit back in his chair to consider it, while his neighbour laid in supplies, and made way in his turn. Then there were races at Yokohama, for which many of the Japanese nobles entered ponies, and came over from Tokio to see the fun. All of them were dressed in very tight trousers and very high collars, and looked exceedingly sporting. The pretty lawn-tennis ground on the Bluff was a great attraction and we saw some good games played in the annual tournament.

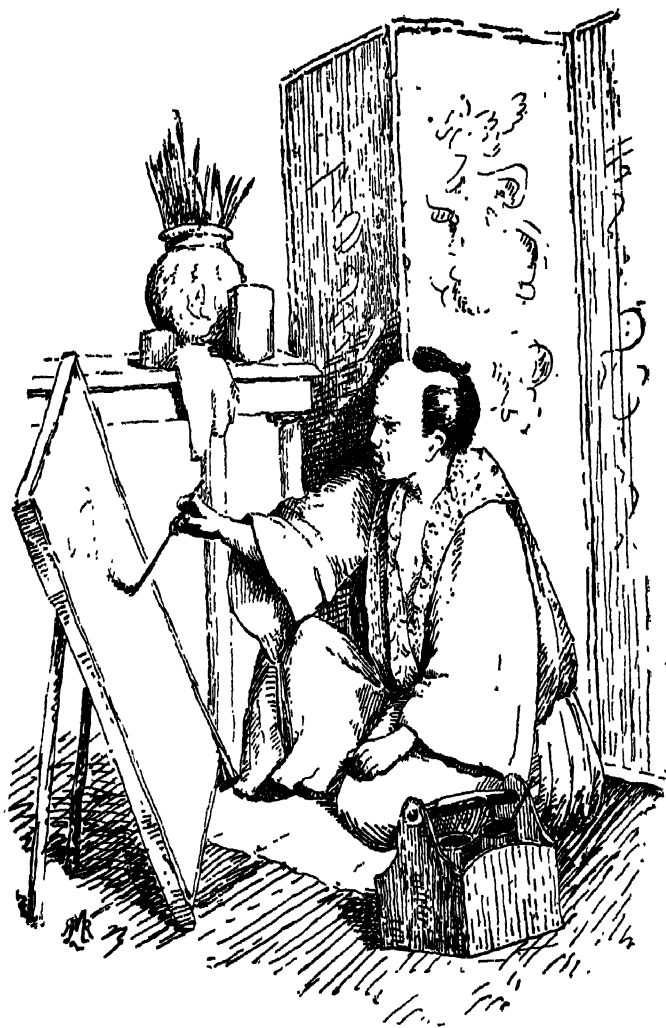
But the day of the *Belgic's* sailing has arrived, and we must go on board after getting our luggage passed through the custom-house—a queer notion to have one's belongings examined on *leaving* a country! Our passports have been returned to the Consulate, much damaged by the fingering they had so frequently undergone; for according to rule they are always given up on arrival at the hotel or tea-house where the traveller intends to spend the night, and are returned to him on his departure. It is nearly the hour for sailing—10 A.M.—the boat is alongside the “hatoba,” and we step off Japanese soil for the last time.

From the day of our first landing in the country at Nagasaki just nine full weeks had elapsed, and what thoroughly enjoyed weeks they had been!

How full of novelty and strange experience, of memorable sights and queer adventures !

There are two countries I have visited to which I look back with feelings of unmixed pleasure—two countries wide as the poles asunder, placed at opposite extremities of Europe and Asia, their people even farther separated by race, custom and religion—yet both alike inhabited by a courteous and friendly folk, united by a common bond of frank kindness to strangers, sturdy individual independence, and steady perseverance in their national course—these two countries are Norway and Japan.





A JAPANESE ARTIST.



CHAPTER XIII.

CALIFORNIA.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN—SAN FRANCISCO—THE PALACE
HOTEL—FIRE-BRIGADE DRILL—RAILWAY
PECULIARITIES.



AT 10 A.M. on Friday, July 2nd, the bell of the *Belgic* rang to warn all visitors to leave the ship; hearty farewells were hurriedly exchanged, and five minutes afterwards the anchor was at the cathead and the screw churning the water astern into a sandy froth as the vessel slowly swung her bows round to the east. We remained on deck as long as a glimpse of Japan remained visible, and then went below to prepare for the sixteen days' voyage to San Francisco. The *Belgic*, although now chartered by an American firm, was originally built

and owned by the well-known "White Star" Line, so she still hoisted the British ensign and bore the insignia of her first owners, as is, I believe, the invariable rule. She was a magnificent four-masted vessel of four thousand tons register, forty-two feet in beam and over four hundred in length, lighted throughout by electricity, and with electric bells not only in each cabin, but in every berth. Her boats were large and numerous, and she carried also two life-rafts on pontoons; but the most remarkable part of her deck arrangements was the double pile of Chinese coffins placed right aft, for the accommodation of any Celestials who might die on the voyage and wish to be sent back and buried in their native land.

The Chinese passengers were comfortably berthed in well-ventilated quarters forward; while the saloons for meals, music and smoking, and the ladies' and our private cabins, or "state-rooms" as they were invariably called after the American fashion, were amidships, and therefore unaffected by the heat, smell and quiver of the engines, which were placed further aft. The private cabins were particularly well provided with fresh air through large ventilators, the whole of the arrangements for the passengers were on the most comfortable and liberal scale, and the decorations and furniture of the saloons were both handsome and suitable.

We were thirty-eight passengers in all, one half being Americans, and the other representing several European nations. The piano in the main saloon was an unusually good one, and an English gentleman gave us some excellent music, playing whenever he was asked; he was a Doctor of Music, and to a thorough knowledge of the art added the charms of delicate touch and magnificent execution. The ship was remarkably steady and the weather fairly propitious, though often the cold was so great that we preferred the comfortable saloon or the cosy smoking-room to the chilly deck. We ran a north-easterly course at first, going as high as $47^{\circ} 58'$ N., in which latitude we crossed the 180th degree of longitude on July 9th, and consequently had two Fridays and eight days in the week. This fairly puzzled one of our party, who came in to breakfast in a bewildered state of mind, asking whether to-day was yesterday or to-morrow? and saying that he had certainly gone to bed on Friday night, yet had got up again on Friday morning! I must say for my own part that it looks strange to see in my diary "Friday, 9th July, No. 1," "Do., do., No. 2."

Two days before reaching port the weather changed; a thick fog set in, and we congratulated ourselves on the loneliness of the sea—not a sail having been sighted since we left Yokohama—nothing but

sea-birds and a few small whales. The fog thickened and the sea got up as we neared land ; the " fiddles " appeared on the saloon tables, and the dismal fog-horn—ironically called a Syren—sounded at intervals of five minutes day and night. However, the precautions for the safety of glass and crockery were not needed, for the *Belgic* hardly acknowledged the influence of the swell by pitch or roll, and we soon caught our first glimpse of the New Continent ; Cape Reyes loomed though the fog on the north, and immediately afterwards the Golden Gates came into view, not looking at all " golden," but gloomy, cruel and forbidding. Seal Rock lay under our starboard bow, and Alcatraz Island ahead, with its foam-lashed rocks and frowning fortifications, when, suddenly turning south-ward, the densely-built slopes of San Francisco rose before us. The bay was alive with traffic, and the docks and roads crowded with shipping, through which monstrous white ferry-steamers, like moving terraces, threaded their way, whistling, hooting and groaning in the discordant and maddening manner which seems peculiar to American harbours.

Our pleasant, prosperous voyage of sixteen days was over, and at 3 P.M. on the 17th July we moored to the wharf. Considerable delay took place before anyone was allowed to go on shore, and then all our

luggage was subjected to a most searching examination in the shed which did duty as a custom-house ; but though the officials were rigorously minute in their inspection they were also very civil and undeniably expert, folding up dresses and replacing bonnets as if they had served their apprenticeship at a milliner's. It was a strange scene ! A rough wooden shed above, a bare earthen floor below ; open boxes, unstrapped bags, frantic passengers, impassive officials, men's clothing, ladies' linen, Japanese curios, deck-chairs, umbrellas, waterproof coats, travelling rugs and Chinese silks, all mixed and jumbled together ! At length we were released, and it was not until some days had elapsed that the reason for this unusually strict scrutiny leaked out ; it appeared that some opium had been smuggled over from Japan a short time before, and the custom-house people were specially alert. They found nothing in the passengers' baggage, but we heard afterwards that a valuable haul had been made on board the *Belgic*, a quantity of the highly-taxed drug having been found concealed in different parts of the ship, some cunningly stowed away in false bottoms to the meat-kegs.

But though we had "passed the customs," a still more disagreeable and annoying ordeal lay before us : after making over our baggage to an "Expressman," seeing it labelled for the Palace Hotel, and taking his

receipt, we thought our troubles were over ; but on emerging from the shed we were instantly surrounded, seized, pulled and jostled by a crowd of rough vagabonds—cab-drivers, loafers and touts—shouting, pushing, cursing and yelling with might and main.

At length we struggled into a hackney carriage and were driven to the Palace Hotel, one of the monster caravanserais of the States, six storeys in height, covering three acres, and filling a whole block with its granite walls and tiers of bay-windows. In these great American hotels the highest rooms are preferable on account of fresher air and more quiet surroundings, and the “elevators”—*Anglicé* “lifts”—make the stairs of no consequence. We found the sixth floor full, but obtained a room on the next *étage*, large, airy and well-furnished, with a deep bay window, a comfortable bath-room, and a washing-stand in a cupboard with water laid on through taps, as on board ship ; this system of shutting up the washing arrangements in a little dark cell of their own is very general in America.

By the time we had looked round our quarters and made ourselves comfortable the dinner-hour had arrived, and we descended in the “elevator” with several other guests on their way to the public dining-room, an immense hall containing forty square tables, each laid for eight people, and

illuminated by several electric lights and many gaseliers. The *ménu* was lengthy and varied, containing such novelties as clam-chowder (fish soup), stewed terrapins, peach-pie, and other dishes equally strange to the European eye and palate. The waiters were negroes—"coloured helps," to give them their local designation—dressed in full evening costume, with immaculate shirt-fronts setting off their ebony faces, haughty in appearance, but benignly condescending in manner. A burly "Uncle Tom" took us under his special protection, and displayed a fatherly interest in us during our stay. We saw very little of the gorgeous over-dressing so generally ascribed to the fairer denizens of the "Metropolis of the Far West," but this was explained by the fact that San Francisco was "out of town" at this season; all the fashionable people being at Monterey and other holiday resorts.

On the Sunday after our arrival we attended morning service at the neighbouring Church of the Advent, where a clergyman with a sonorous voice and most distinct enunciation read prayers and preached. The American liturgy differs but little from our own, which is very likely the reason why the few alterations, coming unexpectedly, strike one the more forcibly; it was difficult to refrain from smiling at the false modesty shown by the changes in the *Te Deum* and elsewhere.

One of the most attractive and frequented resorts in the neighbourhood of the city is Golden Gate Park, an enclosure containing more than a thousand acres laid out with winding roads, graceful trees, brilliant flower-beds and large glass-houses. The luxuriant close-grown turf and the gorgeous blossoms so lavishly displayed on every side make it difficult to realise that only twelve years ago this beautiful garden was a howling wilderness of sandhills sparsely clothed with sage-brush, like the rest of the peninsula on which San Francisco has risen—or at least, the greater part of it, for the lower range of buildings now fringing the bay occupies ground originally under water.

The first house was built in 1835; in 1848—the year in which gold was discovered—the population was under a thousand, but in two short years it increased to 25,000, and at the time of our visit was estimated at 300,000! The commerce is immense, fed by vast natural products and important manufactures. The site was originally very hilly, but ridges of barren sand were levelled, gullies and ravines filled up, hills lowered and valleys raised; all the spare refuse—rock, sand and rubble—was spread on the south-eastern beach, gradually driving back the waters of the bay, and today wide paved streets, handsome shops, busy manufactories and huge

warehouses occupy the spot where great ships rode at anchor, and fishermen filled their nets—and that as lately as 1846!

From Golden Gate Park a railway runs to Cliff House, a large hotel and restaurant built on the extreme northern point of the peninsula, overlooking the Pacific on the one hand, and the Golden Gates on the other.

Two or three out-lying rocks at the foot of the promontory are called "Seal Rocks," from the number of these amphibious beasts which resort there. The Government does not allow them to be molested, and at the time of our visit a great many were in sight, swimming round the base of the rocks, climbing their wet and slippery sides, or basking on their summits, where they looked like huge yellow-brown slugs. We watched these ungainly animals and listened to their hoarse barks and the plaintive yelping of their little ones, till the heavy sea-mist drove us to seek shelter in the "cars," and return to the hotel for dry clothes and dinner.

The "Fire Brigade drill" is one of the most interesting sights in 'Frisco. In a city where wood is so largely employed in buildings and pavements, fires are of frequent occurrence, and the whole system for saving life and property has been brought to a wonderful pitch of perfection. Entering the

station shortly before mid-day, we find the scarlet car and van standing ready—the former fully equipped with hose and buckets, the latter with ladders, ropes and grappling-irons—the harness hangs from the ceiling, suspended by spring-clips exactly over the places of the horses on each side of the pole, collars open at the throat, traces ready buckled to them and hitched to the bars under the driver's box, the men's red helmets and fire-coats all on their seats. Behind the carriages stand the horses, in open stalls, unaltered, a light whip hanging from the ceiling over the quarters of each animal. Above each carriage is a trap-door large enough for a man to pass through, with a brightly-polished brass rod for him to slip down, and on one side of the hall is a steep stair-case, one half covered with smooth planking to facilitate descent, while the stairs of the other half are used for returning to the upper regions when work is done. Going up these stairs we found that the brass rods and trap doors are just at the foot of the men's beds in the dormitory, while the stairs and slide open into the sitting-room. Noon approached, and the men went to bed, for this was to be a "night-drill"; they were fully dressed except helmets and fire-proof coats, and the upper bed-clothes were connected by a mysterious wire with the ceiling. All was quiet, and we were chatting

with the superintendent, when suddenly an electric bell rang in the hall, and a small flap fell showing the name of the street and number of the block in which the fire was supposed to be raging. What followed was so startling, so rapid, and so complex, that the bell seemed to be the stroke of a magician's wand! The mysterious wires stripped off the bed-clothes, the bedsteads sprang up shooting the men on to their feet, the trap-doors opened, streams of blue and red uniform poured down the brass rods, over-flowed the carriage seats, bubbled for an instant, and suddenly congealed into quiet, alert, asbestos-coated and red-helmeted firemen—crack fell the whips, the horses darted precisely into their appointed places to receive the avalanche of harness which fell lightly on them from the ceiling, a sharp click showing that the collars had fastened properly—the great doors flew apart, the spectators shrank back, and in exactly six seconds from the first warning of the alarm-bell the fire-party was galloping down the street! It was the very acme of human intelligence, equine sagacity and mechanical ingenuity. The only performance I have seen to come anywhere near it is a battery of English Horse Artillery coming into action, and I must confess that even this is a long way behind.

The civil and obliging superintendent pointed out the excellent automatic brake which is brought to

bear upon the front wheels of the carriages by the weight of the horses hanging back on the pole-straps as their speed is checked, these straps act on a lever passing under the pole to the brake. The training of the horses occupies from six to ten months, according to their temper and intelligence; when perfect they are as keen as the men themselves—very high praise, for the American fire-men are devoted to their profession, though at this particular station, as I know, and at others as I believe, they have no relief, and their work is often terribly hard.

The tram-cars are another noteworthy institution. Drawn by endless wire cables running in narrow channels below the level of the street and worked by powerful stationary engines, they traverse the city in every direction, running up and down the steep inclines like huge insects. The long straight streets generally intersect each other at right angles, dividing the buildings into square blocks, and you are directed to a house by being told that it is "three blocks down Kearney," or "corner of Market and Montgomery," or "on California, one block off Buchanan," the word "street" being systematically omitted. Market street is the principal thoroughfare, and is the only one which departs from the rectangular rule, running slantingly through the city like Broadway in New York.

San Francisco boasts of possessing the longest street of any city in the world, California Street; at the time of our visit the highest-numbered house in this lengthy thoroughfare was 3,208, and still more dwellings were being added. At its upper end is "Nob Hill," where many of the leading citizens live in fine granite-built mansions of fanciful design, and many more in houses which *look* as good, but are really only of wood, covered with stone-coloured paint in which sand has been freely mingled. There are many imposing buildings in the business part of the town, the immense Palace Hotel being the largest, but the Masonic Temple, the Exchange, and Lick House would attract attention in any European city; some of the churches too are very fine.

Plums, apricots, grapes, figs, peaches, melons and strawberries are abundant throughout the year, growing in wild profusion in the interior of the State where the coast-range of hills shelters the land from the searching Pacific breezes, and perennial summer reigns unbroken by a chill, though here in 'Frisco a bitter north-west wind rises every afternoon, strongly contrasting with the morning heat, and you constantly see the strange sight of people going out before lunch in alpaca coats and muslin dresses which they exchange for furs and ulsters by 4 P.M.!

Preparations were everywhere being made for the

reception of the "Grand Army of the Republic," that is, those who fought on the side of the North in the great struggle of 1861-66. They hold an annual meeting at one of the great cities, and this year San Francisco and the 3rd of August were the place and date selected. We therefore settled to make an excursion to the far famed Valley of the Yosemite and return in time to see the gathering.

Now came another fresh experience: railway tickets are not bought at station booking-offices in America, but are purchased at one of the many agencies scattered through each town; touts from these establishments infest the streets and hotels, and perpetually pester all who come near them, and each tries to underbid his neighbours, the price of tickets fluctuating as there is a greater or less run upon the line they cover. Then the tickets themselves were novel; not small oblong bits of pasteboard, or books of coupons, such as are issued in England, but long strips of thick paper headed by the name of the line, under this are columns filled with the years of the decade, months of the year, and days of the month and week; the strip continues with coupons printed for the consecutive sections of the line. When you buy your ticket the vendor punches the year, month, and the day of purchase, you sign your name at the foot of the heading, he tears off the stations beyond the

point to which you wish to go, and you pocket the rest, which you are at liberty to use at any time within the year. By-the-bye, before we start I must warn the reader that a railway is a "rail road," a carriage a "car," a ticket a "cheque," and a station a "depôt" (pronounced "deep-oh"). The engine-drivers hardly ever use the steam-whistle, but announce the movements of their locomotives by tolling a harsh clanging bell hanging over the boiler; this is almost continually going, and its perpetual sound is most wearisome. The cars are called "palace" or "drawing-room cars," "day cars," and "sleepers"; they are much longer than ours, have doors at the ends only, and are not divided into compartments, but have a passage down the centre, with sixteen seats for two people on each side; these seats are covered with plush, and fitted with reversible backs, so that you can sit facing the engine or not, as you please; at one end is an iced-water filter, and at the other a stove—the latter generally kept in full blaze by the warmth-loving coloured gentleman who condescends to fill the post of conductor to each separate car. The drawing-room cars have little flap-tables between each pair of seats, and revolving arm-chairs; the "sleepers" are provided with a gentlemen's lavatory at one end, furnished with towels, soap, hair-brushes, and a "whisk" for brushing

clothes, next to this is a very small den for smokers : at the other end of the car there is a separate compartment very like a cabin on board ship, containing two sleeping-berths and a sofa, and called " The Bridal Chamber "—beyond it is the ladies' dressing-room. Two or three dollars extra are charged for a seat in a drawing-room car, from three to five for a berth in a sleeper, and eight to ten for the luxury of a bridal chamber. In each train one of the cars is told off as a " smoker," but it does not differ from the other " day cars," nor is it specially marked—except by smell. One of the greatest annoyances experienced in American travelling is the constant passing up and down the train of pedlars hawking books, newspapers, " candies " (*Anglicé* sweet-stuff, toffee, barley-sugar, and the like), fruit, cigars, peanuts, and other small wares. They not only push their baskets and trays under your nose, pull your arm or shake you if you happen to be dozing, and generally disturb and interrupt you at intervals of three minutes or less, but also thrust books or packets of sweets into your lap and leave them there to be re-collected or paid for at their next visit.

As the cars connect by platforms at each end, anyone can walk from one carriage to the other throughout the train.

This seems rather a long preface to our trip, but

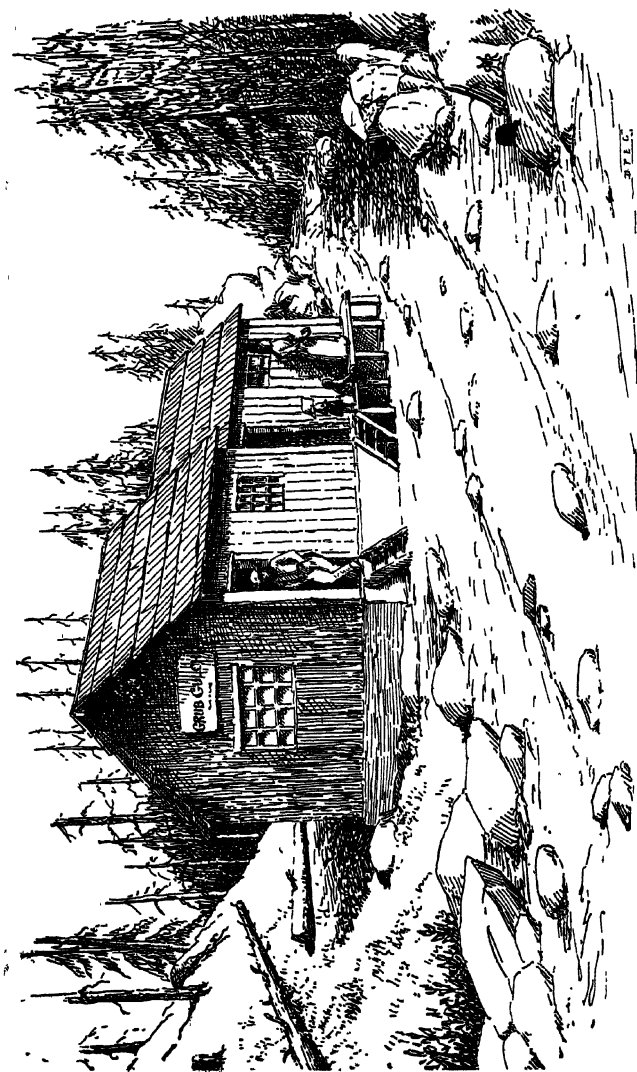
as it will serve as a key-note to all our railway travelling, and save explanation in future, I hope the reader will forgive it.

Leaving the Palace Hotel at half-past three on the afternoon of the 24th July we drove to the Ferry Depôt and joined the heterogeneous crowd assembled in the waiting-room, all loaded with rugs, overcoats, and "grip-sacks" or hand-bags. As soon as the doors were opened a rush was made along a passage, up a flight of wooden stairs, and into a large, low room, surrounded by crimson plush-covered settees, with mirrors and pictures hanging on the walls, and the general air of a public saloon in a continental hotel. This was the ferry-boat, though we did not realize the fact until we began to move. Twenty minutes took us across the bay to Oaklands where we found the train waiting—the engine-bell tolling dismally—and took our places according to the number on our tickets, in the maroon-painted and gold-lettered "Berenda Drawing-room and Sleeping Car."

The shores of the bay offered pretty views as we rolled along, especially when Monte Diablo rose in the background; but the inland scene was very unprepossessing—nothing but long stretches of coarse, sun-burnt grass, with wooden shanties few and far

between, leggy sheep, gaunt cows, rough snake-fences and Californian water-wheels.

At dusk the car was brilliantly lighted by lamps down the middle of the roof. We dined in the refreshment room at Lathrop Junction, where we had very bad food and a scramble to get it, and at 10 P.M. called our conductor to make our beds. He first pulled down an upper berth, from which he produced mattresses, blankets, sheets, and pillows; then he went through a conjuring process, folding down the backs of our seats, pulling them together, and forming a wide couch, on which he made the lower bed; hooked damask curtains to a brass rod near the roof, hung to the same rod a strip of crimson velvet bearing the number of our "section" (that is double berth,) embroidered in gold thread, and behold! in five minutes from giving the order our bedroom was ready. We reached Berenda, 200 miles from San Francisco, about midnight; the car was shunted on to a siding till daylight, and at seven o'clock we rose and dressed in the car at the Raymond terminus. Breakfast was served in a very rough tent—the only visible sign of railway station or human habitation—table-equipage and food matched the shelter. At eight we started in a coach, or *char à banc*, with four benches to hold three



MINEE'S LOG HUT, ON THE YOSEMITE TRAIL.

persons each, a canvas hood, and thick, clumsy, unyielding springs.

The first part of our drive was hot, dusty, and uninteresting; the country looked burnt up and barren, though we were told that just after the rainy season a botanist collected three thousand different plants from one square yard of ground near Raymond. We covered many weary, hot, jolting miles of primitive road through the rocky, undulating district, the dead yellow of the grass more closely hidden by green bushes and scattered trees as we gradually ascended the foot slopes of the Sierras. Parties of gold-miners had pitched their camps and burrowed into the quartz rocks here and there, apparently selecting the ugliest spots they could find, and designating them by equally ugly names, of which "Grub Gulch" may serve as a specimen. At two o'clock we stopped at "Grant's Station" to wash off some of the dreadful dust and to eat, having done twenty-two miles in six hours. From Grant's the ascent became steeper and we drove through pine woods where the heat was less, but the dust worse than ever; then a sharp descent took us into a small valley, where we stopped at "Clark's Big Tree Station" at the junction of the Yosemite and Mariposa roads, or "trails," as the rough tracks in

these parts are always called. The food, accommodation, and attendance at Clark's were all of the worst description, in fact this was the most unpleasant of all our experiences, and we were indeed glad to leave at eight o'clock next morning, after being kept awake since three by noisy neighbours.





CATHEDRAL SPIRES, YOSEMITE.



CHAPTER XIV.

CALIFORNIA.

THE YOSEMITE—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—THE BIG
TREES—THE GRAND ARMY—VISIT TO A RANCHE
—MONTEREY.



ON leaving Clark's the road again ascended through thick pine-forests ; fine hill scenery rose on our right, while on the other hand long winding valleys carried the eye to the hazy line of the coast range, dimly visible on the far western horizon. We changed horses at thirteen miles, and then crossed the watershed at the highest point of the track, called "Summit"—6,600 feet above the sea.

Descending through the forest we reached "Inspiration Point," and pulled up to enjoy the view.

The Yosemite Valley lay before us ; mammoth crags walled in a narrow chasm, or rather ravine, carpeted with green woods and verdant meadows through which flowed a bright silver river, the Merced ; the mighty walls of this wondrous ravine rose on either hand, sheer cliffs of massive granite 3,000 feet in height, with many a peak and pinnacle shooting higher still into the clear mountain air. The bed of the valley itself is 4,400 feet above sea-level, and the only point at which its frowning rampart opens is at the south-western extremity, where the Merced issues through a narrow gorge. The grand outline of the cliffs adds to the effect produced by their stupendous size. They appear to rise perpendicularly from the valley, and in some places are so nearly vertical that they seem to overhang their bases. One huge crag called the Half Dome, looking like a Titan's helmet cleft in twain is, perhaps, the most striking of these wondrous masses, but many others are almost equally imposing, especially the precipitous face of El Capitan, a bare wall of glistening granite rising without flaw and without a trace of vegetation 3,300 feet above the green pastures at its base, while facing it on the opposite side of the valley are the beautiful Cathedral Spires, twin points of rock jutting out from the main wall, nearly 3,000 feet high.

But the charm of the Yosemite does not consist



NEVADA FALL, YOSEMITE VALLEY

only in mighty cliffs torn into strange shapes by the convulsions of primeval earthquakes, or polished by the passage of long-melted glaciers—in emerald turf, in waving wood or sparkling stream—magnificent cascades pour over the sharp edge of the precipice in a thousand graceful curves and shimmering sheets, now crashing down in great continuous streams, now shooting from the airy heights in jets like falling rockets, looking sharp, white, and *solid* as they leap over the edge of the precipice, to break into a million flashing diamonds on some projecting rock, or gradually melt into gauze-like mist as they plunge through the quivering air. One of the most delicately beautiful of these minor falls is the Bridal Veil, which is wafted backwards and forwards by the breeze, now a perpendicular sweep of the purest snow-white satin—now a graceful fold of twisted muslin—now a gently-swaying veil of finest lace. The grandest of the larger cataracts is the Nevada Fall, where the main stream of the Merced plunges into the valley in a great avalanche of water more than 600 feet in height.

Of the many strange facts with which the Yosemite abounds none is stranger than that it was first seen by white men so lately as May, 1851, when a party of States' soldiery entered it in pursuit of a band of Indians. The name, which signifies "Great Grizzly

Bear " in the Indian language, was given to the valley by a chief who was going unarmed to bathe in Mirror Lake when he met a "grizzly," which he attacked and killed with the branch of a tree. The Indians always regarded the valley as sacred ground, one of the favourite resorts of the Great Spirit, and carefully concealed its existence from the whites, who only discovered it by accident as above narrated.

Wherever the mountain-sides afford soil and root-hold they are clothed with pines, cedars, silver firs and, more frequently than all else, with *manzanita*, a low, thorny bush with prickly red stems covered with wax-like leaves, and bearing a small berry much used by hunters as an astringent. The lower slopes produce oleanders, syringas, alder, black- and holm-oak, and a bush with medicinal properties, called "Balm of Gilead." The floor of the valley is full of orchards, wheat-fields, tangled woods and rich pasture. Acorns form the staple food of the few wretched-looking Piute Indians who still survive the encroachment of the whites; they are stored in "caches," formed of baskets packed round the stems of pine-trees and roofed in with leaves, and are prepared for eating by being ground between stones, the flour mixed into a paste with water and baked by dropping hot stones into it. This is the ordinary food of the aborigines; on fête-days they regale themselves with a *bonne bouche* of fried grasshoppers.

The valley contains a tiny church, three hotels, a farrier's forge, and a photographer's shop, besides two or three settlers' cabins. We went to "Barnard's," a clean and comfortable inn built of wood, like all the other houses, and overlooking the pellucid river, here about forty yards wide. In full view of our windows the Yosemite Fall shone white against its rocky background, making three grand leaps from the summit of the crag to the valley, the first and greatest being 1,600 feet. The fresh balmy air, filled with the scent and murmur of the pines, was delightful as we sat in our verandah lazily watching the fall, or looking at the few people who passed, generally riding weedy ponies in high-peaked Mexican saddles. In front of the hotel was one of the typical Californian pumps, worked by a small windmill raised high in air on a light scaffolding; also a wooden erection called "Big Tree Parlour," because it was built round the living trunk of a giant pine-tree, thirty feet in circumference.

We found the walk to Mirror Lake a pleasant stroll through forest and pasture; many parties were "camping out" in the woods, with small tents and large waggons. The lake itself was disappointing, and quite undeserving of the large amount of tall talk and extravagant writing so freely expended on it; but I must confess it was our only disappointment in

the valley, and this was amply compensated for by the lavish way in which all the rest of the scenery surpassed our keenest expectations. The prettiest thing about Mirror Lake is its poetical Indian name, *Kekotooyem*—"Sleeping Water."

Morning broke fresh, clear, and beautiful, and we started directly after breakfast to visit the Vernal and Nevada Falls. We were mounted on animals of sorts, horses, mules and ponies ; my steed was a very small mule, which proved to be one of the best of the lot, and the men had Mexican saddles with a great deal of bear-skin, brass studs, loose thongs, and leather flaps about them, but not uncomfortable, while the lady of our party rode in a very fair English pattern side-saddle.

The Merced showed lovely reflections of cliff, fall and forest, its rocks looking white or grey, russet or black as sun or shadow fell on them ; the tall pines shot up into the sky, making us feel like very pigmies, to be dwarfed in their turn by the giant peaks which seemed to overhang the valley with their crests, and over all stretched the bright cloudless æther of the Californian summer. The valley from this point appears to be an enclosed basin or rugged well, with abrupt and precipitous sides—a huge crevasse in a mighty glacier of granite.

We soon left the pretty winding river, and turned

off the main road on to a narrow, stony track leading steeply up the bank of a ravine clothed with peppermint-bushes (a sort of bay, very aromatic,) and elder-trees, the latter in flower.

The ravine was crossed by a log-bridge, from which we obtained a good view of the Vernal Fall, a sheet of foaming water dashing over a perpendicular cliff three hundred and fifty feet high. We then rejoined the Merced—here a seething, turbulent torrent, very different from the placid murmuring stream we had left in the valley below. Even here are signs of the irrepressible “’Arry,” for a limestone rock on the right of the path is covered with scribbled names, doggrel rhymes, and other vulgarities. Our guide told us of a parson who had inscribed his name here, and on re-visiting the valley with his bride the following year he took her to see it; imagine his horror on finding that someone had put this couplet underneath—

Fools' names and beauties' faces
Are always found in public places!

Soon after passing the Vernal Fall we came in sight of the grand Nevada cascade, where the river dashes over a sharp ledge at the foot of a bare round crag called the “Cap of Liberty,” and breaking with a deep roar—audible for many miles—on the sharp

black rocks nearly seven hundred feet below, rushes forward foam-flecked and turbid to sweep down the steep incline of the Diamond Race, and precipitate itself from the summit of the Vernal Fall into the peaceful valley, where—tired and languid—it flows gently on, lulled by the sweet breath of the flowers and the gentle whisper of the pines.

We had luncheon in a log hut rejoicing in the name of "Snow's Hotel," and our guide joined us at table, apologizing for sitting down in his shirt-sleeves in the presence of a lady. He behaved like a gentleman and spoke like a scholar, except for the dreadful nasal twang!

On our return we left the main trail, and went down by a footpath to the head of the Vernal Fall, where we looked over and saw the waters committing perpetual suicide, any inclination of our own in that direction being checked by a natural breastwork of sandstone, four feet high and two feet thick, as even and almost as straight as could be hewn by a stone-mason.

Our animals had taken the opportunity to snatch a hasty dessert from the juicy but rough-tasting manzanita leaves, and now bore us bravely down the long zig-zags of the descent and through the valley to the hotel. After sunset the air was wonderfully transparent, the lofty mountain-crests standing out

in pale, fairy-like rose tints against the deep violet of the cloudless summer night.

We started at half-past seven next morning for Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome, the most commanding points of view in the whole neighbourhood. The same animals were again brought for us, but our pleasant, well informed guide of the previous day was replaced by a red-nosed, husky-voiced old man, who looked more like a Mexican "greaser" than anything else. A charming ride through the valley led us past the wooden church, and then we turned off the carriage track—I cannot honestly call it a road—and commenced another zigzag climb up the face of the mountain wall, which eventually brought us to Glacier Point, 3,257 feet above the valley. A ledge of dark rock juts boldly from the main line of the cliffs at this point, and when you stand at its extreme verge you seem to be floating above the pine-forest dwarfed into a mere shrubbery far beneath. The cliff is so precipitous here that a stone held at arm's length and dropped from the Point does not touch till it strikes the *débris* or "talus" more than a thousand yards below. The platform at the end is guarded by a strong iron railing, said to have been erected because a too polite individual fell over while in the act of taking off his hat to some ladies; of course he was smashed to pieces, and the State

experienced some difficulty in finding the fragments to return to his widow, who threatened legal proceedings if she did not receive all of them. The story goes on to say that she returned the following year with a new husband who absolutely refused to go on to the platform, though he offered no objection to her doing so.

From Glacier Point we continued our ride to Sentinel Dome, a bare, weatherworn, rounded mass of granite, with one solitary stunted pine growing in a fissure like the last hair on a bald pate; gnarled and bent by the tempest, its knots and twists stand out like muscles strained to their utmost in the struggle to maintain a foot-hold on this bleak, storm-swept plateau.

It was a clear day, and the magnificent panorama could be seen in all its variety of detail and grandeur of extent. The highest range of the Sierra Nevada stretched its mighty snow-clad spine athwart the bright sky to the east and south, a light gauzy veil of wind-driven snow streaming from the summit of Mount Whitney, the "Monarch of the Sierras," 15,000 feet above the sea. Glaciers glistened in the sun—vast snow-fields stretched their dazzling expanse between the jagged peaks which bit into the sky—the whole country in this direction was desolate, hard and barren, though there still hung over it a strange,

weird attraction, compelling admiration without exciting affection. From the other side of the Dome we looked down on a widely different scene; the huge Half Dome appeared to be below, instead of—as it really was—seven hundred feet above us; the great curves of the Royal Arches, the silver ribbon of the Yosemite Fall, the placid sheet of Mirror Lake and the glistening ripples of the winding Merced, all seemed to lie within a stone's throw; green pastures and dark pine-forests contrasting strangely with bare grey crags and sheets of naked rock, from which the sun-light was refracted with an almost painful glare.

We stayed long on the Dome drinking in the panorama, and inhaling the delicious mountain air which brought the roar of the great Nevada Fall on its balmy wings, sounding like the noise of an approaching train, and making the air tremble, though nearly three miles distant as the crow flies.

This view gave us a much better idea of the majestic size of the granite crags than can ever be attained by seeing them only from the valley; looking up from below, you think the summit of the Yosemite Fall or of the Cathedral Spires is unsurpassed by any other heights in the neighbourhood, but from the Sentinel Dome you look down on these, and they scarcely appear to be much above the level of the valley.

Certainly the grandest and most satisfying object is the great Half Dome, which rises 9,000 feet above the sea; the side facing the valley—that from which half seems to have been split—is a sheer precipice 5,000 feet in depth, looking as though the vast mass had been cleft in twain by some mighty stroke, and one half carried bodily away. This cliff fairly merits the epithet “stupendous,” and its awful but never-tiring majesty grows on the beholder day by day and hour by hour.

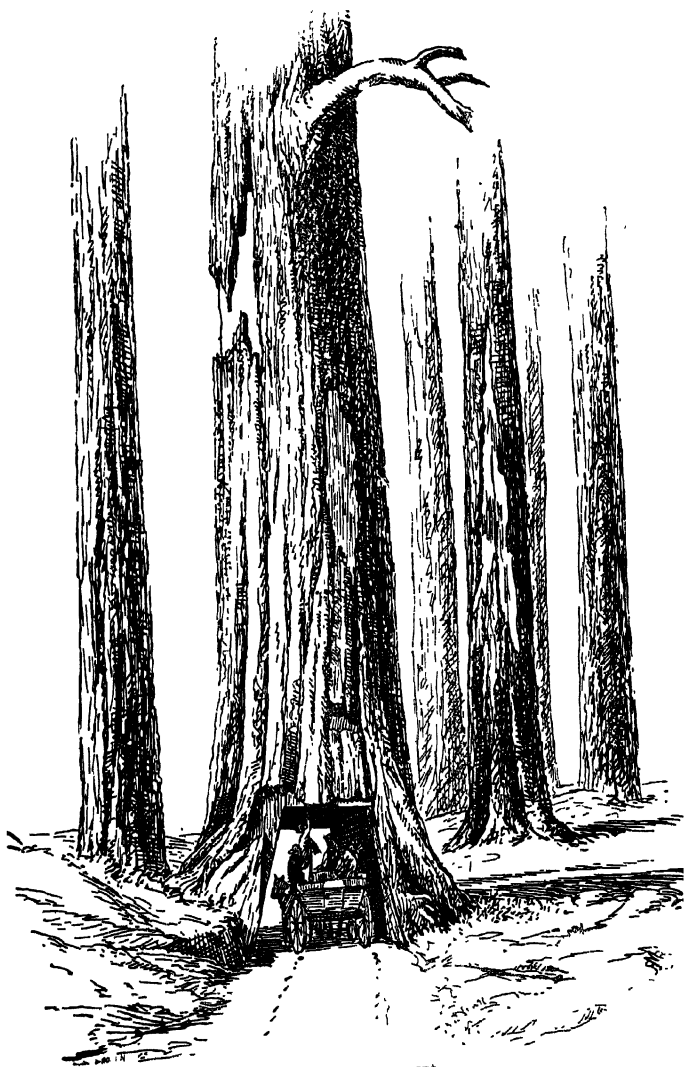
In the pine-forest between Sentinel Dome and Glacier Point we gathered blue and pink larkspur, scarlet star-wort, and the white flower which Somersetshire folk call “love-in-a-puzzle.” My little mule brought me gallantly down the sixty zig-zags of the winding path (I am sure of the number, though a tired member of our party did accuse me of halving the total by counting only the “zigs” and omitting the “zags,”) and at the foot of the descent we passed a party of Piute Indians—a miserable looking lot—with lank, coarse, greasy hair, high cheek-bones and skinny figures; the men were dressed in dirty, ragged old waistcoats and trousers, and battered wide-awake hats, the women in equally ragged and still dirtier jackets and petticoats, with handkerchiefs over their heads and their hair “banged,” and all were about as far removed from Fenimore Cooper’s

ideal picture of the "noble savage" as a chimney-sweep from a smart sergeant of dragoons.

After a stay in the valley of four days, which we should have liked to prolong to as many weeks, we returned to Clark's unattractive inn, and started the same afternoon with a party of nine others in the usual four benched shandridan, called a "coach" in these parts, to see the famous Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. A drive, even unusually jolting and dusty, took us through a magnificent forest of pines, each unit of which would command admiration in Europe; these great trees increased in size as we advanced, the stems of some being much redder than usual—a deep, rich, cinnamon tint, gleaming crimson where struck by the sunlight—their bark deeply scarred, and their crests storm-torn and shattered. We were admiring these pillars of the forest when suddenly we came upon a sight which wrung an exclamation of astonishment from everyone, for here was indeed a giant fully forty-five feet in circumference. This was rapidly succeeded by other and greater monsters—hardly trees so much as towers of timber—and we beheld the real "Big Trees," the "*Sequoia Gigantea*" of the botanist.

We seldom saw more than five of these standing together in a group amongst a crowd of other pines, like Anakim surrounded by ordinary men, looming

vast and lurid through the deep shade of the primeval forest. At length we reached the "Grizzly Giant," a huge mass ninety-four feet in circumference, rising in an unbroken column for two hundred feet, where the first branch—six feet thick—shoots out from the parent stem. The Giant, like all his great brethren, has suffered much ill-treatment from nature and from man; snow and storms have rent and shattered his crest and upper branches, lightning has scathed his massive trunk, Indians have lighted fires at his feet—scorching, blackening and disembowelling his mighty body at its hugest girth—and white men have added their disfiguring mosquito-stings by carving vulgar names and silly doggerel rhymes wherever their mischievous hands could reach. Many of the other great trees are hollow, like the Giant, and contain caves as large as a bell-tent for sixteen men. Continuing our course we came to another tree called "Wawona" or "Big Tree," *through* which the road passes, an archway ten feet high and nine feet wide having been cut in the *living* wood. Stopping the coach in the middle of the tunnel we could just touch the roof with our fingertips; on descending and going away some distance to one side we found that the conveyance with its twelve passengers and two pairs of horses was entirely concealed by the thickness of the trunk, and



FOREST GIANTS.

above it towered a leaf-crowned column two hundred and fifty feet in height, and still seven feet in diameter (the size of a large forest tree), where it ended in shattered splinters.

One great charm of these immense trees is that custom does not stale their grand effect, each as it was passed elicited fresh exclamations of surprise and wonder, and, while awed by the majesty of the hoary monarchs who raise their scarred heads proudly to the skies, we were astounded by the vast girth and immense length of those which lie prone in fallen grandeur—some felled by the slow decay of centuries, or the devastating hand of man—others uprooted in their mightiest strength by the irresistible breath of the more mighty tempest.

The forest was very silent and lifeless, scarcely a bird was to be seen, though the pine-trunks were everywhere honey-combed by the bullet-like holes made by the wood-pecker to hold his winter store of acorns ; not even a squirrel was visible, and, except our own party, not a human being until we came to a small hut in the depths of the forest, tenanted by a hermit of the woods who keeps a store of pieces of Big Tree wood and bark, moss, photographs, &c., for sale to visitors. When freshly cut the bark resembles very close coir matting of a dull red colour, as light as cork, and from eighteen to twenty inches

thick ; the wood is the same colour as the bark, and the peculiar moss—long strips of pale, yellow-grey lichen, locally known as “ old man’s beard ”—hangs from the great trunks in wreaths and festoons waving gently in the breeze, like the banners of departed warriors in a vast cathedral aisle. There is little under-growth, the friable soil apparently expending all its resources in nourishing the giant sequoias and their stately satellites.

Our team rattled us down the hill and bounded along the dusty road, bringing us back to Clark’s eminently uncomfortable inn by sunset, and at a quarter to three in the morning (or rather at night !) we were roused to prepare for the onward journey, which we commenced by coach in the dim twilight of early dawn, reaching the booth at Raymond Terminus in time to “ get aboard ” the cars. We were very glad to change our mode of conveyance, but continued our journey with many a backward glance and lingering regret for the mysteriously beautiful region we had left.

We joined the main line at Berenda, where a dense heterogeneous crowd thronged the cars, *en route* from the east to take part in the twentieth annual meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic ; in addition to the usual pedlars with candies, books, &c., we were pestered by hawkers of “ Grand Army badges,” con-

sisting of a five-pointed gilt star suspended by a red, white and blue ribbon from a gilt brooch in the form of a bear—the Californian emblem. A printed notice was posted in the cars, which read as follows: “Passengers are warned not to play 3 card monte, strap, or other games with strangers; YOU WILL SURELY BE ROBBED IF YOU DO.”

The heat was very trying (106 degrees) but the dust and smuts were even worse.

We arrived at San Francisco about ten at night, two hours behind time, and did not get our luggage until the following afternoon owing to a hitch in the “check system,” an American institution which we found most inconvenient on this and subsequent occasions.

Morning light revealed the city in gala dress, festoons of flags and streamers hung from the windows and across the streets, gay canopies and draperies adorned the shops and banners floated from every gable, while standards and shields bearing mottoes and greetings to the “G.A.R.” bedecked every wall and hoarding. The colours employed were red, white and blue only, and all foreign flags were rigidly excluded, though the tricolour certainly looked very French! However, we were assured that it was originally and exclusively American, and that the French had stolen it from the Great Republic, just as the English had annexed the tunes of “America”

and "Columbia"—called them respectively "God save the Queen" and "The Red and the Blue"—and asserted that the latter had been sung during the Crimean War, when everybody (at least every American body) knows that the tune was invented during the Civil War between North and South! One certainly learns strange facts in the States, or, at least, hears new versions of old stories!

The gaily-decorated streets were densely crowded with parties of holiday-makers, sometimes forming processions in semi-military order with bands and flags, but more frequently strolling along independently—sometimes in an attempt at uniform, but oftener in mufti. All wore gilt "G.A.R." badges, and were generally adorned with a broad ribbon—blue, red, yellow, green, or white—embroidered with the name and emblem of the State from which the wearer came. Those from Maine bore the acorn, the people of Florida were known by the orange, Massachusetts displayed the bean, and Nevada the fir-cone. Some of the bands were very gaily dressed in red or blue coats, French-grey or red trowsers, and laced caps or plumed helmets. One or other of these bands played in the hotel courtyard three or four times a day, and the marble-paved enclosure was always well filled with visitors lounging in rocking chairs or strolling through the corridors. Here, as

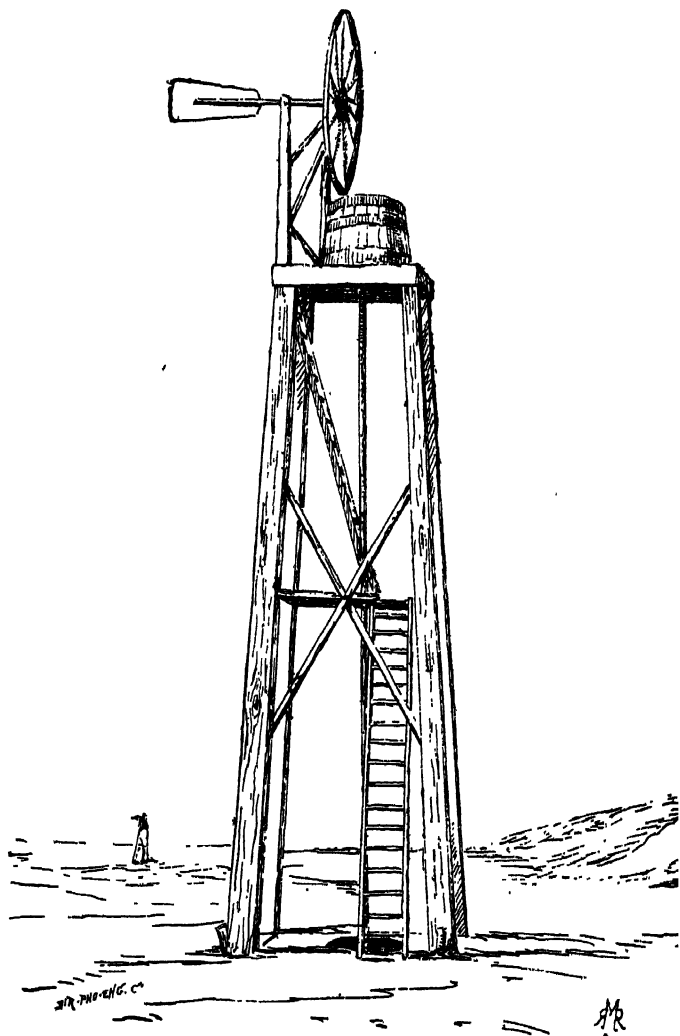
well as in the streets, the crowds were most orderly and good-tempered, and I never saw anything disagreeable—still less disgraceful—during the whole week of the meeting, though I was frequently out late at night walking back from the theatre, and mingled freely with the crowd at all times. Of course the expectoration was disgusting and incessant, but it is a national habit, indulged in at all times and in all places, and seems as necessary to the untravelled American as breathing or sleeping. Further reference to this practice will be avoided out of regard for the reader's feelings, but it frequently destroyed our pleasure and took away our appetites.

The great day for the parade was the 3rd of August: 1,585 guest had slept in the Palace Hotel the previous night: from earliest dawn officers and orderlies had been clattering through the streets, the former generally mounted on hacks hired for the day, with Mexican saddles and the huge flaps, or "kips," over the stirrups, previously described. At ten o'clock the streets were cleared and the hitherto incessant tram-cars stopped by a regiment in Zouave uniform—red fez and knickerbockers, white jackets, blue waistcoats and tanned gaiters. General Sherman, who had come to command the parade, drove up to the hotel, and waited there till it was time to take up his position at the saluting point in Market Street. His

striking face, with its keen eye, prominent nose, white hair and moustache, and close clipped beard, surmounted by a black slouch hat with gold cord and tags, made the hero of the great "March to the Sea" easily recognizable.

At eleven the march-past commenced; a body of regular troops headed the procession, and then came a stream of humanity—some in uniform, some in mufti, some with bands, some without—but all carrying little American flags and wearing badges. As they passed the General's carriage the bands struck up "Marching through Georgia," the regular troops carried arms, the veterans cheered and waved their flags, Sherman took off his hat and bowed, and the crowded populace on pavement, balcony, and house-top, shouted vigorously. It really was a very grand sight. I asked what the Southerners thought of it? The reply was: "Oh, they don't mind! They have their own 'Grand Army Meeting,' and we don't interfere!"

After dinner there was some good choral singing in the courtyard, and then we all hastened to our windows again to see the torchlight procession. This was the prettiest and most effective part of the proceedings. First came a large waggon drawn by twelve horses, and full of demons with horns and tails who burnt lurid red fire in cressets round a huge



CALIFORNIAN IRRIGATION-WELL.

blazing cauldron in the centre. Next passed a body of several hundred men dressed in scarlet doublets and white hose, carrying torches which were made to flash up brilliantly whenever a bugle sounded the signal; these torch-bearers wheeled and counter-marched incessantly, often opening out and lining the streets while troops and veterans marched between their flame-crowned ranks. Last came more waggons from which rockets and Roman candles were let off, and then a dense, choking smoke closed the procession and our windows at the same time.

A day was devoted to visiting some English friends who had established a ranche, or farm, in Sonoma Valley, north of San Francisco Bay. We crossed in a ferry steamer with the usual gorgeous fittings—the paddles driven by two “walking beams” far above the highest deck—landed at Sonoma Landing, and “took the cars” to Pioneer Grove Station. The line ran through richly-cultivated land, principally vineyards, but with a goodly sprinkling of wheat, maize, and barley fields, apple orchards, orange groves, and olive trees. Our friends’ house was a wooden bungalow standing under a wide-spreading peppermint tree. It was full of English comforts and American contrivances; connected with the kitchen and servants’ quarters by a long boarded and trellised passage covered with creepers, and had a yard at the

back, with stables, coach-house, and a barn. This was a "grape ranche," and we were soon wandering through the vineyards where thousands of stakes three and a half feet high each supported a vine already bending under the weight of its abundant fruit, though the grapes were as yet only half-formed. The harvest season is mid-August, when the bunches sometimes weigh as much as seven pounds each, and are so plentiful that horses and pigs are fed on the luscious fruit. The soil is very rich, though exceedingly light and friable; it must be ploughed and harrowed six times over before the vines can be planted, and then they require great care; sulphur is burnt to windward to keep off the "fly;" large fires are lighted, and kept blazing day and night when the temperature falls below a certain point, which is announced by the ringing of an electric bell at the head of the master's bed, connected by a wire with a thermometer placed in the centre of the vineyard; and finally, great care is necessary in pressing the grapes and managing the wine-vats. Many Germans from the banks of the Rhine and Moselle bring their home experience into play here.

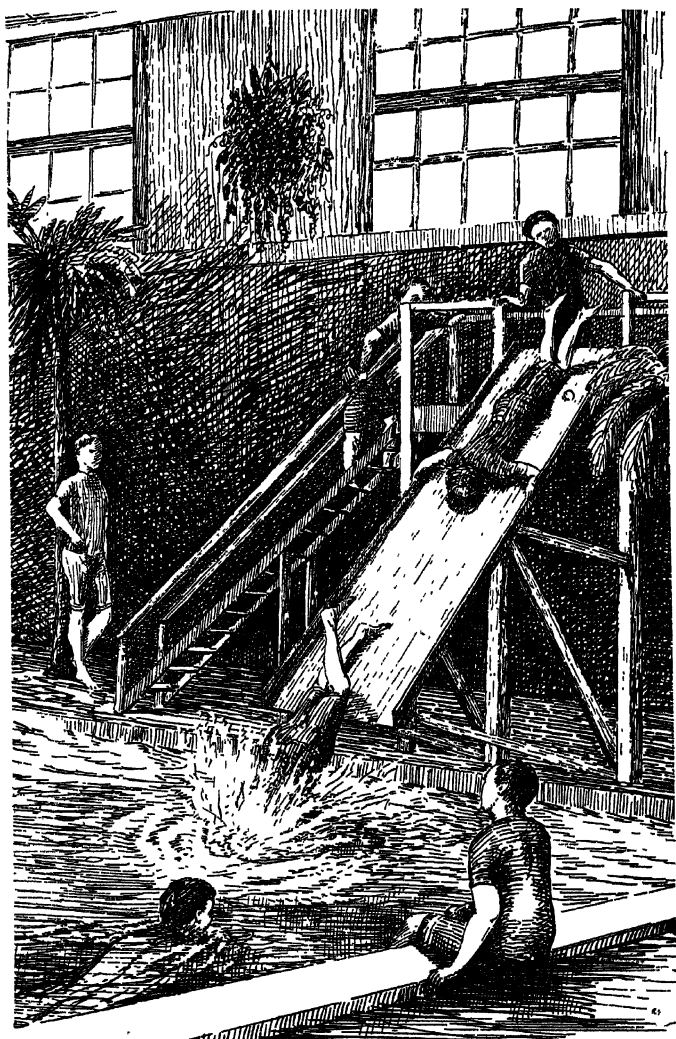
Plenty of shooting is obtained in the neighbouring hills; hares, rabbits and quails abound, deer are fairly numerous, and bears are sometimes met with; the quails are much larger than their European or

Indian namesakes, being nearly as big as the francolin, or grey partridge.

Californian horses are generally well trained and often well bred, but the Mexican mustang is a vicious beast—and unreliable. The heavy (16 lb.) Mexican saddle covered with thick stamped leather is in general use; from the high pommel—called “the horn”—hangs the “riata” or lasso; the girth is quite ten inches wide, formed of a dozen plaits of horsehair kept even (like a raw-hide girth) by cross-pieces of stiff leather, and has an iron ring at each end; these are connected with corresponding rings on the saddle by four or five turns of a leather thong, called a “sinch,” with which the girth can be, and too frequently is, cruelly tightened. I should think this the cause of most of the wild “bucking” for which Texan and Mexican horses have gained an evil notoriety. The back of the saddle has various rings for crupper, valise and saddle-bags; very wide stirrup-leathers, with a flap going under the leg, hold the wooden stirrups and replace the skirt of our saddles, which is absent altogether; great leather “kips” cover the foot; a drugget saddle-cloth lined with undressed lambskin, a broad breast-plate, a highly ornamented bridle, and a fearful bit with a high barbed port complete the equipment of the “rançhero’s” steed.

The climate of California inside the coast line is dry, warm, and very equable, seldom varying ten degrees throughout the year, night and day; it is, therefore, wonderfully good for most diseases of the throat and lungs, and a marked contrast to the trying changes of the San Francisco daily temperature. Food is very cheap, beef being usually ten cents and mutton seven cents a pound (a cent is a half-penny), but clothes, especially boots, are extravagantly dear, and wages exorbitant. While we were there the masons struck for six dollars a day instead of five, which they had hitherto received—fancy a bricklayer demanding twenty-five shillings a day, and this in addition to food and lodging found by the employer! No wonder Chinese workmen are appreciated by all but the “hoodlums!”

Before leaving the Far West we paid a visit to its fashionable watering-place—Monterey. The line of rail from San Francisco passes through wide pasture lands, now burnt and yellow as ripe barley-fields, and covered with dry, crisp grass, coarse, but sweet and nourishing. In spring, just after the rainy season, this parched expanse is a vivid green bedecked with many flowers. Ranges of rugged bare hills rise on the east, above which Monte Diablo rears its head. Passing the town of San José, where a side line branches off to Santa Cruz, we swept



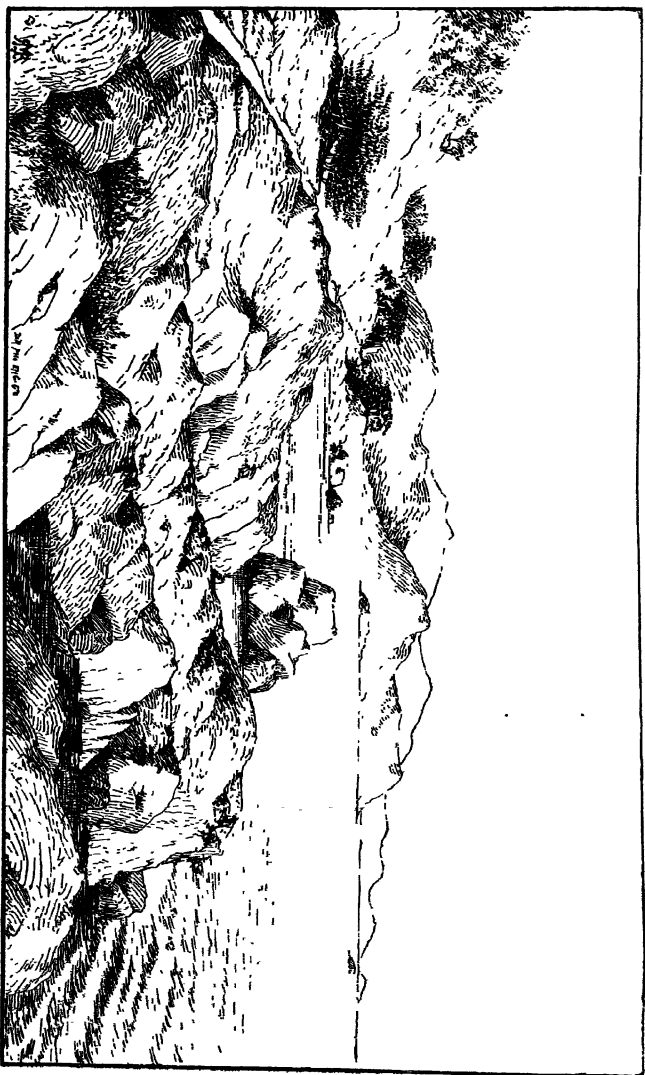
THE SWIMMING-BATH, MONTEREY.

round sharp curves, past long lines of blue gum trees, and through cuttings in low sand-hills to the little station of El Monte, whence a drive of two minutes took us to the Hotel del Monte, an extensive and very picturesque many-gabled building, standing in the midst of beautiful semi-tropical gardens, where the scent of the orange-flower and heliotrope mingled with the salt breath of the neighbouring ocean, and the wash of the surf lost itself in the murmur of the pines.

The broad verandah of the hotel contained the usual crowd of rocking-chairs, generally well filled, while the tennis-courts, bowling-alley, swings, and "merry-go-rounds" in the grounds were occupied from early morn to dewy eve by the younger members of the holiday community: but *the* great resort and attraction was the bathing-house, about half a mile from the hotel by a path along the beach. The interior was divided—one portion being reserved for ladies only, and the other open to both sexes—and ornamented with tropical palms, tree-ferns and orchids. The chief amusement seemed to consist in sliding head first down an inclined plane from a high scaffold, and making as big a splash as possible in the water beneath. The bathing-dresses were generally of dark blue serge, though some were remarkable enough to have attracted attention at Trouville or Biarritz.

The principal excursion from Monterey is a drive through the forest and along the coast to Cypress Point, where the gnarled and twisted trunks of ancient cypress trees show signs of the tempests which sometimes rage across the Pacific. The extreme end of the cape is bare of wood, but covered with echeverias and other stone-crops; seals frequent the outlying rocks, and though we did not see them, we heard their hoarse bark and plaintive yelp. The cypresses at the Point, in common with almost all the trees on the Californian coast, grow with a strong inclination to the south, which gives a peculiar sloping look to the whole landscape when viewed from east or west; this is due to the prevalence of north winds. Beyond Cypress Point lie Carmel Bay, with its ruins of the old Spanish Church and Carmelite Mission, and Point Lobos, where Don Sebastian Vizcayno, a Spanish admiral, was nearly wrecked in December 1602; he got clear of the dangerous rocks with much difficulty, and landed a few days afterwards with two priests and a few soldiers in a sheltered bay to the north, which he took possession of in the name of Philip III. of Spain, and named after the Conde del Monterey, governor of Mexico.

After a few days of quiet enjoyment at pretty Monterey we returned to San Francisco to prepare for



CYPRESS POINT AND CARMEL BAY.

our long railway journey across the Continent to New York.

Since these notes were penned news has arrived of the complete destruction of the beautiful Hotel del Monte by fire. Many of the guests had narrow escapes, and another item is added to the long list of conflagrations for which California is so notorious.





CHAPTER XV.

THE STATES.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—LAKE TAHOE—TALLACK—

A STRANGE STORY—SALT LAKE CITY—

THE MORMONS AT HOME.



ON the 17th August we left San Francisco by the Central Pacific Railroad, just a month after we had landed from the *Belgic*. A long land-journey of 3,500 miles lay before us, which would occupy a week if we took "limited" tickets, and went right through with the mails, never leaving the train; but as we intended to break the journey ("stop over," as the Americans call it) pretty often, and also to branch off from the main line at Chicago in order to see something of Canada, we took

“unlimited” tickets. At first the country was very flat; when we reached Sacramento, ninety miles from the coast, we had only risen thirty feet above sea-level, and it was not until we had passed Colfax, forty miles farther, that we began to ascend from the great alluvial plain watered by the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and American Rivers. At Colfax we passed a train from the East, with numbers of Indians hanging on behind or sitting on the platforms between the carriages; this is their usual mode of travelling, the champions of equality and universal brotherhood will not permit their copper-coloured fellow men to enter the carriages, but allow them to ride gratis outside. At Gold Run, two stations beyond Colfax, gold-mining was in full swing; the low hills were honeycombed by holes like gravel-pits dug in the grey patches of auriferous quartz, and the ravines were full of rocky *débris* and scraggy brushwood. Soon the line, instead of continuing straight and visible for miles ahead, twisted and turned along the sides of steep hills, and at one point—called Cape Horn—it passed twice across the face of the same precipice, but at different altitudes, the ledge on which it rests having been excavated from the rock by men let down in baskets from above.

We halted for ten minutes at Blue Cañon, seventy-eight miles from Sacramento, and nearly five thousand

feet above it ; in spite of the elevation here the thermometer never falls below 50°, and it is likely to become a popular sanitarium when any houses are built ; at present they exist only in the architect's plans.

From Blue Cañon the scenery is very fine as the train passes along a ridge of the Sierras, though we could only enjoy it fitfully, as the view is constantly blotted out by snow-sheds which protect and darken the line almost continuously for forty miles. These sheds are boarded roofs on massive beams and trusses, supported by the excavated hill-side on one hand, and by pillars on the other ; the side-spaces between the pillars are also boarded in—a few windows being left to admit fresh air—and the noise, smoke, and dust of the confined train added to the disappointment in not seeing the view are exasperating ! In our case this disappointment was aggravated by the tantalising glimpses of splendid mountain scenery obtained at "Summit," a station under the snow-sheds where the line reaches its highest elevation in the Sierras, 7,017 feet ; here we got out of the cars and saw as much as we could of the billowy sea of virgin forest which swept down from our feet to the valley below, to rise and fall again in wave after wave far as the eye could reach.

From Summit to Truckee there is a gradual descent

of 1,200 feet, the line passing along the shore of Donner Lake, so named after the leader of an emigrant party forty in number, who were all frozen to death on its shores in 1847. At Truckee we "stopped over," slept at a wretched little wooden hotel on the railway platform, and left at seven next morning by coach for Lake Tahoe. A winding, dusty track followed the course of a pretty stream through a picturesque valley, from which many lateral gorges, or "cañons," opened, giving tempting glimpses of cool green shade through the dust-clouds raised by our conveyance. The hill sides were frequently seamed with timber-slides, long straight wooden troughs, in which the pine-logs are sent down to the river from the heights above. One of these slides is a mile and a half long. Our driver pointed out several Balm of Gilead trees, such as we had seen in the Yosemite, the foliage like that of the beech, and the leaf-buds exuding a resin said to be very healing to the skin, its scent good for pneumonia—a sort of natural "Holloway's Ointment." The mazy stream, with its pretty reaches, pools, and rapids, widened out so gradually as it approached its parent lake—of which it is the only outlet—that it was hard to say where the lake ended and the stream began.

Many merry little chipmunks sat on the rocks or fallen trees, twitching their tails and chattering at

us as we passed; they are a species of squirrel, short, squab-shaped little fellows with grey bodies, rufous heads and tails, inquisitive habits and most independent characters, and are as sacred from harm to the American backwoodsman as the robin is to us.

We had a team of six horses in pairs (the centre pair called "swings," and always the worst), and the steep hills often tried their powers severely, especially when the road turned suddenly at a sharp, steep angle, and threw the four leading horses out of draught, so that all the work fell on the wheelers.

At length we reached Tahoe City, which consisted of a small inn, six cottages and a rickety pier, all built of wood. A western city may be defined as "two or more shanties." If Brown builds a hut, he calls it simply "Brown's," but if he adds a barn or a cowshed, or if Jones builds another hut alongside, the settlement becomes "Brown's City" at one leap.

We went on board the steam-launch which lay at the pier-head awaiting the arrival of the coach, and proceeded twenty-three miles up the lake to Tallack, passing two or three tiny settlements—infant "cities"—cradled in the pine woods on the shore. The water was transparently clear and of a rich deep blue, the high hills were covered with pines, and the distant



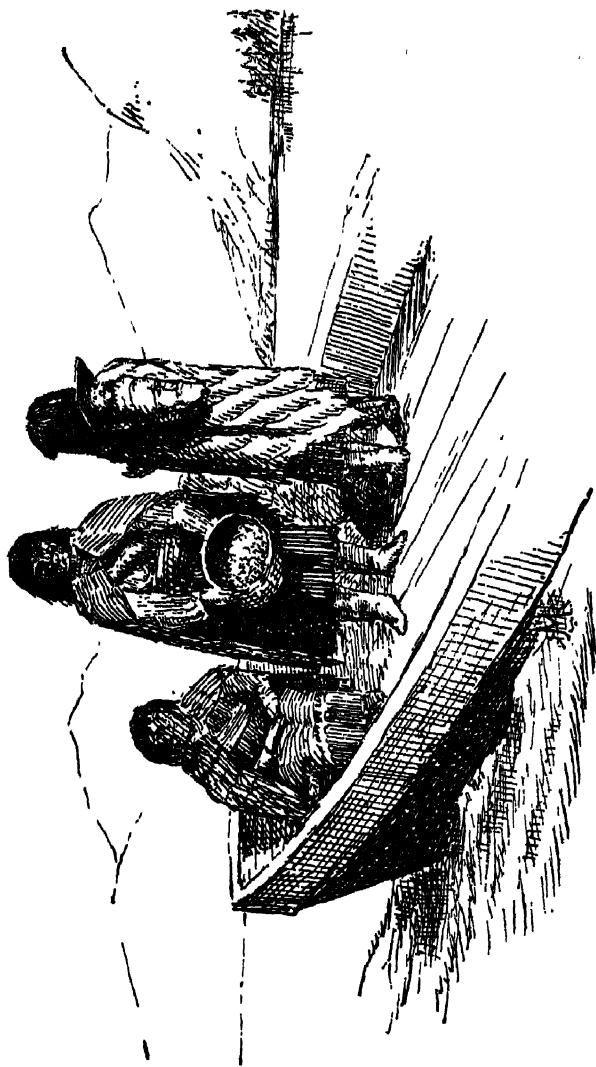
TALLACK, LAKE TAHOE.

peaks of the Sierras tipped with snow. The pretty, cool inn at Tallack was reached at noon, and we were soon sitting under the fir-trees, or lounging in hammocks by the lake side, enjoying the soft, balmy breeze. This lake is thirty-five miles long and from ten to fifteen miles wide; its surface is 6,218 feet above the sea, and its clear waters are said to reach to a depth of 600 fathoms. "Emerald Bay" is one of the prettiest nooks of the lake, reminding one of Loch Katrine, Ellen's Isle being represented by a rocky islet on which stand a small deserted hut and a cross marking an empty grave: it is said that a misanthropic Englishman—Captain Richard Barton—settled on this island, living in the hut and intending his bones to lie in the tomb, but fate decided against the latter part of his plan, for he was drowned in the lake and his body was never recovered.

There are many pretty views and pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood of Tallack, especially towards the mountains at whose feet nestles Fallen Leaf Lake; the steam-launches plying on Tahoe brought a constant succession of visitors, and the inn though primitive, was not uncomfortable. One day came three Indian women offering "thimble-berries" (*Anglicé*, raspberries) for sale; one of these women carried a papoose, or baby, on her back—the little

monkey was swaddled up in party-colored rags, and firmly strapped on to a frame of basket-work which formed a hood over its head—all had swarthy complexions, and the women's coarse black hair was cut square or "banged" across the forehead.

We left this quiet retreat after a few days stay, as we wished to reach Salt Lake City in time for the Sunday service; we crossed by steam-launch to Glenbrook, which is in Nevada State, and took the stage for Carson City. The pretty winding road gave us many parting glimpses of the deep blue lake, and then led us along the edge of a small valley covered with brilliantly green turf where many cattle were grazing, but which had originally been a sheet of water; a few years ago the water mysteriously disappeared into the bowels of the earth, leaving this emerald expanse with only a small pond in the centre. At length we reached the water-shed between the Tahoe basin and the lower level of Carson Valley, and our road, which had hitherto been a tolerably severe up-hill struggle, became a rapid descent. Here, too, we made acquaintance with a new method of getting timber carried down-hill—a "flume" or trough of planks down which the logs are swept at railway speed by a stream of water continually fed with "lumber" by men (chiefly Canadians) in charge of the huge stacks of felled trees on the mountain crest,



FELLOW-PASSENGERS, LAKE TAHOE.

This flume accompanied us along the roadside for several miles, and sometimes crossed either above or below the carriage-road; although our horses were kept at a good trot, which often quickened into a hand-gallop, the incessant streams of logs seemed to laugh at our slow pace as they raced past us down the steep incline, leaping, jumping over each other and throwing somersaults like awkward porpoises at play. The force of the current carried them for several miles along the wooden aqueduct which spanned the level barley-fields at the foot of the mountains, and finally deposited them in a large reservoir from which the vast piles already stacked by the side of a branch railway were being constantly increased.

Shortly after passing the "log dépôt" we entered Carson City, the capital of Nevada—a collection of houses, church, hotel and railway station, all of wood, with a State prison built of stone from neighbouring quarries in which gigantic foot-prints of man and mammoth have been discovered.

We dined at a French restaurant, beginning our meal with "beef soup," and ending it with "fresh grape cake."

From Carson City a branch line took us to Reno, where we rejoined the Central Pacific Railroad, passed the night in a "sleeper," and next morning

found that we had begun the dull and tedious journey across the great American desert—the grave of so many unfortunates in the days when waggon and saddle were the only conveyances to the Far West. It is said that the track was marked for sixty miles by a continuous line of skeletons of men and animals extending across the desert from Promontory on the East to Wadsworth on the West—a pallid, lifeless waste, desolate, silent and forlorn. Clouds of blinding dust rose from the alkaline soil—rivers disappeared in slimy brackish pools or “sinks”—the dull, leaden foliage of the artemisia, or sage-brush, was all the vegetation, and a few lizards were the only signs of animal life; the whole tract seemed blighted and accursed.

Many of our fellow passengers were “Grand Army” men returning from the assemblage at San Francisco to their homes in the East; our attention was particularly drawn to one of them, partly by his terribly crippled state, and partly by the loving care with which his wife watched and tended him. This poor fellow had lost both hands at the wrists and both legs at the knees, besides being badly scarred across the face, and with only the cartilage of the nose left. We met the wife afterwards at Brigham Young’s grave in Salt Lake City, where she told us the following story.

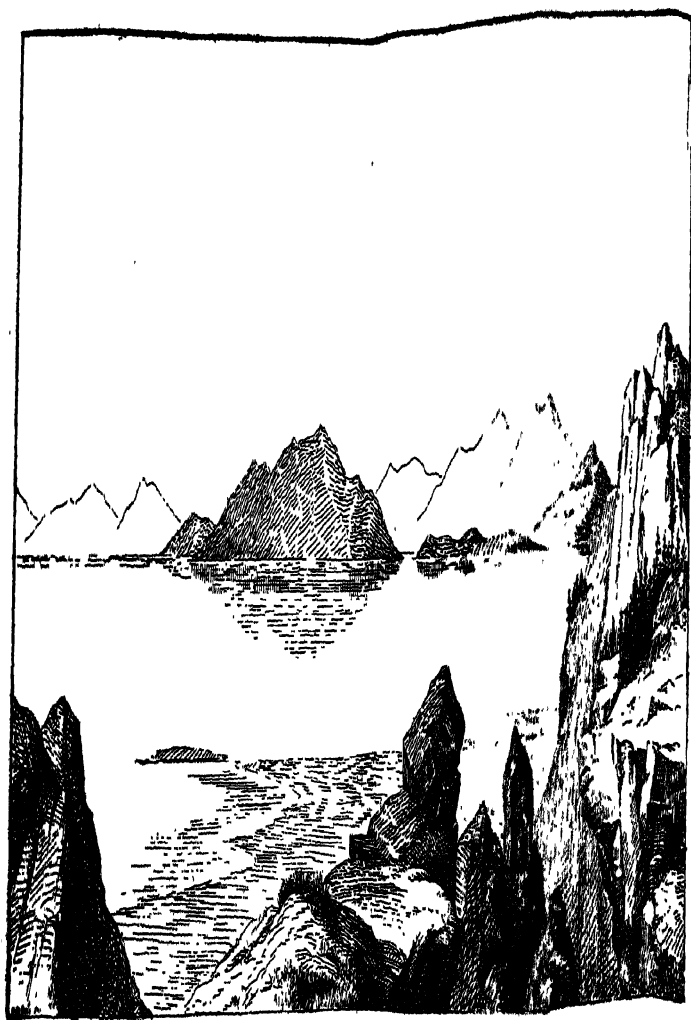
In December, 1865, while her husband was serving in the U.S. Cavalry against the "Rebs," he and four other troopers were sent over the plains of Minnesota with important despatches. While crossing these vast desolate prairies they were caught in a "blizzard," or icy current of wind filled with sand-like particles of ice, as much dreaded there as the simoom in the Great Sahara. For days they wandered on, bewildered by the whirling snow, blinded by the stinging sleet, numbed by the biting frost, until at length—horses and men alike worn out with constant movement and want of that sleep which weighed on them so heavily, but which was the well-known prelude to certain death—they could do no more, wearied nature dulled even the instinct of self-preservation, and they lay down together to rest for ever. A party of Indians found the stiffened bodies of men and horses covered with snow, and as one of the former still showed faint signs of life they brought it in to the nearest outpost, which they reached seven days after the despatch-party had left it, for this was the very point from which the unfortunate men had started! The news was sent to the wife of the rescued man—they had been only a year married—and she immediately set out in a waggon, drove a hundred miles through deep snow-drifts in intense cold, reached the outpost, and, after seven months

of unceasing care and anxiety, succeeded in nursing the poor cripple back to life and health. Tears stood in her eyes as she told the story, winding up with saying, "I had a *terrible* time with him!"—words few and simple, but containing volumes.

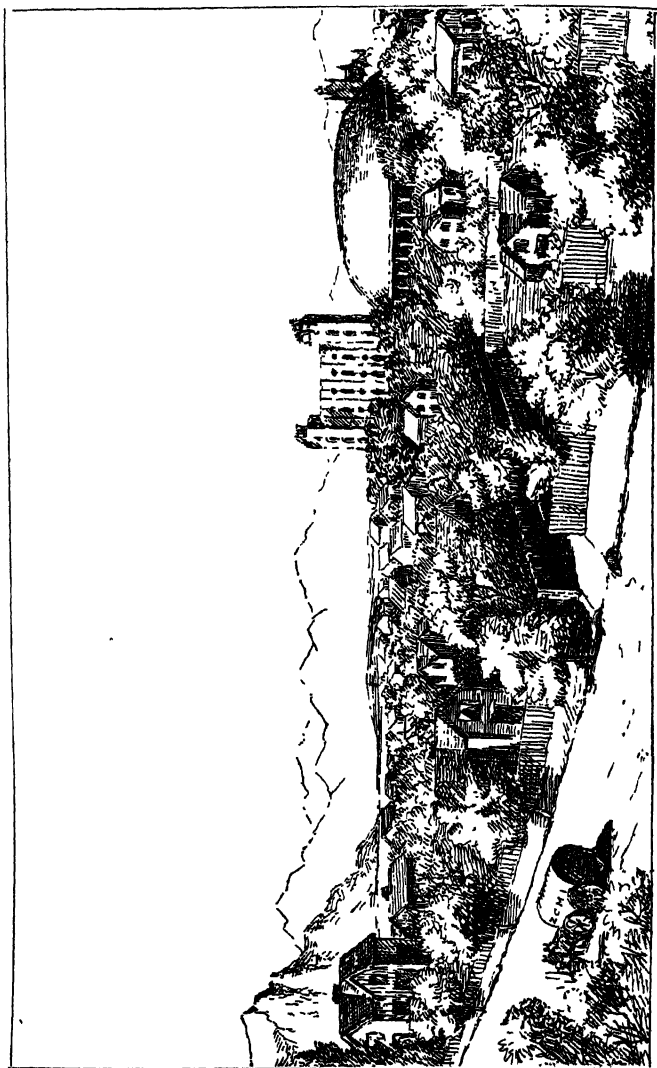
At length we reached Promontory, and found, to our great relief, that we had done with the depressing desert. This is the point at which the two engineering parties laying down the line finally met; one set had started from Reno, and the other from Ogden, and they joined here on May 10th, 1869, completing with a silver bar the last link of the iron chain which unites East and West, and binds the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And now a great sheet of water came in sight on our right—strange, unnatural water, not shimmering in the sun as the breeze played over its broad bosom, not sparkling, bright, and dazzling, with smiling ripples and dancing wavelets, but smooth, motionless, and heavy, with a sullen gleam like a sea of molten lead; no reflection from the surrounding hills varied its uniform tint, nor faintest undulation disturbed its dead stillness; grey, sad, and silent lay the Great Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of the Western World.

The next station was Ogden, and we knew that we were now in the land of the strange fanatics who have dubbed themselves "Latter Day Saints," and



GREAT GULF LAKE



claim all the high privileges of the Chosen People. Here we changed to the narrow-gauge of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and pushed on for Salt Lake City. Wide, well-tilled fields stretched on both sides of the line, comfortable homesteads nestled under wide-spreading trees, cattle stood knee deep in the lush pastures, and all combined to emphasize the contrast with the dreary desert we had left; but what most strangely struck our English eyes was the multitude of sunflowers which covered every uncultivated spot with a sheet of gold. They grow as weeds in this part of the continent, and accompanied us as far as the banks of the Missouri.

But we were not allowed much time to admire the sunflowers, for soon a mass of trees appeared in the distance, backed by the serrated ridge of the Wahsatch Hills, and immediately afterwards the great oval dome of the Tabernacle and the unfinished towers of the new Temple rose above the foliage, and announced that we had reached Salt Lake City, the "Zion" of Mormonism.

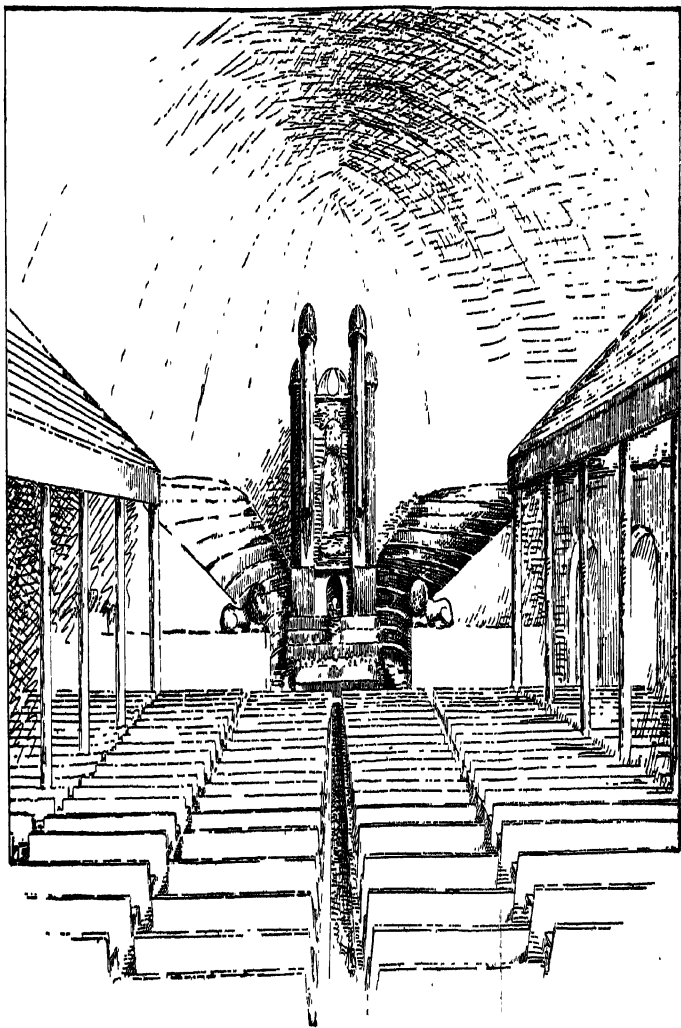
Shortly after mid-day we drove up to the Walker House hotel, and after a rapid toilet and a still more hasty meal hurried off to attend the two o'clock Sunday service—the only public worship in the week.

The great double roof of the Tabernacle, shaped like a dish-cover, was supported on columns about

eighteen feet high, forming a verandah round the many-doored main building. The interior, which we entered without demur being raised, had its floor occupied by long pews all facing an immense organ at the west end, which bore the legends, "In God we put our trust," and "Under the everlasting covenant God must and shall be glorified;" also a painting representing Joseph Smith with the book of Mormon.

In front of the organ, and facing the congregation, were three graduated rows of seats covered with crimson velvet, each of those in front lower than the one behind it. The highest row was set apart for the president and councillors, the next for the twelve apostles, and the lowest for the bishops. The choir was on each side of the organ, about fifty men on the north and thirty women on the south. In the centre of the crimson seats stood a raised desk for the preacher, bearing copies of the Bible and the book of Mormon, and on either side was a stone lion couchant. In front, a long plain table covered with a white cloth bore six large silver tankards, four goblets, and twelve smaller cups with double handles, the last holding about a quart.

A gallery ran round the building except at the west end; both it and the floor of the Tabernacle were well filled with a quiet, orderly congregation



THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

elect." He concluded with the following peroration : — " My testimony is that Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and the leaders of the Latter Day Saints in line of succession from them, knew the secrets by which the earth was made. God will remove the clouds of oppression ; be not downcast, His ears are open to your petitions. Your obstacles are pride, covetousness, and self-will ; but overcome these and the heavens will be big with blessings."

Bishop Whitney said : " Who are the Latter Day Saints ? Descendants of the patriarch who received the promise, ' in thee and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed. ' But you are going into bondage, you are scattered like Israel ; like Jeremiah, I lament over you. Remember that Jesus said to the faulty apostles, ' Ye are the salt of the earth ; but if the salt has lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted ? ' When you doubt Taylor as you doubted Joseph Smith, because his promises were not immediately fulfilled, you let deceivers mislead you. The day is coming when we shall be called holy, even as He is holy. Our church may become smaller, but it will be as gold refined ; and my prayer for you, men and women, for the Gentiles and for the whole world, is that all may be saved in these latter days. Amen."

Both preachers warned the people of coming

trouble, but said that this generation should live to see the great day of deliverance and of triumph, argued that St. John the Divine was still living, claimed the gift of prophecy, and said they had frequent intercourse with spirits. Mr. Whitney also referred to a revelation made to John Davies on October 13th, 1884.

During the addresses the Sacrament was administered by handing round the smaller silver cups filled with water from the six large tankards on the table in front of the crimson seats. Evidently we were recognised as Gentiles even among that immense congregation, for the cups were more than once markedly, though quite civilly handed past us from either side.

Leaving the Tabernacle, much interested though scarcely edified by what we had seen and heard, we visited the new Temple, a very solid building of grey granite quarried on the Wahstach range. The walls of great square-hewn blocks are nine feet thick at the base, and seven at the top where the roof will rest upon them. The massive buttresses bear the four quarters of the moon in bas-relief, over the door are joined hands, above these an eye, and over this again a marble tablet inscribed with the date on which the building was commenced—April 12, 1853—and with a blank space below for that of its completion. This

building is 200 feet in length, 100 in breadth and height, and the towers will be 200 feet high. It is intended to replace the "Endowment House," a mud or *adobe* building where the mysterious ceremonies of baptism or initiation and marriage are now performed.

Our next point was Brigham Young's tomb. To reach this we had to pass the "Lion Mansion" where the prophet lived, a long low house, or rather terrace, with ten gables and five doors facing the street; a lion couchant on each side of the entrance gives the name to the edifice. Next door to this is the "Beehive Mansion," in which Young kept his harem, except the first wife, Amelia, who lived by herself on the opposite side of the road in a very fine house of grey stone, well built, surrounded by a pretty garden, and called indifferently "The Amelia House," and "Gardo House;" this building is now occupied by the President, John Taylor, or rather by his family, for he himself is in hiding from the police of the United States, by whom he is "wanted" on the charge of polygamy.*

At about one-third of a mile from the Temple we came to a small, well-kept, grassy enclosure by the road-side, which looked like a lawn-tennis ground until the eye fell on the four or five tombstones

* Taylor's death has been reported since these lines were written.

which lie at the southern end. That of Brigham Young is in the south-east corner, and is surrounded by a plain iron railing; no inscription marks his resting-place, and this is often quoted as a proof that he is not really dead! The other stones bear the names of some of his wives and children.

However strongly one must condemn Brigham Young's immorality and profanity, there can be no doubt that the blasphemous old reprobate was an admirable pioneer, a great leader, and a most skilful organizer. This is amply proved by his boundless personal influence and great administrative powers, which enabled him to keep in subjection the heterogeneous rabble who followed him to Utah, and were continually reinforced by the restless, the lawless, and the thriftless from Western Europe and Eastern America; also by his remarkable ground-plan for the "New Zion," which provides in a wonderful manner for drainage, irrigation, and all sanitary wants; and more than all else by his comprehensive code of laws and regulations on every point; this is pronounced by experts to be almost as good as the Korân, from which and the Bible it was probably compiled, though some say it was principally based on a fanciful story written by the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, a schoolmaster of Cherry Valley, in New York State. The city he planned

and founded in 1847 now covers about five square miles; it is laid out in 260 square blocks each containing ten acres, these blocks are subdivided into lots of an acre and a quarter each; the streets are 130 feet wide, including the side-walks, which are shaded by young trees and divided from the carriage-way by streams of clear running water. In the business quarters the houses, though irregularly built, are contiguous, but everywhere else they are detached; both materials and architecture vary considerably, low buildings of *adobé*, or sun-dried bricks, with wide verandahs and nondescript out-houses stand side by side with lofty and imposing structures of grey stone, but all are scrupulously neat and clean. The abodes of the bishops and elders are generally small terraces, or rows, of six or seven houses; the husband lives in the centre, and his various wives with their families reside on either side of him, each having her separate dwelling, front door and all. The drinking-water is drawn from deep wells, but that used for irrigation flows into the sparkling road-side rivulets from Emigration Cañon in the Wahsatch hills north of the city.

Twenty miles of rail take the visitor to the shores of the great lake which gives the city its name—or rather one of its names, for it is almost as often called by its inhabitants “Deseret,” “the City of the

Honey Bee," "Zion," "the City of the Saints," or "the Holy City." The water is exceedingly buoyant, containing about twenty per cent. of salt—six times as much as the sea—and is very irritating if it enters the throat or eyes: no vegetation can exist within reach of its spray, and the barren, slimy shores are everywhere cut up into small artificial bays, or "salt-pans," into which the water is admitted, dammed in, and left to evaporate in the sun; in this way great quantities of crystallized salts are collected. The lake covers nearly 2,300 square miles at an altitude of 4,200 feet above the sea; several rivers run into it, but there is no visible outlet.

By-the-bye, Salt Lake City and Monterey were the only places in America where we saw ivy growing. We were much struck with the worn, haggard, suffering look of the Mormon women; the young girls were fresh-looking, though decidedly plain, but we did not see one happy, pleasant-faced middle-aged woman during our stay.

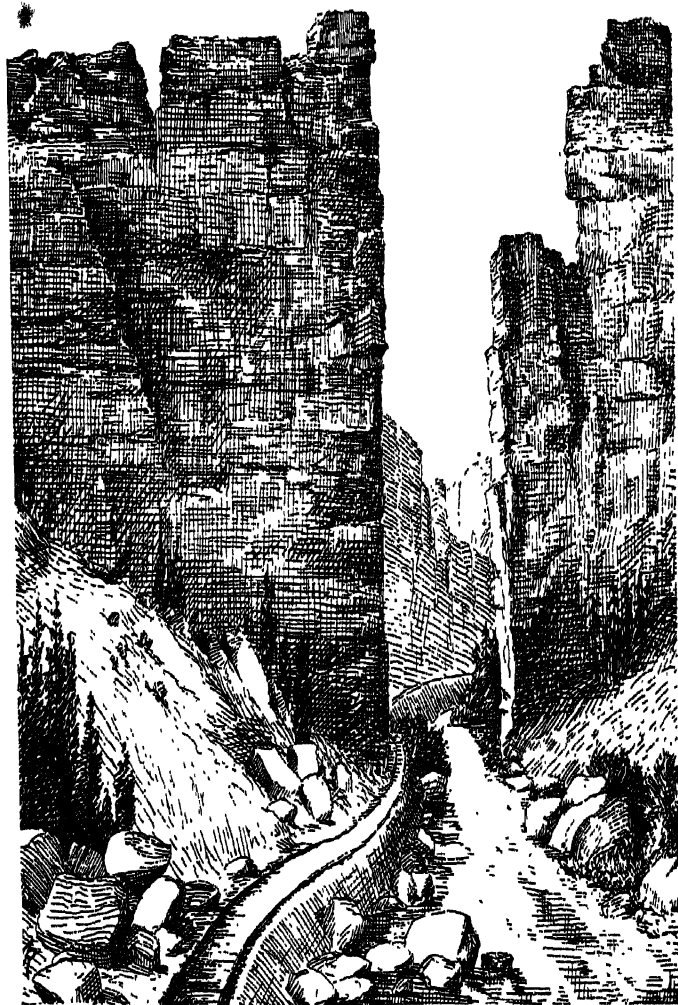


CHAPTER XVI.

THE STATES.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—MANITOU—COLORADO
SPRINGS—CHICAGO.

WE left the Mormon capital after a stay of three days, travelling by the Denver and Rio Grande, the line gradually rising as it leaves the valley. Thistle down seemed the principal product of this part of the country, to judge by the quantities which perpetually streamed in at the open windows as we sped along, and it even gives a name to one of the stations. Two engines were required to drag us up to "Soldier Summit," the track ascending the bed of a stream with blood-red stripes in its current, and flowing between high banks, the soil of which changed from



CASTLE GATE.

grey to russet, orange, and crimson, and *vice versâ* in a wonderful way, the dark, sombre green of junipers and pines here and there contrasting strongly with the strange hues of the ferruginous earth. And now a third engine comes to aid its panting comrades, the ascent becomes still steeper, the scenery changes from banks of gravel to walls of rock, torn and riven by surface glacier or subterranean fire into a thousand picturesque and fantastic shapes; here a huge ruined castle, with frowning and crumbling battlements, there a half-finished cathedral or a gigantic cromlech.

The lateral cañons look red and lurid in the gleams of the afternoon sun; white, bee-hive shaped buildings are pointed out as charcoal-burners' "ovens;" the uppermost strata of the cliffs project like deep eaves, and silver birches hide their foundations; they rise higher and higher, then close in on both sides in a rugged precipitous wall of rock with a narrow gap in the centre which looks made on purpose for our passage; this is "Castle Gate." The train stopped for a few minutes to enable us to examine this wonderful place; huge towering buttresses rose on either hand like a Titanic wall, 300 feet in height, narrow even at the bottom, and at the top not more than eight feet in thickness, and so beset with oriels and archways, embrasures and crenelations, turrets and watch-towers, that it looked

like the vast ruin of some mighty enchanter's stronghold, battered and riven by the storms of ages. Beyond the Gate the side walls opened out into a grand amphitheatre, terminating on the left in a cliff crowned with rocky ramparts reminding me of Gwalior Fort.

At a lonely station, bearing the fitting name of "Solitude," we crossed Green River, and shortly afterwards struck the head-waters of the Gunnison; a flaming sunset glowed behind us in the west, more turrets, walls and bastions passed before our eyes and sank into obscurity—then came a tunnel—an expanse of dimly-seen brushwood—a hazy line of ghost-like pines—then night.

We awoke at daylight to find that we were ascending a steeper incline than ever. The train had been divided; one engine drawing the baggage-cars preceded us up a sharply-curving gradient, the other two locomotives tugged the passenger-cars with many a puff and groan. So abrupt was the turn at one point that we thought we were passing another train until we recognized the features of our fellow passengers in the carriages! At length we reached the crest, and leaving two of our panting locomotives to rest and take breath, we continued our journey down the ugly, bare hill-sides till we again struck the course of the Gunnison River, and rushed along its deep-cut



CURRECANTI NEEDLE.

valley which narrowed as we advanced into a rocky mountain gorge, the foaming stream mingling the roar of its water with the rattle of the train. On passing a high, sharp-edged cliff like the prow of some immense iron-clad, above which towers the massive spire called Currecanti Needle, we walked through the carriage to the rear of the train, where an open truck fitted with seats had been attached for the benefit of those who were willing to brave tearing wind, whirling dust, and driving ashes in order to get a better view of the "Black Cañon" than could be obtained from the ordinary cars. The scene was wild and grand; the dark river swirled and eddied below, chafing angrily—above, the rocks rose on either hand in rugged precipices, re-echoing the harsh roar and rumble of the train as it wound its tortuous way through the cañon, ever rising higher and still higher, till at last we gained the summit of Marshall's Pass, 10,820 feet above the sea.

The view from the Pass is disappointing after the grand scenery of the Black Cañon, though an engineer would find consolation for the want of beauty in the landscape, by dwelling on the wonders of the line along which he is travelling at such an altitude, attained by steep gradients some of them 220 feet to the mile, or $\frac{1}{24}$.

Descending from Marshall's Pass, several railroads

branch off to the various mining districts in the neighbourhood; the main Denver and Rio Grande line then runs through more open, but still broken and ravine-gashed country, till it reaches what is considered the finest part of the road through the Rocky Mountains—the Royal Gorge of the Colorado. I know not whether it was that our eyes had been surfeited with rock scenery, or that this ravine is really less grand than the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, but it certainly impressed us less than the latter had done. It is much narrower—like a deep cleft in the mountain—and in one part the rails are laid on a platform supported partly on under-ties, but chiefly by stays from over-head girders.

We emerged from the great ravine on to the level plain of Pueblo with a feeling of relief such as one experiences on coming out of a long railway-tunnel; the wide green expanse dotted with farms refreshed our eyes, strained with constant upward gazing, and the comparative silence rested our ears, wearied with continual crashing reverberation. At Pueblo we turned northwards, changed cars at Colorado Springs, and at nightfall reached Manitou, a spa in the Rockies, to be jolted to the hotel over a road which felt like a river-bed, having been cut up by a heavy mountain storm during the day.

We took up our quarters at “The Mansions,” a



THE ROYAL GORGE.

pretentious inn chiefly remarkable for bad food, bad attendance and bad situation. Next morning we drove to see a cave which had been discovered only eighteen months before. Climbing a ladder placed against the cliff, we arrived at a landing-stage, from which the mouth of the cavern opened; here we were furnished with a guide, and equipped with common kerosine wall-lamps—most awkward things to carry. Proceeding for some distance down an inclined plane, the air feeling chilly as we advanced, we followed the tortuous windings of the grotto, sometimes so narrow that the passage was rather difficult, sometimes widening to a fair-sized tunnel, or opening into lofty halls hung with stalactites. The largest of these chambers is called the "Music Hall;" it is about 150 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 50 feet high. Mounting a flight of wooden steps, we reached a part of the lime-stone wall from which projected some thirty ribs or thin folds of calcareous deposit, looking like layers of greasy grey suet; they were quite moist, and a light placed behind one of them could be plainly seen from the other side. When struck with a stick they gave out clear bell-like notes, varying with the size of the fold; on this natural rock-harmonicon the guide played chimes, and two tunes in which could be traced a faint resemblance to "Rousseau's Dream" and "Annie

Laurie." Many of the other stalactites in the cavern are translucent, and a few are as white as alabaster ; they hang in many queer shapes—one little group, protected by wire netting, looks like miniature tendrils and bunches of grapes ; this is called " Martha's Vineyard "—another goes by the name of the " Leg of Mutton," and a third bears the title of the " Fat Boy."

We walked about 600 yards through the various branches of the cavern, and when we came out again the temperature felt almost unbearably hot ! The thermometer in the Music Hall registered 54°, while that in the shade at the entrance stood at 80°. The air in the cave was quite fresh and pure, which shows that there is a through current, though it has not yet been accounted for.

The storm had destroyed the road to William's Cañon and the Garden of the Gods, so we had to content ourselves with visiting the soda and sulphur springs. The smell of the latter immediately reminded us of Ashinoyu in Japan, but a draught from the sparkling soda fountain was very refreshing and acceptable on that hot day. The trail to Pike's Peak passes these springs, and the mountain itself rises before you, the second highest point of the Rockies, only beaten by 200 feet by the crest of Grey's Peak, which is 14,566 feet above the sea,

only 1,214 feet lower than Mont Blanc. We drove for some distance along the pretty Pike's Peak trail, and left Manitou that afternoon to return to Colorado Springs.

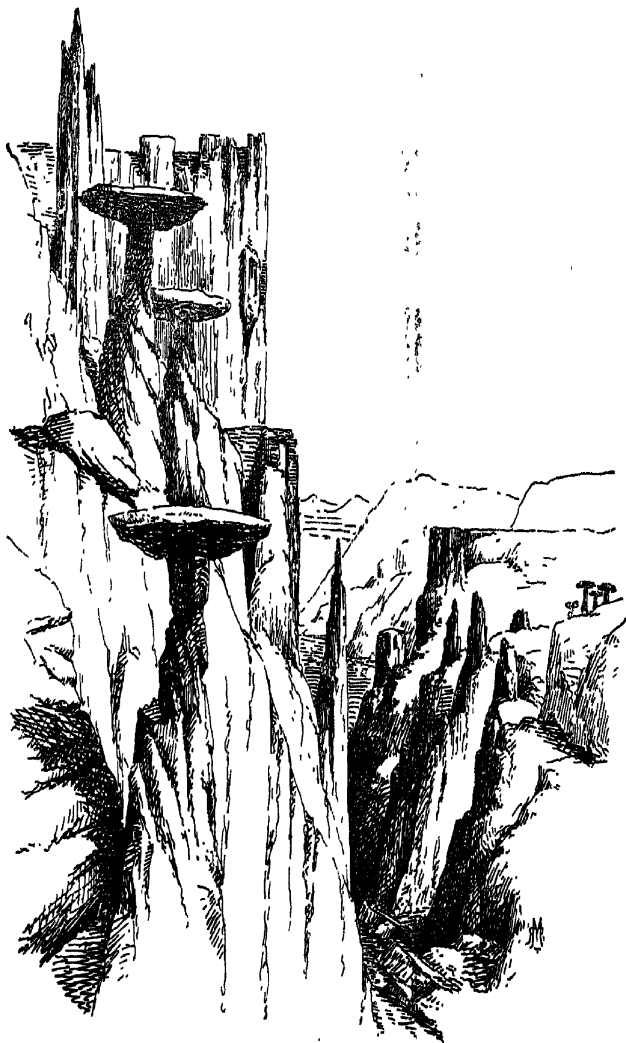
Here we found most comfortable quarters at the "Antlers," a large Queen Anne building facing the railway station on one side and the main street of the town on the other. Although lower than Manitou, we were still 6,000 feet above sea-level, and the cool air was fresh and bracing in spite of a broiling sun. The town is traversed by wide boulevards; across these the shop-signs are suspended; they are cut out of sheet-iron, and hung from stout wires high enough to clear the most piled-up waggon-load, so that strangers walking through the streets give one the idea of being star-gazers. We found Aiken's store, on Pike's Peak Avenue, well worth a visit: it contained Mexican pottery, Indian blankets and implements, geological specimens, magnificent buffalorobes and other furs, and a collection of the most natural-looking stuffed birds and animals I have ever seen. Many of the groups were exceedingly amusing, and were executed with great care and rare good taste, especially those formed of marmots, or prairiedogs, and their constant companions the little horned owls.

We left Colorado Springs the following morning,

and passed Monument; in this district, locally known as "The Garden of the Gods," there are many slabs of flat rock resting on pedestals of conglomerate; these are aptly called "mesas," or "tables." Some curious formations are like rows of huge organ-pipes; others, again, represent castles, churches, thrones, arches, towers and spires; it is a most extraordinary region, and one can well believe that the superstitious Indians should imagine it the home of the Great Spirit, "Manitou."

The line had been gradually ascending to Larkspur, and when we reached Palmer Lake we were on the water-shed between the Missouri and Arkansas valleys, 7,238 feet above sea-level. It seemed a strange position in which to find a lake; but it was even stranger to see fountains playing in the midst of the shallow waters, and pleasure-boats, dancing-booths and restaurants, with no sign of any town or even village! It appears that people only come here for the day, even the attendants returning to Denver or some neighbouring town to sleep, leaving only a "caretaker" in charge of each of the wooden houses.

From Palmer Lake the descent into the Missouri Valley commences. The country is "prairie"—like a great rolling down or moor—dotted with a few scattered firs on the higher levels, but bare, undulating and wide-stretching as the ocean itself as you



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

floor, and the stables were above ! No ramp was provided for the horses to pass up and down, but only litter laid on the ordinary stairs.

The " Tabor Grand Opera House " is the boast of Denver—it is said to be second only to that in Paris—pretty well for a city which, though it now has a population of over 80,000, was only founded in 1858.

Here we saw an unmistakeable sign of more advanced civilization—the *depôt* is at one end of the town, and the line runs outside instead of through the centre street, as is the rule farther west. The reason for this is that in the more newly-settled districts the railway-station has given the *raison d'être* to the town instead of the contrary as in Europe, so the houses are built round the " *depôt* " as a centre, and the trains run through the streets without any protection except the constant clang of the warning bell on the engine. Another point to be remarked here was that the town looked more solid and lasting—less like a hap-hazard collection of deal packing-cases—than those we had hitherto seen since leaving San Francisco.

On leaving Denver we had our berths made up in the comfortable sleeping-car of the " Burlington Route," running on the curious paper wheels made at Pullman City, near Chicago. These wheels are almost noiseless, and we found this an immense advantage, especially at night.

During the night we crossed the boundary between Colorado and Nebraska, and, at McCook Station, changed from "Mountain" to "Central Time." These changes of time, one hour each, occur on three different occasions in crossing the Continent, and, more than anything else, mark the immense distance travelled over; at San Francisco you start with "Pacific Standard Time," which is changed at Ogden to "Mountain Standard," at McCook to "Central Standard," and at Chicago to "Eastern Standard." This makes the time-tables, or "folders" as they are called, very puzzling to the uninitiated, especially when journeying west; the train by which you are travelling is timed to arrive at—say Chicago—at 7.30 P.M., and to depart at 6.38 P.M., which looks as if you had to "stop over" nearly twenty-four hours, the actual fact being that Chicago is a "change-time depôt," and the duration of your halt only eight minutes. Going east, of course, the calculation must be reversed, and you deduct an hour from the stoppage marked in the "folder."

We woke in the "sleeper" on the 28th to find a damp morning mist almost blotting out the ranks of tall sunflowers (some fully fifteen feet high) which hedged each side of the track as we passed through the wide pasture-lands of Nebraska. Gradually the veil lifted to disclose an apparently unbroken level plain, stretch-

ing to the utmost limits of our vision ; and we were thoroughly surprised when we suddenly struck the bank of the Platte River at a bend of its course, for the great stream had given no previous sign of its proximity. The muddy, sullen, swirling current swept along amid shifting sand-banks and treacherous snags, sometimes half a mile across, sometimes contracting to 500 yards or less, but always dull, turbid, and ugly.

At Lincoln we changed cars, and a little farther on, at 6.50 P.M., came to a deep cutting in a sand-bank, and then passed very slowly on to an iron bridge suspended over a broad muddy flood, the farther bank consisting of alluvial fields very little above the surface of the stream. Poised on light trestles high above fields and river ran the train, until the rising ground again reached our level, and we stopped at Pacific Junction to find that we had crossed "mighty Missouri."

During the halt a Pullman dining-car had been coupled on, and we went to it for dinner. Twelve tables, with seats for parties of four, occupied each side of the car, a row of lamps hung from the middle of the roof, and the kitchen was at the farther end. After dinner we returned to find the conductor making our beds. Some of our fellow-passengers had already turned in, and their snoring could be

heard even above the grinding roll of the train! In the morning we found that one of the unmusical party was a huge woman, who proudly and loudly announced that she "scaled" 240 pounds, and her husband 290 pounds.

We now crossed the Mississippi, a far finer stream than the Missouri, and at 2.15 p.m. on the 29th of August, we arrived at the great Phoenix City—Chicago. During the afternoon we strolled down to the shore of the lake, where the waters of Michigan roll in like waves of the sea to break on the sandy beach; large ships lie at anchor in the bay, and the level of the far horizon is only broken by the white specks of distant sails. I actually had to taste the water, in order to convince myself that it was *not* the ocean on which I gazed.

We stayed at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and found salt-spoons on the table—the only ones we saw between San Francisco and Niagara!

Certainly the history of Chicago is the most wonderful proof yet given by the Americans of their unequalled boldness and invincible determination in the face of great natural obstacles and dire disasters. Fifty years ago this extraordinary city was a small Indian trading-station, which rapidly developed into a large and prosperous town. In 1856 it was found that the site of the stores and offices nearest the

lake was too low, and that their basements were frequently exposed to inundation, so engines were invented and plans devised by which the buildings were raised *en masse* from three to nine feet above their previous level, piles and huge blocks of stone placed beneath the foundations retaining them firmly at their new elevation. This may be called the "trial by water;" fifteen years later came the "ordeal by fire."

On Sunday evening, October 8th 1871, a lighted kerosene lamp was accidentally upset in a shanty in the south-western part of the town. The neighbouring buildings—almost all of wood—carried the flames to the immense lumber-yards along the river bank, from which they spread to the city with frightful rapidity. The fire raged fiercely all through Sunday night, the whole of Monday, and Monday night, and it was not till Tuesday morning that the last roof fell in. The ruins still smouldered and occasionally burst into flame several months afterwards.

The area devastated by the devouring element was about three and a half square miles; nearly eighteen thousand buildings were destroyed, and a hundred thousand people rendered homeless. The loss was estimated at fifty millions sterling, and many of the American insurance companies went bankrupt. The fire happened late in autumn, but before winter set in

many of the merchants had re-opened their offices in wooden booths or private houses; a year after the disaster much of the town had been rebuilt, and now it is one of the finest cities in America, and second in commercial importance only to New York itself.

It has several very fine public parks, of which Lincoln Park, on the shore of Lake Michigan, is the best, though Humboldt, Union, and Douglas Parks tread closely on its heels. The shops—especially those in State Street—are very handsome, and would be admired anywhere. The principal streets are wide and well paved, and the roads in the environs are kept in excellent order; we drove along Milwaukee Avenue and Garfield Boulevard, fine broad thoroughfares; the surrounding country is flat, green, and highly cultivated.

There are many large docks opening from the Chicago river in the centre of the town, surrounded by the monster “grain elevators” worked by steam, which unload trucks and load ships, or *vice versa*, with almost incredible rapidity and despatch.

We did not pay a visit to the pig-killing and pork-packing establishments, for though no doubt very marvellous in their way, they possessed no attraction for us; but I spent a most interesting morning in the great car factory at Pullman City, about three-quarters of an hour by train from Chicago.

This "city" is a collection of handsome red-brick buildings faced with grey stone; from the centre of the main edifice rises a tall clock-tower, and the grounds in front are prettily laid out with grass-plats, flower-beds, and fountains. The engine-room holds the great main engine, two "walking beams" turning a driving wheel thirty feet in diameter. The manufacture of locomotives, carriages, and railway "rolling stock" of all kinds is carried on here, but the "Pullman cars" occupy most of the extensive factories. I wished particularly to see the paper wheels being made, and the courteous superintendent gave me an account of the whole process with practical illustrations as we went through the different work-rooms. These wonderful wheels, which are rapidly supplanting their wooden prototypes in America, are made of rice-straw paper: this coarse, light-brown material is stacked in great piles in well ventilated store-houses; each circular sheet is one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and from twenty-four to forty-two inches in diameter, with a round hole in the centre; twelve sheets saturated with ordinary flour-paste are placed together, subjected to a hydraulic pressure of 800 tons, and hung up to dry for a week in a temperature of 130°. Three of these are then pasted together, pressed, and again dried for a week. They are finally "blocked,"

i.e. several discs of this very solid pasteboard, enough to make about six inches in thickness, are pasted and subjected to increased pressure, reducing them to four and a half inches, after which they are piled in the drying-houses, and remain in an even temperature of 95° for a period of from three to six months; if there is a heavy demand they are taken out at the end of the shorter period, but if possible they are left longer, though never more than six months for fear of their becoming brittle.

When these paper Cheddar-cheeses are to be made into wheels, the steel "hub" is forced into the centre hole by a 10-ton Nasmyth's hammer, and the whole disc into the tyre by one of 100 tons; the front and back plates of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch iron are bolted on, and the wheels are fit for issue. Krupp's tyres are now in use, but those of American manufacture are gradually superseding them. A good paper wheel wears out four tyres; at each re-tying fresh bolts are inserted in the back and front plates; for the first renewal the old holes are enlarged, and thicker bolts used; the next time fresh holes are drilled, and for the final change these are enlarged. The flange of the tyre wears out first; when this happens the metal is "taken up," or drawn from the inner surface of the wheel, and a new flange made by bending it in a fresh place.

An average calculated from five years' returns, shows that a tyre, $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches thick, will run 434,452 miles with the loss of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches of steel, reducing it to $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch, when it is considered to have done its work.

The paper wheels are made of different sizes, from 24 to 42 inches in diameter; those in general use at present are 33 inches, but the demand for the larger sizes is rapidly increasing; they cost from 65 to 75 dollars each—about £13 to £15.

Over 3,000 hands are employed in these works; they have a theatre, library, hotel, schools, and co-operative stores; the last, called the Arcade, has good shops, selling every article of ordinary daily requirement, and a great deal of very handsome furniture made by the workmen during their leisure hours.

The factories occupy about forty large buildings, and there are besides these the church, chapels, Arcade, barracks, and many cottages for the married men, all in Queen Anne style. A very handsome octagonal water-tower supplies the works and the community: in short, everything about the place testifies to the energy and enterprise of Mr. George W. Pullman, who initiated his vast undertaking by the purchase of 3,000 acres of land for £200,000, and whose last outlay was £20,000 on the hotel.

Our short stay at Chicago intervened between two disasters ; just before our arrival, one of the great dynamite factories on the outskirts blew up, causing the loss of several lives, and within four hours of our departure on the 31st of August, a severe shock of earthquake was felt, a wave of the great convulsion which did so much damage at Charleston.





CHAPTER XVII.

CANADA.

NIAGARA—TORONTO—RIVER ST. LAWRENCE—
MONTREAL—QUEBEC.

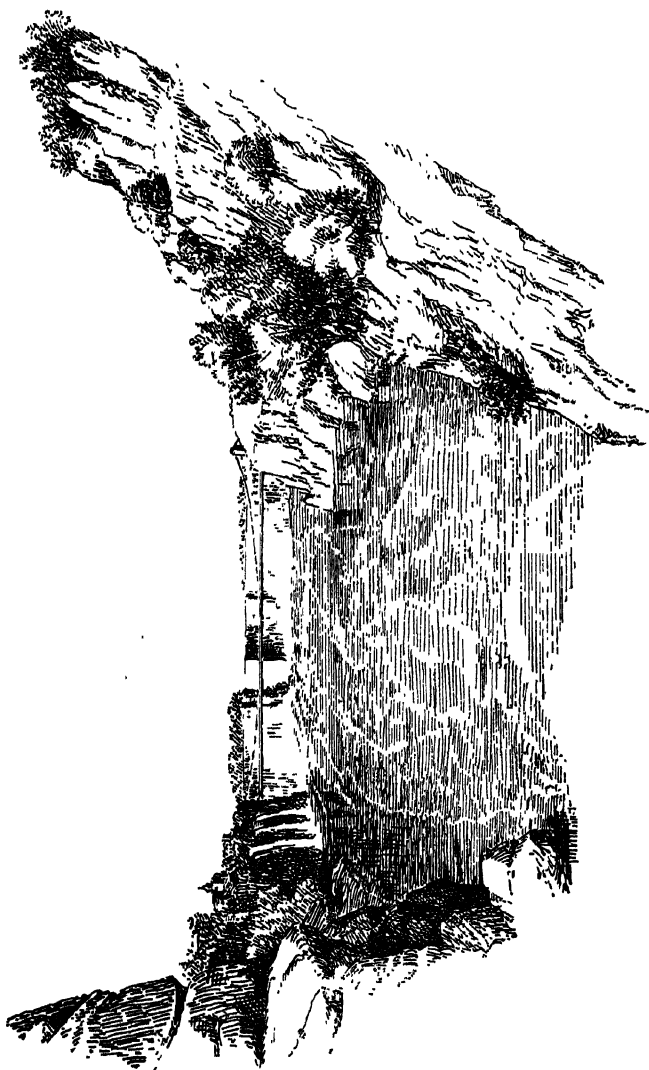
QN leaving Chicago we branched off from the direct line to New York, as we wanted to catch a glimpse of Canada, the St. Lawrence, and above all, Niagara.

The "Lake Shore Line" deserved its name, taking us for many miles along the margins of Lakes Michigan and Erie. The scenery between Chicago and Buffalo reminded us of that on the shores of the great Swedish Lakes—displaying a much wider expanse of water, it is true, but showing the same dark belts of pine-wood, the same interminable log-fences, and the same level, alluvial, richly-cultivated country.

We again dined and slept in the train, and on waking next morning it seemed that we had been standing still! Surely those were the wide glassy waters, the sandy shore, the spreading green fields, and long, straggling fences on which we had gazed through the dusk of evening? It is true that many more ships were now in sight, but probably they left port in the morning, which would account for their number? But the conductor enters at this moment, and dispels our fancies by shouting (intelligibly, for a wonder); "Buffalo! Change cars for the Falls!" and we wake from our dream of Michigan to the fact that we are at the eastern end of Erie, where the great sluice called the Niagara river carries off the superfluent waters of those inland oceans—Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie—to dash them in one stupendous cataract over the Falls.

The line ran along the south bank of the broad river, which was studded with many islands, and often widened out into lake-like pools; at 10 A.M. we arrived at the Falls Station, and took a carriage to the Clifton Hotel, on the Canadian side. The town of Niagara Falls is a picturesque collection of irregular buildings extending to the entrance of the Park, a public promenade and recreation-ground, through which the American Fall and the islands are reached. Just beyond the Park-gates we turned to

the left, descended a short incline, and passed on to the Suspension Bridge. Ever since we left the dépôt a noise of many waters had been in the air—a deep, hoarse roar—a sound unlike anything we had ever heard before, unless it may be compared to the whirring of many wheels and the ceaseless crash of vast hammers in some great manufactory. Now the cause of this strange tumult was disclosed—two hundred feet beneath flowed the broad current of the river, flecked and streaked with foam; on the left, not five hundred yards off, was the great Horse-shoe Fall; as we slowly drove nearer the Canadian bank the American Fall also came into view, and from the northern end of the long bridge the whole magnificent panorama lay before our astonished and bewildered eyes! I had heard much and read more about this wonderful scene, but no amount of the most vivid description can give any idea of the poetic majesty, the ethereal grandeur of this glorious cataract—no painter can convey more than a maimed impression of its effect, which appeals not only to the eye but also to the ear, and draws its indescribable charm not only from grand outline and gorgeous colour, but from ceaseless movement and the sense of irresistible power. Niagara must oppress the noblest of poets, bewilder the greatest of artists, and convert the most stubborn of atheists!



NIAGARA, FROM THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

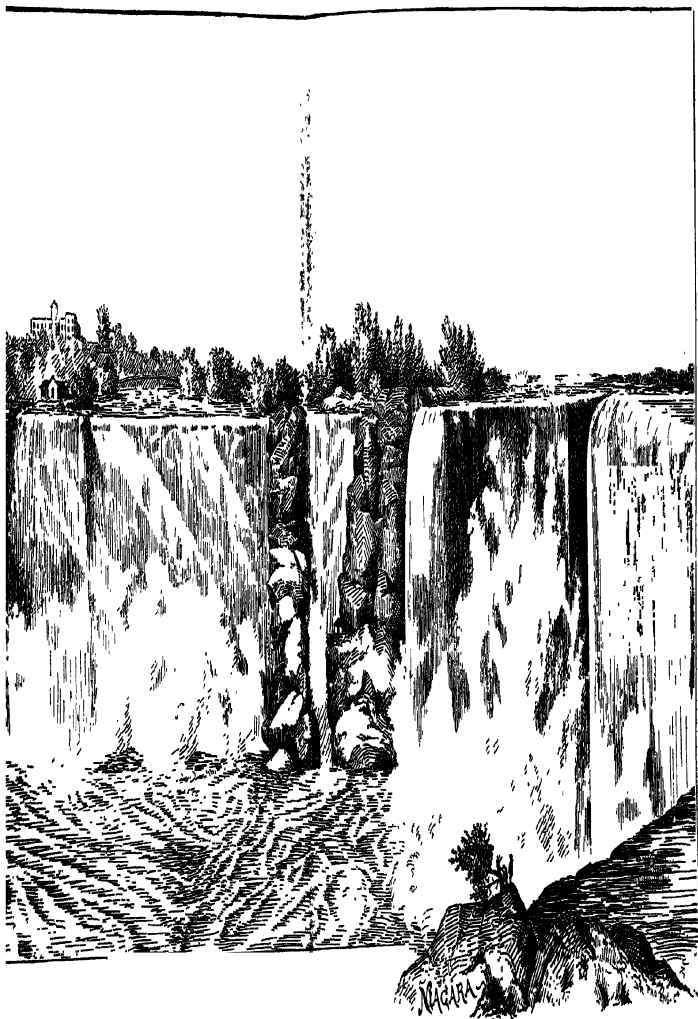
We stayed at the comfortable Clifton House Hotel, which is admirably placed on the Canadian side in full view of the Falls, so that the visitor can revel in their beauty at his ease. Fortunately, the moon was nearly full at the time of our visit, and enabled us to behold the entrancing sight of Niagara by moonlight, when a fairy-like unreality wraps the scene, the Falls look like huge polished walls of solid silver, and the vast column of spray rising high above the Horseshoe might well be the shadowy form of the great Spirit of the Waters.

We sat up late on the night of our arrival, unable to tear ourselves away from the verandah which afforded such an entrancing panorama, and started early next morning to make closer acquaintance with the eighth wonder of the world.

The drawback to Niagara is having to see it ! I do not mean to gaze on its grand beauty—that one could be content to do for ever—but to go from point to point and inspect the different component parts of the great picture, to “do the Falls,” in short. There seems to be a certain amount of impertinent curiosity in this—an attempt to catch nature in *deshabille*, to look behind her veil and see how she gets herself up—which certainly detracts from the poetry of the scene, especially when each fresh peep costs a dollar ! One of these expeditions is to the Whirlpool, about

two miles down the river, where the channel turns at a right angle and the force of the current has hollowed out a bay in the cliff, and swirls sullenly in treacherous eddies, ever ready to swallow their prey.

We were fortunate in meeting a very pleasant American couple, who knew the 'neighbourhood thoroughly well (having visited it every autumn for several years past,) and joined us in our rambles. Re-crossing from Canada to the States by the suspension bridge, 1,190 feet in length, we walked through the Park to the edge of the American Fall, of which a good view was obtained from a point jutting out from the bank, and protected by a stone wall. The water was clear as purest glass, and the spray below caught the sunbeams in a double rainbow. Turning a little way up the bank we crossed to Bath Island; looking up-stream from the bridge, the river seemed to be rushing down a flight of steps towards the Fall; some of these steps stretched at right angles completely across the stream, from bank to bank. From Bath Island another bridge took us on to Goat Island, which separates the two principal Falls. Between these islands is a detached rock called Luna Island, whence the best view of the American Fall was obtained; a rainbow forming a *complete circle* hung in the spray below.



NIAGARA

Returning to Goat Island, which is covered with good-sized trees, we walked to its further edge, and then over another bridge to the "Sisters," two wood-crowned rocks forming the southern boundary of the Canadian, or Horse-shoe Fall. Just above the Sisters a higher step than usual crosses the Rapids and checks the course of the torrent, forcing the water to shoot up in a long ridge of shattered crystal, fountains and jets of spray springing high from its crest where the hidden rock presents a sharper edge or loftier barrier to the head-long rush of waters.

The leaping, laughing, glittering rapids and the great ceaseless Falls of Niagara suggest the poetry of motion as perfectly as the stately snow-clad peaks and mighty ice-fields of the Himalayas represent the majesty of repose.

The rock over which the waters of the Canadian Fall precipitate themselves appears to overhang its base like a cornice, and just below this ledge the torrent looks translucent, as though there were no cliff behind it, but clear daylight; this is more particularly remarkable from the American heel of the Horse-shoe, whence the Fall appears like a vast sheet of grey-green glass; sometimes the foam, instead of being light and airy, seems as solid as Parian marble; often it is tortured into strange shapes by the resisting air—gushing out in horizontal jets, dashing up in

spray fountains, shooting across in dazzling rockets, and anon consolidating into broad sheets of prismatic hues which melt into vague mist as they lose themselves in the seething caldron of the depths below. And ever above the Fall—now bedewing the Sister Islets, now moistening the verdure on the Canadian shore—hangs the great column of ascending spray, the Giant of the Mist.

The American Fall is a great river committing suicide, but the Horse-shoe is an ocean rushing into eternity.

The old soldier who has charge of the bridge between Bath Island and the mainland had been at his post for twenty-four years, and told us he had noticed great alterations in the outline of the falls, especially in the centre of the Horse-shoe, which has receded into an acute angle. He has seen a greater change since our visit than in all his previous years' experience, for in January last a huge piece of the over-hanging Table Rock on the Canadian side fell into the gulf below.

At length we tore ourselves most reluctantly away from the entrancing Falls, and resumed our journey through fresh scenes, though the glamour of the great cataract long lay on us like the spell of a mighty wizard, and I can still summon up the vision with



GENERAL BROCK'S MONUMENT.

clearest distinctness, and fancy I still hear the deep roar of Niagara, the "Thunder of Waters." *

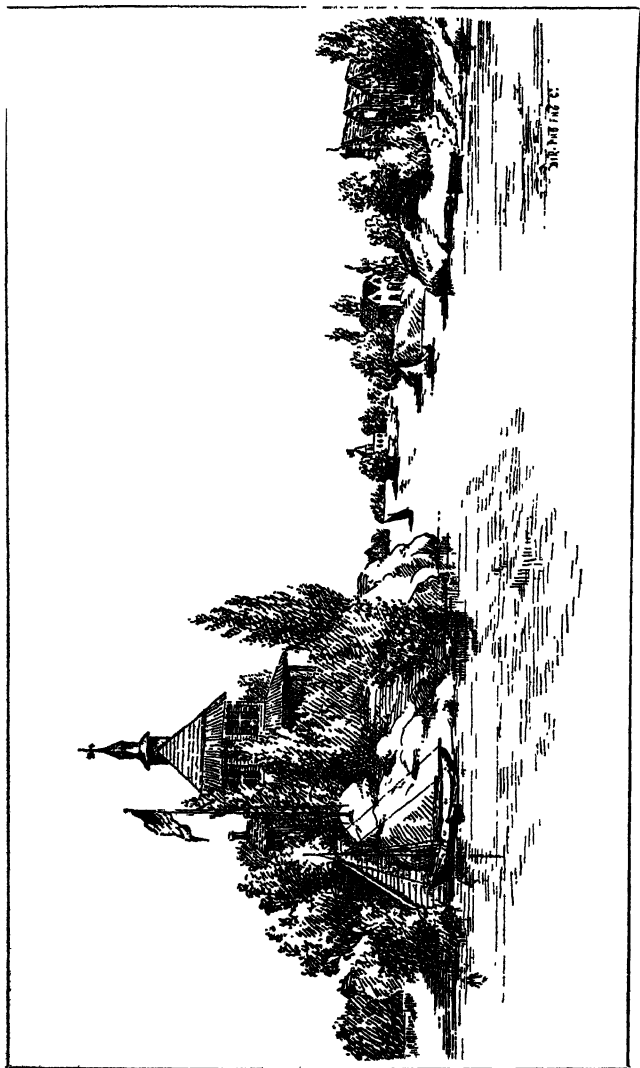
Leaving the station on the Canadian side in the early afternoon, we went by train to the town of Niagara on the shore of Ontario, where the river debouches into the lake. Near Queenstown we saw a striking monument to the English General Brock, who, with his aide-de-camp, McDonnell, fell here on the 11th October, 1812. It is a pillar nearly two hundred feet in height, admirably placed on a slight hill, and visible for many miles around. On either side of the mouth of the river is a small fort, one English, the other American; the lake stretches away to the far horizon like a calm sea, its shores flat and uninteresting. We had to wait a long time for the boat, which was very unpunctual, and did not reach Toronto till long after night-fall.

Next morning showed us a handsome, wide-streeted town, quite ultra-English in its sign-boards, flags, and other decorations. The main thoroughfares are bordered with wide turf and rows of trees, often horse-chesnuts. In Queen's Park is a monument to the "Bridgeway Heroes," volunteers who fell in repelling an irruption of Fenian scoundrels from the United States in 1866. Trinity College is the grandest

* "Niagara"—the name bestowed on the falls by the Indians—is thus translated.

building in the town, with a very handsome gate-tower, fine library and museum, and pretty grounds. The Horticultural Gardens are also very good, and most tastefully laid out. Altogether Toronto gave us the impression of being a thriving place, and looked much more solidly built than the towns we had hitherto seen in the United States. One small shop attracted a disproportionate amount of attention by its sign-board, "Hospital for Umbrellas."

We left Toronto by steamer in the afternoon, and could now see that the harbour is large, and well sheltered by islands and artificial breakwaters. The night was spent on board, and at six o'clock we rose to find that we were just entering the "Thousand Islands," the most beautiful part of the River St. Lawrence. For fifty miles the surface of the wide, deep stream was thickly studded with rocky islets of all sorts and sizes, covered with trees, and generally with one or two villas showing through the foliage, while fanciful names of points and bays were painted on the rocks. At Alexandria Bay was a large picturesque hotel, and in the stream lay a good-sized steamer, drawing fourteen feet of water, plying between Ogdenburg on the St. Lawrence and Chicago, the great Welland Canal between Erie and Ontario, which circumvents Niagara, being deep enough to admit vessels of considerable draught.



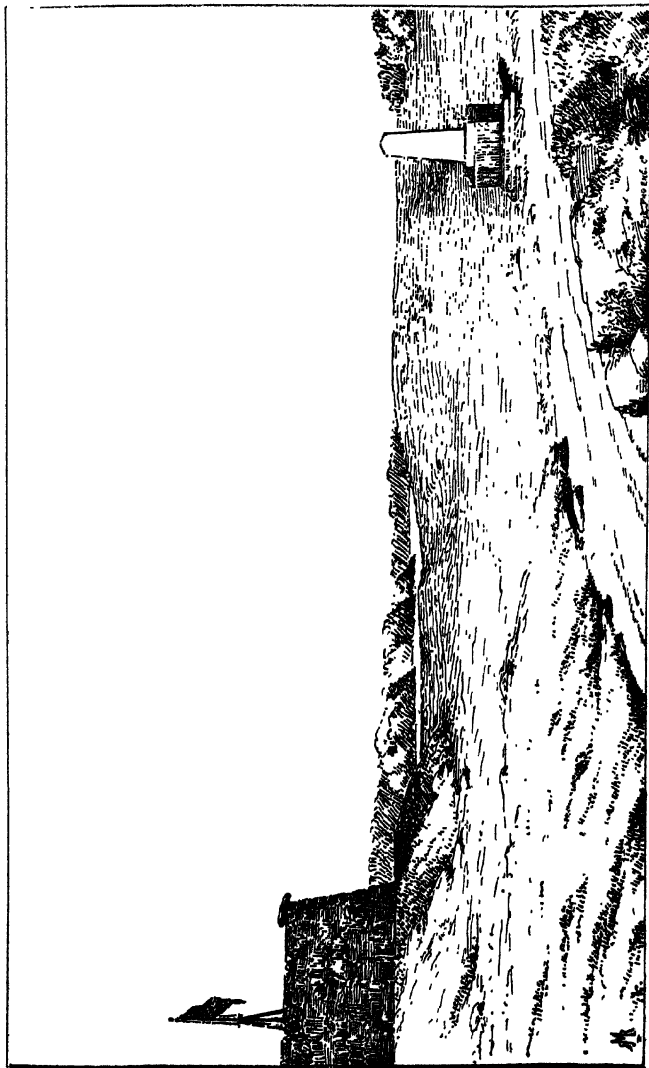
THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, RIVER ST. LAWRENCE,

Below the Thousand Islands the river gradually widened till the flat, uninteresting banks sank level with the horizon; soon they closed in again, the Ottawa River added its quota to the stream, and the "Rapids," beginning with those of Galope, continued with intermittent stretches of peaceful stream all the way to Montreal. These rapids are nothing more than shallow bends of the river, where a rocky bottom creates little breakers and whirlpools—pretty to look at, but neither exciting nor dangerous to pass, at least with ordinary care. To read the accounts of them published in American guide-books, one would think them as dangerous as the Maelström described by ancient mariners, while they are in fact as tame as the Scandinavian Charybdis is now known to be.

We reached Montreal soon after dark, and went to the Richelieu Hotel, a thoroughly French establishment, as might be expected in a town two-thirds of whose inhabitants are of French descent; the nomenclature of the streets and surrounding hills, the names over the shops, and the *patois* of the lower classes are all French; I often felt as if I had been suddenly dropped on one of the Channel Islands. Montreal is an island thirty miles long by ten broad, and the city is built on a high ridge called "Mount Royal," running parallel to the river; it presents a

very picturesque tableau with its fine churches and other public buildings on the ridge ; its handsome river-front with lines of limestone quays, alongside which lie ships from all parts of the world ; its great Victoria bridge two miles in length, spanning the St. Lawrence ; its twisted chimneys, quaint gables, and glistening tin roofs, and the beautiful hilly and well wooded country stretching away to the horizon on all sides. The best view is obtained from a point of Mount Royal overlooking the city. Leaving the Place d'Armes and the six towers of Notre Dame, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, on our left, we ascended the winding road to the top of the Mount, passing the Jesuit Church of the Gesu—a fine building with a lofty nave, good paintings, and gorgeous side chapels—and the beautifully kept cemetery, and emerged from the woods which shade the road to find ourselves on a lofty plateau. The view was very extensive and very beautiful, especially to the south, where the spires and house-tops of La Prairie rose above the verdant sea of foliage, and a glistening haze on the horizon marked the position of Lake Champlain.

We extended the drive "Round the Mountain" to the Lachine Rapids, but they were not worth the trouble—a wide, frothy stretch of broken water—nothing more. The foliage of the maples was far



WOLFE'S MONUMENT, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

more wonderful and beautiful, a bright, pure green, with here and there a column of brilliant flame-colour—quite dazzling by contrast with its verdant background—giving earnest of the gorgeous change which would occur some six weeks later, and clothe the whole countryside in a robe of glowing scarlet and orange.

Leaving by boat in the evening, we arrived at Quebec at an early hour next morning. This picturesque town lies partly on the shore of the river, but the principal portion is built on the cliffs two hundred feet above the stream, and is reached by an "elevator" which lands you on Dufferin Terrace, a broad esplanade commanding a magnificent view of the river and the opposite shore, where Point Lévis and the railway station are backed by far-stretching, undulating plains, through which the rippling waters of the Chaudière wind like a silver ribbon, to be broken into threads of finest lace where they plunge over the falls 150 feet in height; a French frigate lay at anchor with many other vessels in the river.

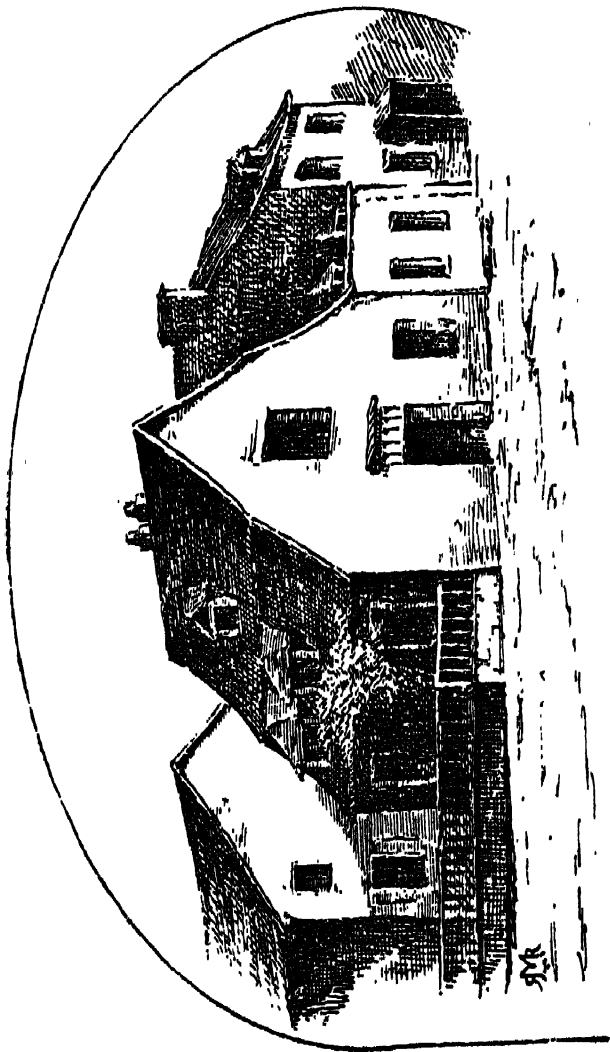
Of course one of our first excursions was to the memorable Plains of Abraham. Passing the Parliament Buildings, which still showed traces of the Fenian attempt to destroy them with dynamite, we drove along St. Louis Street to the

citadel, a granite-built fortress on the summit of Cape Diamond, 333 feet above the river, which it seems to overhang. Here the chief objects of interest were the gates made of chain cables coiled over iron frames, and a gun captured at Bunker Hill. The garrison consists of Dominion Artillery, the home troops having been withdrawn in 1870.

Beyond the citadel rose four martello towers, and on the left frowned the massive walls of the jail, also overhanging the waters of the St. Lawrence. In front lay a small grassy plain, the scene of the decisive action between Montcalm and Wolfe, which for ever destroyed the French power in America, and added another Empire to the British crown. It is also noted in military annals as the only battle in which both the opposing leaders fell. The spot where Wolfe was killed is marked by a granite column, bearing this grandly simple inscription—

HERE DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS, 13TH SEPTEMBER,
1759.

The rough, steep path by which the British troops secretly gained the heights during the night before the battle is pointed out, and also the spot from which next morning Montcalm saw them drawn up ready to advance, believing then for the first time that his enemy had not only crossed the river which he deemed impassable, but also scaled the cliffs



MONTCALM'S HEADQUARTERS, SEPT. 13, 1759.

which he thought impregnable. In Governor's Garden, not far from the Place d'Armes, is a lofty obelisque—"Quebec's joint monument to Wolfe and Montcalm," runs the inscription—a noble tribute to the victor and the vanquished.

Quebec shows many traces of the frequent fires by which most of the old wooden houses originally forming the city have been destroyed; two of these buildings, however, still remain to perpetuate the memory of historical events, and to remind the visitor that Quebec has not always been the quietly prosperous, peaceful town it is at present. These old-fashioned, high-roofed cottages, with their latticed dormer-windows, climbing creepers and deep overhanging eaves, have nothing to attract notice save their very picturesque appearance, yet one was occupied by the ill-fated Montcalm as his headquarters, and the other received the body of an equally unfortunate leader, the American Montgomery, who was slain with 700 of his followers in an attempt to capture the city on the 31st September 1775.

The French and English cathedrals are fine buildings, but they are far surpassed in size, architecture and position by the Laval University, a stately pile of grey granite overlooking Grand

Battery, and commanding a magnificent view of the St. Lawrence and the country on its south bank. The Ursuline Convent is a very picturesque group of buildings; the remains of the Marquis de Montcalm lie in the grounds, buried in a hollow made by a bursting shell.

One of the most picturesque places in this city of pictures is La Côte de la Montagne, or Champlain Steps, a quaint, steep, stone stair-way leading down from the plateau behind Dufferin Terrace to a church built on the site of Champlain's residence, and consecrated to Notre Dame des Victoires.

We returned to Montreal by train, crossing by ferry to Point Lévis whence the line to Richmond ran through swampy ground, varied by plantations of young fir trees. From Richmond to La Prairie the scenery was beautiful; a succession of fine woodland where the maples were already lighting their flaming torches, richly cultivated fields, and picturesque peeps of the St. John's River, through which Lake Champlain pours its superfluous waters into the St. Lawrence, combined to make this part of the railway journey one of the prettiest of our American experiences.

The hues of a gorgeous sunset decked the sky as we rapidly approached La Prairie, but all beauty

was blotted from our eyes immediately after we left that station by the dark tube of the Victoria Bridge, twenty-two feet high, sixteen wide, and a mile and three-quarters long, from which we emerged into the depôt at Montreal.





CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STATES.

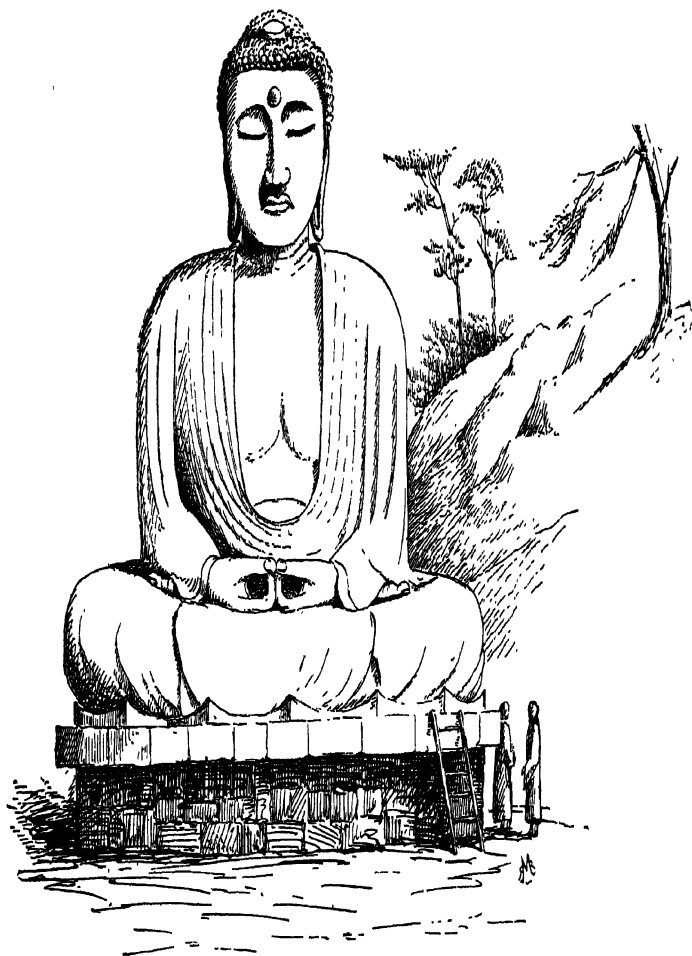
LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND LAKE GEORGE—SARATOGA
SPRINGS—ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK—BOSTON.

QN leaving Montreal next morning for the States, we had to pass the customs—not a very complicated business in the case of people travelling as light as we were—and then were free to enjoy the beautiful views of Montreal from either end of the great bridge. At Rouse's Point we crossed the frontier and found ourselves on the shores of Lake Champlain, a fine sheet of water twelve miles in breadth and over a hundred and twenty in length, lying in the midst of a wide valley bounded by the Green Mountains of Vermont on the east, and the Adirondacks on the west. The scenery was flat and

tame until we neared the southern extreimity of the lake where the hills close in, gripping the valley between Lake Champlain and Lake George. At Ticonderoga we left the shores of Lake Champlain, not without casting a glance at the site of the old Fort, so often taken and retaken by French, English, and Americans, and five miles further on arrived at the head of Lake George where we exchanged the hot, dusty cars for the comfortable, airy deck of the lake steamer *Horicon*, (the Indian name for Lake George, signifying "Silver Water,") and enjoyed at our ease the voyage down this beautiful loch. We passed many wooded promontories and sylvan islets, the number of these latter is said to correspond to that of the days in a year; all were pretty, and generally occupied by picturesque red-roofed cottages. Prisoners' Island is where the French captives were placed during the wars of the last century. The Sagamore Hotel looked well placed, and was surrounded by beautifully kept grounds; its rich buff walls, bright scarlet verandahs and green venetians were pleasant and tempting, but time did not permit of our stopping there. Many other hotels dotted the banks of the lake as we steamed down to Caldwell at its southern extremity, where we again "took the cars" for Saratoga Springs. The line ran through a tract of wooded, hilly country, passing

between two small lakes, one of which is called "The Bloody Pond," because the bodies of the slain were thrown into it after a fight between the French and English on one side and the Americans on the other, on the 8th September, 1755, and its waters are said to have retained a crimson tinge for many years afterwards. Next we passed Glen Falls, the scene of many of the incidents in Fenimore Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*. At Fort Edward we crossed the Hudson River, and reached Saratoga at half-past six in the evening, very hot, very grimy, and thoroughly in the humour to appreciate the comforts and luxuries of this western Capua.

Our first impressions of Saratoga (confirmed by further experience,) were those of a glorified Cheltenham; there were the same fine trees shading the promenade, the same allusions to the "waters," and the same air of *dolce far niente* (so unusual in America) pleasantly enveloping everybody and everything, but there the likeness ceased. The shops in Saratoga do not bear comparison with those of the Gloucestershire Spa, while the hotels are far more immense and infinitely more magnificent than the "Queen," in fact they are amongst the very finest we saw in America. The "Grand Union" leads the van, with its richly decorated *salons*, lofty ceilings, wide piazzas, and beautiful gardens, but it is hard



THE GREAT DAIBOTSU OF KAMAKURA.

pushed by the "United States"; each of these establishments accommodates nearly two thousand guests; "Congress Hall" can receive twelve hundred, while the ultra-fashionable "Clarendon," which is here looked upon as quite a small place, holds five hundred, and there are fully forty other houses of entertainment with room for from two to eight hundred visitors in each.

We were amused to hear Saratoga invariably spoken of as a village; it seemed queer, after our recent experience of the "cities" of the West. The permanent population of this "village" is eleven thousand, but this number is trebled during the season, which lasts from June 15th to September 15th. The very lofty verandahs are a striking feature in the first sight of the mammoth hotels, they run up to the top of the huge edifices on light iron pillars, and add much to the picturesque *ensemble* formed by the pretty, shady roads, the scarlet, green, buff, or chocolate painting of house fronts and verandahs, and the marble trottoirs in Broadway, the main throughfare. In the evening ladies came out in pretty dinner toilets, and walked up and down this pavemen without hats or bonnets; the men, on the other hand, almost invariably wore the hideous "stove-pipe." The streets were brilliantly lighted with gas and electricity, good bands played in the

hotel gardens, and the avenues were even fuller than in the daytime. Many of the notices and advertisements were exceedingly quaint; just in front of our hotel was a wine store, the door of which was sheltered by a coloured glass porch with a board fixed in front displaying the following notice: "Do not stand in front of this Storm House, IT, of itself, is sufficiently ornamental!"

Saratoga is really a strikingly picturesque town, and the many pretty drives in the vicinity add greatly to its attractions, while the different medicinal springs are said to cure every ill that flesh is heir to. The drive to Saratoga Lake is a favourite expedition; beyond many well-kept, handsomely-built houses standing in pretty grounds extends the Lake Road, a wide boulevard four miles in length, well watered throughout, and with a row of trees down the centre as well as on each side. The lake is a fine sheet of water, eight miles long by two and a half wide, and the hotel at the end nearest the Springs is a favourite restaurant where the gilded youth of New York meet for pic-nics. The Indian name, Saraghoga, means "the place of herrings," which used to come up the Hudson into the lake.

Of course we visited Congress Park and tasted the waters; fortunately, we did not require them medicinally—I say "fortunately" in a double sense, for

to the natural pains of the invalid who visits Saratoga are superadded the artificial troubles of choosing amidst the rival springs, each "run" by a company which unblushingly announces that its own fountain is the one true Hygeian source, and that all the others are not only worthless as medicine, but downright deadly poison !

The great eyesore in Saratoga is the Town Hall, on Broadway ; the tower of this very ugly edifice looks as if it had started in life with the intention of becoming a spire, but had suddenly stopped growing and blossomed out into a four-faced clock. The effect is most funny, and is made all the more ludicrous by its excellent situation, and the contrast it presents to the really fine buildings near.

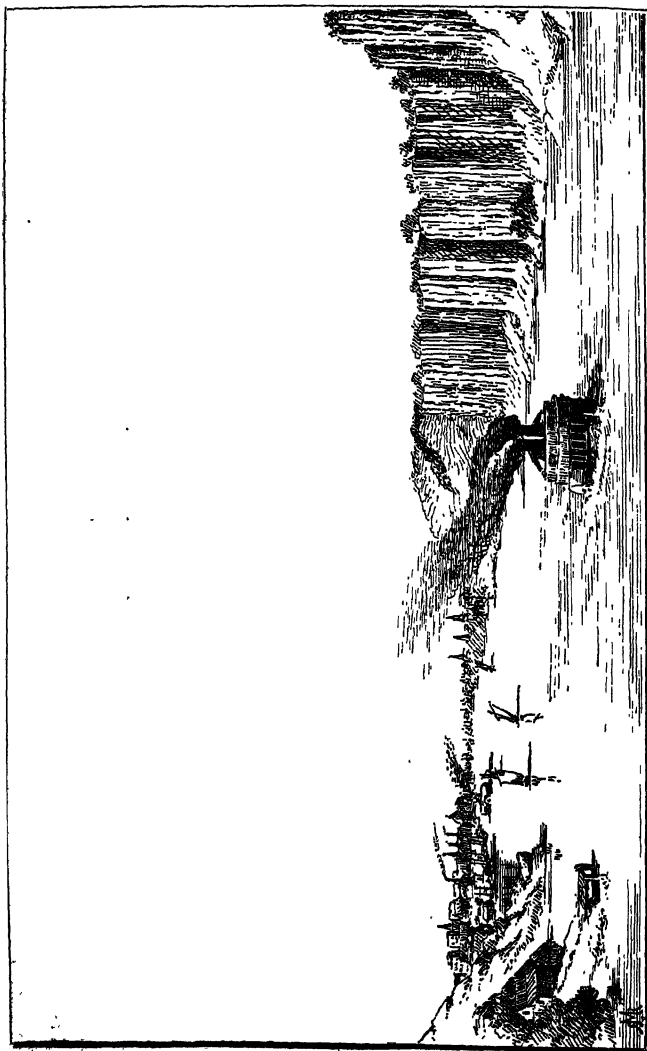
Great excitement prevailed during our stay, caused by the news of the defeat of the English yacht, *Galatea*, by the American *Mayflower*. One would have thought that all the Irish had suddenly returned to their own distressful country, or that Canada had joined the Union, so great was the jubilation in the smoke-rooms, and so loud did the eagle scream in the newspapers !

We found the heat very trying—a damp heavy heat like that of the Indian plains during the rains—so in spite of its many attractions we were glad to leave Saratoga at 7 A.M. on the 11th September, *en route* for New York.

The pretty, undulating country we had admired since leaving Lake Champlain continues for several miles south of Saratoga: but at Round Lake the hills entirely cease, and between this and Albany the plain is unbroken even by a hillock. Albany, a large and thriving town at the head of the tidal waters of the Hudson River, was founded by Dutch settlers in 1614, and is the second oldest European settlement in the States; Jamestown in Virginia being the first.

As we intended to complete our journey to New York by water, we went on board the fine, large, handsomely-fitted river-boat, which started down stream almost immediately after the arrival of the train. The banks of the wide river are dotted at frequent intervals with huge, white, box-like buildings, innocent of doors and windows, the only apparent mode of ingress being by iron ladders reaching from the water to the roof; these are ice-houses, and furnish the immense supply required not only in New York itself, but in all the neighbouring towns. The ladders admit the workmen to the interior of the great store-houses, and also act as slides down which the crystal blocks find their way to the barges waiting in the river below.

The first break in the level horizon was made by the Catskill range to the west, a long line of pretty, low hills, where the parched and business-worn New



THE PALISADES ON THE HUDSON, NEW YORK.

Yorkers can spend their Sundays, drinking the fresh air and dreaming of Rip van Winkle. We next passed Poughkeepsie on the left bank, overlooked by the Vassar Ladies' College, and then turned again to the opposite shore for a glimpse of the great Military Academy at West Point—the Sandhurst of the States; this fine range of buildings occupies a wooded eminence jutting out into the stream—a surveying party of cadets in blue jackets and white trousers stopped their work as we passed to wave their caps to friends on board.

Below West Point the banks became prettier; the broad river widens out and contracts once again before entering the lake-like Tappenzee, from the lower end of which it issues a noble stream, passing Sing Sing, the State prison, with its village and harbour on the left shore. Suddenly the scene changes; twenty miles above New York, and on the opposite bank, commence the Palisades—cliffs of trap-rock three hundred feet high in some places, crowned with foliage, and presenting a continuous line of fluted pillars which wall in the Jersey shore to the very out-skirts of the city. The upper part of these cliffs reminds one of the rocks at Staffa; but their base is covered with a *débris* of shale, partially overgrown by brushwood, and extending some way up their sides.

Yonkers on the left bank is an old Dutch harbour still much used, especially by the crowd of yachts which forms one of the most picturesque features of the river.

And now the buildings on this side become continuous—wharves, warehouses and gigantic grain-elevators jostling each other for a front place. Jersey City on the right bank also gradually loses its suburban aspect and asserts its civic dignity—ships, ferry-boats and steam-launches throng the stream and compel us to moderate our speed—spires, clock-towers, domes and turrets rise on either hand, until at 6.30 P.M. we run alongside Twenty-third Street Wharf—we are in New York, and our long journey across the Continent is ended.

We first went to the Windsor Hotel, a most excellent establishment, with fine rooms, good attendance, a capital *cuisine*, and real comfort; but with the drawback (to us) of being rather far “up-town,” and more English than American; my readers will be surprised at my calling the latter point a “draw-back,” but I must beg them to recollect that we came to America to see America—not England transplanted—and that one of the most salient features of the country is its hotels. We determined to enjoy the rest and quiet of the Windsor for the present, and to go to a “right-down”

American hotel on our return from Boston, which we had decided on visiting before leaving the country.

Next day was Sunday, and we should have liked to go to church; but here, again, the miserable "check system" stepped in to frustrate our plans, for we had only hand-bags with us, a strange trunk had been sent instead of ours, and the rest of our luggage could not be obtained from the *depôt* until Monday, so we spent the day in driving about the city.

Manhattan Island, on which New York is built, is thirteen and a half miles long, and two and a quarter wide at its broadest part; the whole area of the city is over forty-one square miles.

The private residences are all at the northern end, round and above Central Park. The city is laid out in squares or oblongs, formed by the intersection of the Avenues running north and south and the streets which lie at right angles to them, and thus divide the whole upper town into "blocks;" but at the southern extremity, round the Battery and Wall Street, where most of the business offices are, this rectangular regularity is broken, and the streets get complicated and cross each other in bewildering confusion; in fact they take their direction from the cow-tracks of the earlier Dutch settlers! One other exception, and a notable one, is Broadway, the Regent Street of New

York, which runs through its heart at an acute angle from Bowling Green—the ancient nucleus of the city close to the Battery—to Fifty-ninth Street at the foot of Central Park, where it changes its name to “the Boulevard,” continuing its course to One-hundred-and-sixty-seventh Street (what a mouthful!) and showing every intention of proceeding still farther, until the growth of bricks and mortar and “brown-stone fronts” is stopped by Haarlem River, which separates Manhattan Island from the mainland. Besides this great central city, the still larger suburbs of Brooklyn and Jersey City are just as much parts of New York as Southwark and Hampstead are of London: the first is separated from Manhattan Island by the East River, crossed by the famous Brooklyn Bridge, and the second by the waters of the Hudson, seamed by the tracks of innumerable ferry-boats crossing and re-crossing thick as motes in a sunbeam.

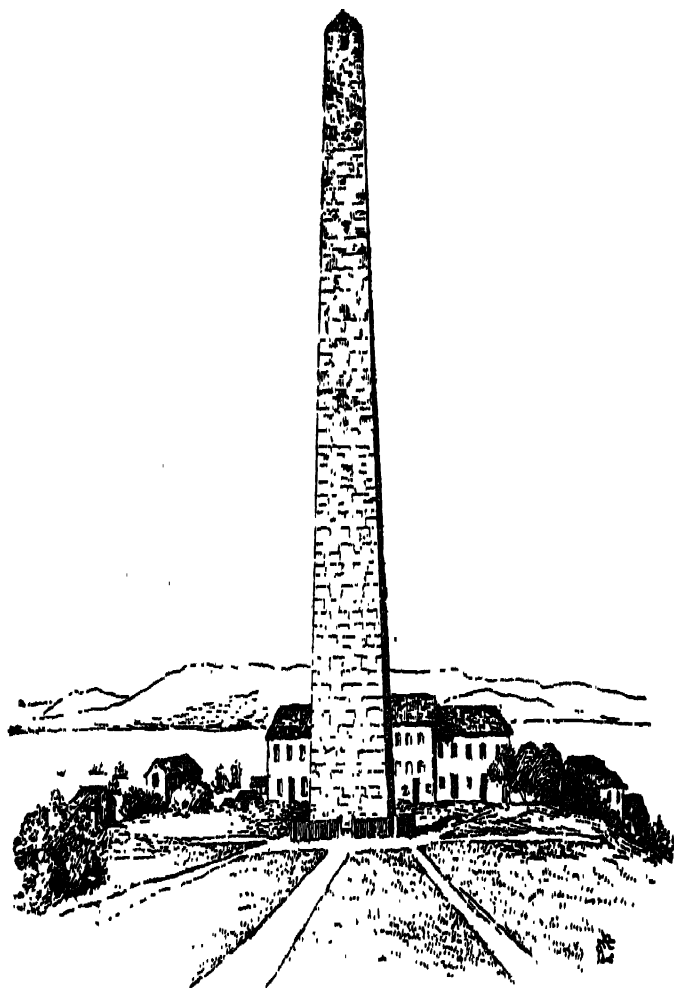
The streets of New York are very noisy, partly owing to the heavy traffic over the rough cobble-stones with which they are paved, but still more to the constantly passing trains of the Elevated Railroad which traverses the length of the city in four nearly parallel lines. The track is raised above the streets on iron scaffolding, the trains run level with the first-floor windows of the larger houses, and as they pass

at intervals of four minutes throughout the day and night (with the exception of the five hours between 12.30 A.M. and 5.30 A.M., when they only run on two of the lines every quarter of an hour,) the distracting and almost ceaseless rattle must be well nigh unbearable to the dwellers in neighbouring houses. The stations are at short intervals, at the corners of the principal streets, and are approached by steep stairways; the fares are tencents (fivepence,) irrespective of distance. This charge is decreased by one-half on Sundays, and in the mornings and evenings at the hours workmen and clerks generally go to, and return from, their labour. Tramcars drawn by horses run under the Elevated Rail Road track, and all other wheeled traffic passes along the uneven pavement on each side. The Battery encloses a little green park with seats under the trees, called Bowling Green; Bertholdi's gigantic statue of Liberty is in full view on Bedloe's Island in front, and the foreground is filled by the handsome granite building for pilots, called the Barge Office, on one hand, and the ugly brown dome of Castle Garden, the Emigrants' Home, on the other. The General Post Office is a handsome building, but what most impresses a stranger is the number and size of the churches, which exist in far greater proportion than in any other city I have ever seen. Many of these are very fine buildings,

especially Grace Church, which raises its delicate spire at a point where Broadway makes a slight turn, so that the façade looks straight down the busy thoroughfare towards Bowling Green; the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, built by means of contributions levied by the priesthood on the poorest inhabitants of the city, is a magnificent edifice—or rather it will be when the two towers are completed—the interior is very beautiful, and the elaborately-carved white marble pulpit is a miracle of good taste in these degenerate days.

On Monday, 13th September, we left for Boston at 4 P.M. For some distance the train ran through a tunnel under the city, then came the open country, flat and uninteresting. After a six hours' journey we reached Boston to find the hotels crowded by people who had just returned from their autumn holiday, and who either had no houses to go to, or were waiting till they were ready for occupation. The booking-clerk (please pronounce this "clurk,") at the Parker House Hotel told us that this plethora would last for about a month, by which time people would have "got fixed."

Boston, the "Hub of the Universe," and the most Yankee city in Yankee-land, impresses one as a very fine town, even just after seeing New York; the effects are broader, the principal buildings better



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

placed and more open to view, and the entourage more picturesque than those of the capital. Of course we went to do penance at Bunker Hill, and duly ate humble pie there, as *all* Britishers are bound to do, according to American—and especially Bostonian—notions. The monument is in Charleston, the northern suburb, and consists of a plain granite pillar, or rather obelisque, 221 feet high, and painfully like a factory chimney. It was completed and dedicated on the 17th of June 1843, the sixty-eighth anniversary of the battle. The United States Navy Yard is at Charleston, shut in from vulgar gaze by a long stone wall, past which we went to the beautiful Woodland Cemetery, returning by another route. In the afternoon we drove along Commonwealth Avenue, a magnificent boulevard—turf and trees down the centre, a broad road and very fine houses on each side; in the Public Garden we stopped to admire the fine clumps of variegated coleas which flourish here amazingly, also the ornamental lake with pleasure-boats propelled by a paddle-wheel in the bows, wheel and boatmen alike concealed by a large carved white swan with outspread wings. The gardens are adorned with some fine statues, chiefly of statesmen. Crossing a road we entered a park called “the Common,” prettily laid out with winding walks, grassy lawns and fine trees; from a hillock in

the centre rises the Soldiers' Monument, a granite column ninety feet high, surmounted by an allegorical figure of America standing on a hemisphere and guarded by eagles. The inscription on the base dedicates the monument "to the men of Boston who died for their country on land and sea, in the war which kept the Union whole, destroyed slavery, and maintained the Constitution. The grateful city has built this monument that their example may speak to coming generations." The pedestal is adorned with four large statues representing the army and navy, and bronze bas-reliefs.

At one end of the Common stands the Capitol, or State House, as it is also called, a fine building with pillared front and lofty gilt dome surmounted by a cupola. In the interior is an octagonal hall of white marble, with recesses like side-chapels or shrines; the one facing the entrance holds a fine statue of Washington by Chantrey, its base surrounded with fac-similes of the tombstones of the Washington family from Brington parish church, in Northamptonshire, presented by Lord Spencer. On either side of this alcove stands a brass nine-pounder gun on end, like a pillar, and inscribed: "The Legislature of Massachusetts consecrate the names of Major John Buttrick and Captain Isaac Davis, whose valour and example excited their fellow-citizens to a successful

resistance of a superior number of British troops at Concord Bridge, the 19th of April 1775, which was the beginning of a contest in arms that ended in American Independence." In the remaining six recesses the colours borne by the Massachusetts troops in the Civil War are most strikingly arranged and effectively draped; glass doors protect these shot-torn and blood-stained relics of the great struggle. At the side of the centre arch hangs a glazed frame containing an extract from the speech made by Governor Andrews on receiving the battle-flags, and expressed in terms at once so touching, so graceful, and so soldier-like—so happily mingling the conqueror's triumph with the mourner's grief—that I make no apology for this third quotation, feeling confident that my readers—especially my military readers—will deem none necessary:—

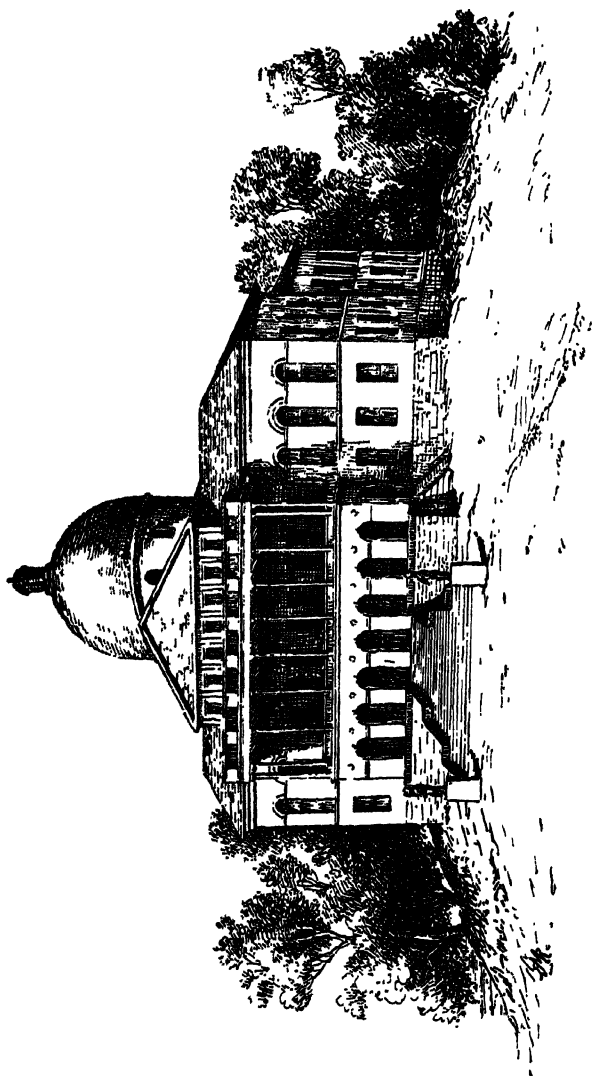
"These banners returned to the Government of the Commonwealth through welcome hands. Borne one by one out of this Capital during more than four years of Civil War, as the symbols of the Nation and the Commonwealth under which the Battalions of Massachusetts departed to the fields; they came back again, borne by surviving representatives of the same heroic regiments and companys to which they were intrusted.

"Proud memories of many fields—sweet memories

of valour and of friendship—sad memories of fraternal strife—tender memories of our fallen brothers and sons, whose dying eyes looked last upon their flaming folds—grand memories of heroic virtues, sublime by grief—exultant memories of the great and final victories of our country, our union, and the righteous cause—thankful memories of a deliverance wrought out for human nature itself, unexampled by any former achievements of arms—immortal memories with immortal honours blended twine around these splintered staves, weave themselves along the warp and woof of these familiar flags—war-worn, begrimed, and baptised with blood ! ”

A very fine panorama of the battle of Gettysburg was being exhibited. The artists were the same who had painted the Battle of Waterloo, which we saw at San Francisco. It was most excellently conceived and carried out, and brought the scene of the great “Three Days’ Fight” between Meade and Lee vividly before one. In this action, which took place on the three first days of July 1863, about 80,000 troops were engaged on each side. The Federals lost 23,190 in killed, wounded, and missing; the Confederate losses have never been officially stated, but they are generally estimated at about 36,000.

We returned to New York by the Shore Line, passing through pretty, well-wooded country, wide



THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

pastures, and stretches of swampy marshland banked in by long, low mounds crested with boulders and ridges of granite. At Mystic we crossed a river of the same name by a drawbridge; this stream derives its name from its peculiar property of filling and emptying without any apparent cause, tidal or other. Quantities of golden-rod covered the fields through which we passed, and every fresh passenger who entered the cars brought a supply of this favourite New England wild-flower, like deep saffron-hued meadow-sweet. At New London we passed over the Thames, the train being drawn on to a huge ferry boat by hawsers, and taken across in two or three sections according to its length.

After being detained nearly half-an-hour in the tunnel close to the Grand Central Dépôt, we were at length permitted to enter the terminus, and proceeded to our new quarters at the Hoffman House.



CHAPTER XIX.

NEW YORK.

THE CITY—BROOKLYN—THE HARBOUR—HAARLEM
RIVER—THE STOCK-EXCHANGE—THE WILD WEST
—FAREWELL TO AMERICA—HOME.

THE Hoffman House is one of the largest and quite the most gorgeous of the many magnificent hotels for which New York is famous. The public drawing-rooms, dining-rooms and breakfast-parlour are ornamented with frescoes and paintings by well-known artists; the walls of the passages are covered with rough-cast heavily gilt, and divided into panels by strips of mahogany and satinwood; the principal windows are bordered with handsome patterns in stained glass; in the music-room are not only two magnificent grand pianos, but

also a very large harmonium and a fair-sized organ ; the bed-rooms are airy and comfortable, and the "Bridal Chamber" is a beautifully decorated suite of rooms, almost tempting enough to make one get married on the spot ; but the splendour of the great establishment culminates in the bar—a large room hung with paintings by some of the greatest modern masters, and having a long counter at which every imaginable mixture can be procured, from a common "Resurrection-nip" to a "Presidential straight-swizzle," from a "Doctor" to a "Dream-of-eternal-happiness-reviver."

The prettiest place in New York is Central Park, with its shady trees, picturesque lake, and beautifully-kept grass. The Egyptian obelisk is very well placed on a slight eminence, and forms a striking object from every point of view. Central Lake is a beautiful sheet of water. By-the-bye, we heard a story about this lake which is good enough to repeat : the subject of Central Park was being discussed by the Town Council ; one of the members, who had travelled in Europe, suggested that some "Wenetian gondōlas" would look well on the lake, and moved the grant of sufficient money to purchase half-a-dozen ; another member who, presumably, had stayed at home, proposed an amendment to the effect that only

a pair of "gondōlas" should be got, "till we see how the climate of our great country suits them."

I was glad to see the police dressed in a sensible summer uniform—a loose drab cotton blouse, with cap-cover and drill trowsers of the same color—instead of being condemned to swelter through the dog-days in blue cloth.

On the outskirts of the park are some of the loftiest dwelling-houses in New York, and, I imagine, in the world—blocks called respectively "Granada" and "Osborne"—the former eleven storeys high and the latter fourteen. They are built of red brick faced with brownish-grey stone, and forcibly recalled the Tower of Babel, or one might imagine them the whole contents of some great quarry exhumed *en masse* and set up on end.

Crossing the great Brooklyn Bridge is quite one of the "experiences" of a visit to New York. This magnificent structure, the largest suspension-bridge in the world, is very nearly two thousand yards in length (5,989 feet), eighty-five feet wide, and a hundred and thirty-five feet above high-water level. The towers at each end are two hundred and seventy-eight feet high, and each of the four steel-wire cables supporting the central span is fifteen inches and three-quarters in diameter. From the middle of the bridge very fine views are obtained of the river

above and the bay below, New York on one hand and Brooklyn on the other. Five roadways cross the bridge—a raised path in the centre for foot-passengers, a railroad on each side, and outside these again carriage-ways wide enough for three conveyances abreast. This great structure was thirteen years building, and cost about three millions sterling. Brooklyn is the largest and most important suburb of New York; it is often called the “City of Churches,” there being an even larger proportion here than in New York itself; Prospect Park is its chief attraction, and it may well be so, for it is very pretty indeed; wooded hills and grassy slopes border the road which passes the site of the battle of Long Island, where the Americans were defeated with a loss of 2,000 out of 5,000 men, on the 26th August, 1776. From a knoll in the centre an extensive view is obtained of the two cities, the harbours, Long Island, and the Atlantic; the huge Elephant Hotel (so called from its shape) can be seen to the right on Coney Island, and another immense building on the extreme left is also a hotel at Rockaway Beach, while the whole line of intervening shore is dotted with gigantic caravanserais for the summer accommodation of the great mass of homeless New Yorkers.

While in Brooklyn we also visited Greenwood Cemetery, a beautifully kept enclosure of five

hundred acres, entered through a very handsome gateway. The graves are generally in groups or clusters, as though men were gregarious even after death. The order preserved throughout the enclosure, the well-selected position of the graves, and the handsome monuments so remarkably free from meretricious ornament and tawdry device, do honour both to the taste of the living and to the memory of the dead.

At the north end of Manhattan Island a broad road runs along the high bank of Haarlem River, giving beautiful peeps of the distant Palisades on the Hudson. This Riverside Drive, as it is called, is a favourite resort. On one side, close to the road, stands General Grant's temporary mausoleum, a low semi-circular roofed building of dark red brick picked out with black, looking like a section of a small tunnel. Bronze gates with a gilt G in the centre close the entrance to the vault, but between their bars the coffin is plainly visible on the left, amid a mass of ferns, dwarf palms, and other plants. A grand monument is to be erected close by, in which the remains will eventually be placed.

On our last Sunday in America, September 19th, we went to Trinity Church at the south end of Broadway, the oldest church in New York—and the ugliest! The outside architecture is not bad, and

the spire is tall and shapely, but the interior is of dull brown stone unrelieved by any other tint, sombre and dismal enough for a Quaker's meeting-house. It contains a handsome marble reredos presented by the Vanderbilt family, but this is quite lost in the thick brown gloom. The organ-playing was good and the singing fair, but both liturgy and sermon were quite spoilt by the nasal drawl in which they were delivered. In front of the south-east door of the church is a hideous coffin-shaped monument said to cover the remains of Captain James Lawrence, who commanded the U.S. Ship *Chesapeake*, and was killed in the famous action between that frigate and the *Shannon* on the 1st June, 1813. I say it is *said* to cover his bones, because there is considerable doubt on the subject; the captured *Chesapeake* was taken into the British harbour of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and there Lawrence was buried. When peace was concluded the Americans asked for permission to remove the body, which, of course, was readily granted; but the story goes that either they were so careless, or the Halifax vestry so remiss, that the wrong coffin was exhumed, and that the honoured bones now reposing under the ugly tea-caddy sarcophagus in Trinity churchyard are those of an old apple-woman! N.B.—This is the New York version.

There are many good shops in the principal streets,

the best being about on a par with those of Brighton or Scarborough. Fourteenth Street is the liveliest and gayest of all the thoroughfares; here we were attracted by a small crowd round a hair-dresser's window, and found that the people were staring at five women, sisters, seated on a platform behind the plate-glass front, with their hair down: this hair was very long, very thick, very black, and very coarse, looking more like the tails of ill-groomed horses than human hair; the women were all ghastly pale, like the ash-coloured martyrs of the Pre-Raphaelite school.

We found the dust and wind most disagreeable, especially in the morning when all the house-sweepings are placed in open barrels on the pavement in front of the doors, and the high breeze scatters the refuse impartially over the clothes and into the eyes of everyone who passes.

The harbour always presents a most busy scene, both on the water and along the wharfs; great ocean steamers and stately three-masted sailing vessels lie alongside the landings or ride at anchor in the roads; hundreds of gaily-decorated yachts thread their way through the labyrinth, like flower-girls in a crowd; white ferry-boats like water-omnibuses cross and re-cross each other, crowded with passengers; steam-launches puff and pant, hooting and screaming

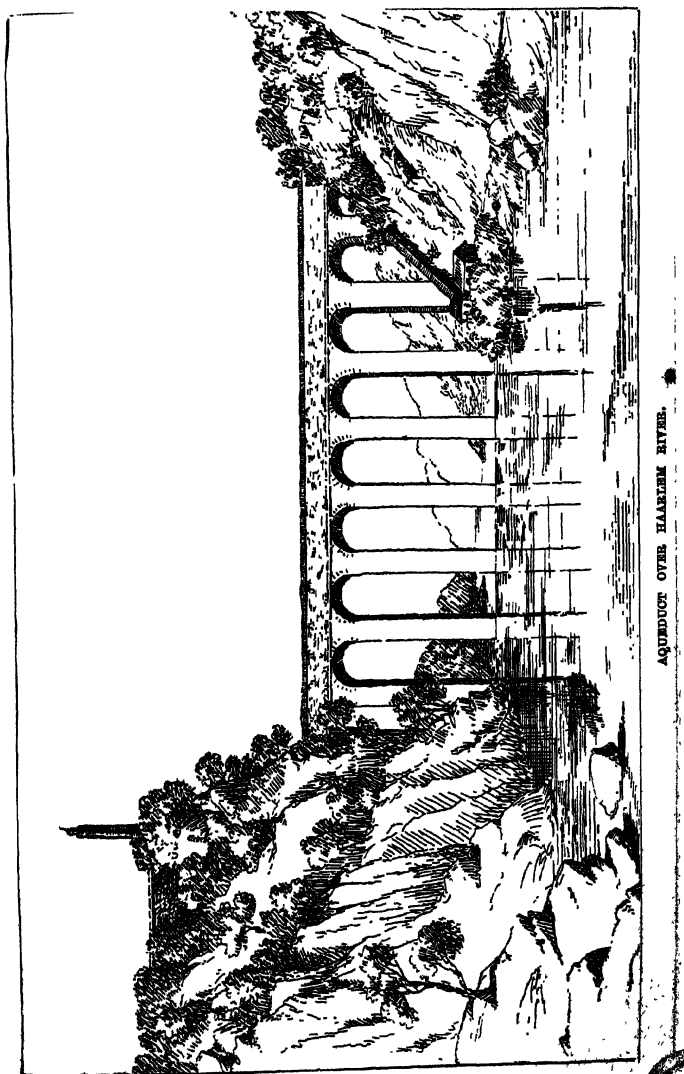
in deafening discord; vast floating hotels, three storeys high, pass by on their way to Boston or Newport, looking as if they had wandered out of the streets by mistake, and the slightest breeze would overturn their top-heavy hulls, the great "walking-beams" working far above their balconied decks adding much to the appearance of instability; and through all this confusion of sail and steam the barges and rowing-boats are crossing, passing, meeting, racing and all but jostling each other, keeping the water in a foam, while the wharfs, piers and landing stages are crowded by a busy, surging mass of human and equine life, shouting, neighing, kicking and cursing to the utmost limit of its powers.

We dined at one of the great sea-side hotels at Manhattan Beach, on Coney Island; there are two of these monster caravanserais here, also a bathing establishment for ladies and gentlemen, with an amphitheatre from whose benches three thousand five hundred spectators can watch the splashing of their brother and sister bipeds.

The High Bridge Aqueduct over Haarlem River at the north end of Manhattan Island is another of New York's wonders. As you pass towards it by the Northern Rail Road you can see plenty of granite cropping up, proving the truth of the assertion that New York has the most solid foundation of any

capital in the world. As you pass further north the buildings become more scattered, and rocky, wood-crowned heights appear, divided by park-like valleys. At High Bridge station we found an elevator ready to take us up the steep bank to the Croton Aqueduct, a noble granite structure 1,453 feet in length, and supported on fourteen massive piers rising 114 feet above the river. The roadway, which is the roof of the aqueduct, is convex, built of herring-boned brickwork, and quite wide enough for carriages to pass each other, though they are not allowed to go over it. At the southern end is a great reservoir approached from the roadway by a flight of nearly two hundred steps, and a very graceful Artesian tower which pumps the water from the aqueduct below into the reservoir. This lofty tank supplies fresh water to a great part of the city, and commands a very fine view, especially looking east along the course of the Harlem River to where the sheen of wide waters in the distance marks the site of the once-dreaded Hell Gate.* This bend of the river, with its wood-crowned

* This entrance to New York harbour was especially dangerous on account of a sunken rock, called Flood Rock, lying immediately in the channel; many hundreds of lives and millions of pounds' worth of ships and cargoes had perished here when, in 1885, it was determined to make a vast effort to destroy this Scylla of the New World. On the 10th October in that year Flood Rock was blasted with dynamite-charges aggregating 250,000lbs.; since then 30,000 tons of rock have been removed and an eighteen-foot channel established. It is intended that a similar amount shall be cleared away annually, at a cost of 100,000 dollars per annum, until a passage 26 feet in depth and from 300 to 400 feet in width is completed.



AQUEDUCT OVER HARLEM RIVER.

banks dotted with small villas and picturesque wooden buildings, reminded us of parts of Sreenugger, the capital of Cashmere.

Returning by the same route, we found the cars crowded with day-labourers, chiefly Irish, returning from their work. As there is only one class of carriage, equality is forced upon you whether you like it or not !

I also visited Governor's Island, the head-quarters of this district of the army. It is a pretty little place in the harbour, containing a barrack-square, forts, and a green esplanade stretching in front of the detached quarters occupied by the General and his staff; also the library and museum of the U.S. Army Institution. The museum contains many relics of the civil war, as well as some of an earlier struggle, for I found a kettle-drum bearing the crown and thistle, and inscribed "Royal North British Regiment, 1st Battalion."

All the officers I met, from the General downwards, were most pleasant and friendly. I heard many interesting stories of the Civil War and the expedition to the Texan frontier, including the strange experiences of the Lava Beds, where a mere handful of Indians, men and women, for several months defied the army sent against them, and were only defeated at last through the treachery of one of their number. I

remarked here, as elsewhere when the subject cropped up in the course of conversation with American gentlemen, that the great War of Secession was invariably alluded to as "our troubles."

The Western Union Telegraph building is one of the great sights of New York. There is usually a very fine view from the roof, which rises high above its neighbours ; but, unfortunately, a thick sea-mist veiled every object the morning of our visit. The elevator took us up eleven storeys of the huge pile, then we mounted three more by stairs, and finally got on the roof by a ladder ! The telegraph instruments are on the eleventh floor. Some idea may be formed of the number of the staff and the extent of their business, when I say that upwards of four thousand wires radiate from this centre. Many women are employed as signallers, but they weary sooner than men, and cannot be relied on for continued attention. Of course they can't, unless they themselves are the objects of it !

Another visit was paid to the Safe-Deposit Building. There are two peculiarities here which I do not think are to be met with elsewhere : one is the "time-lock," which cannot be opened until the hands of the clock attached to it are set to a particular hour and minute, fixed by the owner of the safe ; the other is that, in addition to all usual precautions against bur-

glorious attacks, there are two large pipes over the only entrance door, through which water—either cold or boiling—can be turned on to flood any mob which might try to “rush” the building.

And now we came to one of our strangest experiences—a visit to the Stock Exchange in Wall Street, the greatest gambling-hell in the world! Entering by a side door, we went up to the visitors’ gallery, from which we looked down on a large hall dotted with iron pillars like street lamp-posts, bearing—instead of lights—placards inscribed with the name of some particular stock, such as “Erie,” “Milwaukee and St. Paul,” “Pennsylvania,” &c., &c. At the foot of each lamp-post stood four sturdy leather-seated arm-chairs. These are the only seats on the floor of the hall; they are put up to auction every year, and we were assured that as much as 3,200 dollars had been paid for a twelvemonth’s lease of one! An iron rule of the Exchange consecrates each chair to the sole use of the person who pays for it, and this rule is never infringed. I must say it was the only sign of rule or order I could see or hear! Around these small rocks surged a wild sea of screaming, shouting, pushing, gesticulating speculators—now collecting round an individual, now pressing round a lamp-post—forming a dense mass of heads and shoulders in a corner, to dissolve in a moment and

rush together to a fresh nucleus in the middle of the hall—till the crowd looked as if they were having several foot-ball scrimmages at the same time, lynching half-a-dozen detected pickpockets, or expecting us to throw coppers from the gallery—anything except transacting serious business. Men shook their fists, jerked and gesticulated with outstretched fingers, wildly waved their arms, stamped, yelled and bellowed till a free fight seemed imminent and unavoidable! How *could* they do business in such a pandemonium? Yet many fortunes are made, and (what is more intelligible) still more are lost here daily. Sometimes the mad crowd would recognize some speculator in our gallery, when all the faces would turn up to us, and all the hoarse voices shout to him to “come down and take a turn.” And yet we were told that this scene, wild as it was, was nothing to the disorder which had prevailed on the 15th of the month, on which date Exchange law decrees that the white hat of summer shall be replaced by the black “stove-pipe” of winter, and all who disobey this unwritten edict are immediately bonneted, and have to rush off hatless to procure the regulation head-covering from the nearest “store.”

Notable exceptions to the raving mob were the blue-cotton coated messengers sedately passing here

and there to deliver notes and telegrams—the only quiet people in the crowd. The floor was littered deep with fragments of paper, to which everybody seemed industriously adding when he was not busy yelling and gesticulating—and they *were* busy! I don't think they even had time to spit!!

The Sub-Treasury also stands in Wall Street, a massive building of grey granite with walls six feet thick, and roof—also of granite—four feet thick. On a platform in front stands a fine statue of Washington, and the stone on which he stood when taking the oath as first President of the Republic.

We had been strongly advised not to miss seeing a show called “Buffalo Bill's Wild West,” so one afternoon we took the ferry-steamer from the Battery to Staten Island, passing close to Bartholdi's statue, which then presented a perfect image of a Republic—rough-hewn Liberty without a head. After landing, we went some distance by train along the shore of the island, and emerged from the terminus on a sandy expanse, which we crossed to a grove of trees sheltering an Indian encampment. The tents or wigwams were made of poles planted in a circle, meeting at the top, and covered with canvas painted with rude figures of animals, birds, or reptiles—the “totem” or emblem of the chief who owned the tent. The floors were boarded, and the furniture consisted

of a good many painted boxes, a few guns, bows and arrows, clubs, water-jars, and rough cooking utensils; heaps of coarse blankets strewed the floors, on which lounged Indian men, women, and children, with copper-coloured skins, long, straight, coarse black hair, dirty clothes, and repulsive faces; the chiefs wore head-dresses of white feathers fixed in a fillet, and eagles' plumes forming a crested ridge commencing from the top of the head, and extending half-way down to their heels, their faces were rudely painted with yellow ochre and vermilion, buffalo-robes covered their shoulders, loose trousers of tanned hide and embroidered gaiters trimmed down the outer seam with hair clothed their legs, and "moccasins," or slippers, embroidered with beads and porcupine quills, completed their costumes.

We took our places in the reserved seats facing the arena, a large field enclosed by palings covered with canvas coarsely painted to represent distant hills, forests, &c.; in the centre of the field was a wooden shanty, doing duty for a settler's hut. The heat was most oppressive, even under the shelter of the high wooden roof, and there was a great consumption of "lemon-squash" and stronger drinks.

A very handsome man lounged in, and talked patronisingly to some of the audience; he wore a picturesque half-Spanish dress, which suited his sun-



AN INDIAN CHIEF OF THE "WILD WEST."

burnt features and flowing brown hair; this was "Buffalo Bill" himself, or "Colonel Hon. W. F. Cody." You need not look in Burke or Debrett for his family, nor in the Army List for his rank; America is a free country, and people call themselves "Honourable," "Judge," "Colonel," or anything else they please, just as an Irish car-driver dubs everyone "Captain." I have had my hair cut by a Judge, bought cigar-lights from a Major, travelled in a tramcar "conducted" by a Senator, and had my boots blacked by a brother-General—but this is digressing. As soon as we were so thoroughly tired of waiting that we had made up our minds to leave, a band began to play, a door opened in the paling at the far end of the field, and, with many wild whoops and screeches, a motley crowd galloped into the arena. First came a lot of Texas cowboys, rough-looking young Americans very like mounted navvies; then troops of Indians cantered in to the number of about a hundred, these all drew up in line, in front of our seats; next came two young ladies, one in a green, and the other in a yellow habit; and last of all, with a sweeping bow of his broad *sombrero*, Buffalo Bill rode up, and saluted in front of his motley crew. The performance consisted of some very fair horsemanship on very sorry nags, some good shooting with a revolver and second-rate performances with

shot-guns, called for the nonce "Ballard rifles," scenes from back-woods life, including an attack by Indians on the hut previously mentioned, and afterwards on a rickety old stage-coach, said to be the very vehicle which used to run over the plains between Kansas City and Denver. Each of these thrilling incidents was accompanied by the wild yells and whoops of the Indians, who were, of course, interrupted in the very act of scalping their victims by the brave cowboys galloping in at the critical moment, and firing revolvers which killed all they did not frighten to death. The amount of shouting and blank cartridge was apparently unlimited and equally effective, for when a cowboy who had emptied his revolver met an Indian who had hitherto miraculously escaped slaughter, he gave an "eldritch screech," and that Indian promptly fell off his horse, and died in the most obliging manner.

We were next regaled with a buffalo hunt, and the show concluded with a display of cattle-lassoing, but these "cow-wallops," as we heard them termed, were very "tame and impotent conclusions" to the wild excitement of the bloodless combat between man and man.

The prettiest part of the show was when Buffalo Bill rode at a quick canter round the field, firing at (and generally breaking) glass balls thrown into the air by another man riding about twenty-five yards on

his left front; of course this was done with a shot-gun. He also (but on foot) hit a dollar in the air with a revolver-bullet, averaging twice out of five times. One of the young ladies also shot well, breaking one by one fifteen glass balls fixed round the outline of a stag, which was kept swinging backwards and forwards during the performance. She broke all the balls in nineteen shots. This was very pretty, but I must say that this is the highest praise I can give to the performance, while, on the other hand, the attempt to humbug the audience into believing that the shooting was done with solid bullets was a little too transparent. In short, the whole performance was mere theatrical show, and with the exception of the buck-jumpers, who were certainly highly-educated animals, neither the horses nor the riding could stand a moment's comparison with those of any Bengal Cavalry Regiment.

Of course we went to Delmonico's: impossible to be in New York without visiting the famous restaurant. The menu was *recherché*, the waiters quick and attentive, and the guests remarkably quiet; otherwise there was nothing striking, and the room was decidedly sombre.

The theatres also came in for a visit, and we thoroughly appreciated the amount of elbow-room allowed, which contrasts very favourably with the

cramped stalls of most of our own dramatic and operatic houses; though the objection previously made to the service at Trinity Church applies equally to the performance on the stage.

And now the time had arrived for us to bid adieu to America, and to the kind friends whose companionship and hospitality had added so much to the pleasure of our visit to the capital of this strange New World—*how* strange and how astonishing none can tell without personal experience. A country of unlimited resources and boundless natural wealth, of vast area and scanty population, of little history and no memories—inhabited by an immigrant nation, a heterogeneous people of widely differing origin and as widely opposing characteristics; the South—aristocratic, refined, proud, and self-indulgent, descended from the bluest blood of France and England; the North—democratic, rough, yet equally proud, the product of Puritan English settlers intermixed with adventurers from every state in Europe; the West—hardy, bold, and self-reliant, true children of the undaunted pioneers and adventurous backwoodsmen who led the van of the great army of settlers from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A country and a people containing within themselves every element of progress and success—every material necessary, not only to existence, but to civilization:

were the whole of the Old World to disappear to-morrow and "leave not a wrack behind," America would not suffer. A country with an extraordinary present and a magnificent future. To-day everything strikes the European visitor as painfully rough-hewn and unbeautifully new; manners and customs, fields and plantations, towns and cities, politics and government, all impress him as mere temporary make-shifts, and bear unmistakeable and obtrusive signs of their crude, unfinished state; but through all runs such a strong current of vigorous young life, such evidence of soaring enterprise, such proof of firm purpose and such promise of future strength, that the rugged and sometimes even repulsive aspect of the present is merged in the dazzling prospect of the future.

At 3.15 P.M. on Saturday, 25th September, we embarked on the great Cunard liner *Umbria*, and immediately afterwards the huge vessel cast off her moorings, and we started on the last stage of our long journey. At Sandy Hook we dropped the pilot, and were fairly on our way home.

The *Umbria* deserves something more than a passing mention; a leviathan of 8,500 tons burthen, she is one of the largest merchant-vessels afloat, and also one of the fastest (our average on this voyage was $393\frac{2}{3}$ miles per day), while her spacious saloons,

long passages, and three cabin-decks give the idea of almost unlimited accommodation, to which the wide double stairs and solid mahogany fittings add a sense of grandeur and stability quite new to the traveller who has hitherto been accustomed only to the ordinary type of mail-steamers. The great main saloon opens through the music saloon above, the latter being really a wide gallery with cushioned seats, piano and harmonium. The space all through the part of the ship devoted to passengers is strikingly great, except in the private cabins, which are small, though very comfortable. We had a very fair concert, the chief feature of which was a recitation from the *Ingoldsby Legends* by the ever-energetic author of *Tom Brown's School-days*. The ship's printing-press supplied us with menus at each meal, as well as lists of the two hundred and fifty passengers. It was fortunate that we had so much room and such pleasant company below, for the weather was generally wet and always chilly, so that going on deck for more than a quick "constitutional" was out of the question.

On Saturday, 2nd October, we lay off Queenstown, and at four o'clock on the following morning cast anchor in the Mersey, landing at the Custom House at nine, and completing our journey "from Lahore to Liverpool."

We had seen many strange lands, heard many foreign tongues, gazed on many lovely scenes, and accumulated many pleasant memories; but all our varied experiences may be summed up in the terse old north country distich—

“ EAST—WEST,
HAME’S BEST!”



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